

The English Motorway System

Black Box Recorder

Ah ah, ah ah

Ah ah, ah ah

The English motorway system is beautiful and strange
It's been there forever, it's never going to change
It eliminates all diversions, it eliminates all emotions
(All you got to do to stay alive is drive)

There are things we need to talk about
There are things I cannot do without

If you think the journey's over
Let me know, don't make me wait

(Driving with no aim or intention)
On the English motorway

The English motorway system can be quite hypnotising
You achieve a Zen like state, as someone else's driving
It becomes detached observing, colours and straight lights
Distant town and exit signs
(Do you really want to break up?)

There are things we need to talk about
There are things I cannot do without

Is this the end of the rainbow?
Am I just colour-blind?

(Leave the north, visit friend's at south)
On the English motorway

The English motorway system, is an accident waiting to happen
On the black ice, a lorry jack knives, on there's freezing fog in November
And you wonder if there's someone who really does decide
I thought I saw you in a distance
(Do you really want to break up?)

There are things we need to talk about
There are things I cannot do without

When you think the journey's over
Let me know
Don't make me wait

(Driving with no aim or intention)
On the English motorway

The English motorway system is beautiful and strange (4x)