

## Porcelain And The Tramps

### "Heartattack In A Layby"

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I pull off the road  
East of Baldock and Ashford  
Feeling for my cell  
In the light from the dashboard

Hissing from the road  
The smell of rain in the air con  
Maybe check the news  
Or just put a tape on

Lighting up a smoke  
I've got this feeling inside me  
Don't feel too good

If I close my eyes  
And fell asleep in this layby  
Would it all subside  
The fever pushing the day by

Motor window wind  
I could do with some fresh air  
Can't breathe too well

(She waits for me. Home waits for me.)

I guess I should go now  
She's waiting to make up  
To tell me she's sorry  
And how much she missed me  
I guess I'm just burnt out  
I really should slow down  
I'm perfectly fine but  
I just need to lie down

We'll grow old together  
We'll grow old together  
We'll grow old together....

