

Sleeper "Motorway Man"

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Met a man, a motorway man
Met a man, he really makes you wonder
Slow faced worn and weary
One race left and then fall over

And I see him every single day
And I see him everywhere
Driving past me

Sunlight on the bonnet so bright
Everyone is cracking
Slow face on the shoulder
Still straight but everything is lacking

Floating in and fading out it seems
Anyway he waves at me
Through the sunbeams

Met a man, a motorway man
Met a man, he really drags me under
Sixteen miles an hour
Sixteen miles an hour, baby

Do you laugh at me
I think you do and you know
That all of us are right behind you

Now I want to go home
But it's too late
How much further to go
Before the home straight

Wave me by and gently sigh
A smile just starts to break
You've got a funny face

Sixteen miles an hour
Sixteen miles an hour
Sixteen miles an hour

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