

Kinks, The

"Motorway"

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Motorway food is the worst in the world,
You've never eaten food like you've eaten on the
motorway.

Motorway food is the worst in the world,
The coffee tastes weak and the cakes taste stale
And gasoline fumes are the worst to inhale,
Your stomach rolls over and your face turns pale.

Oh, that motorway livin',
Ain't it a thrill to be so free, yeh.
Riding down the motorway,
Got to charge up my batteries,
Rest my seat, rest my eyes,

So tired, tired of livin', tired of livin' this motorway livin'.

Motorway tea is warm and wet,
The rain is pouring and it's four in the morning,
And it's all I can get.
You've never seen loos like motorway loos,
Thousands of people passing through,
It's enough to put you off of your motorway food.

Oh that motorway living,
Ain't it a thrill to be so free, yeh.
Got to get away from
Cats eyes, cold meat pies,
Thousand on raft, cold French fries
So tired, tired of livin', tired of livin' this motorway livin'.

Motorway food is invariably fried,
It keeps me and feeds me and helps me survive.
Oh that motorway, ain't it a thrill to be so free, yeh,
Riding down the motorway, cats eyes, cold meat pies
Thousand on raft, cold French fries,
So tired, tired of livin', tired of livin' this motorway livin'.

Motorway food is the worst in the world,
You'll never eat food like you've eaten on the
motorway.
Motorway food is the worst in the world.

My stomach's upset and I don't feel well,
Gotta get my head down, stop for a while in a
motorway hotel.
Mama oh mama, my dear Suzi too,
This motorway message is sent just for you.
My headache's improved but my back really hurts,
I never thought I'd travel so far to work.

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