

Asleep On The Motorway

Jesus Jones

It could just be me but there's a phoniness about
The magic and the mystery of 3 A.M.
Pondering not so much the meaning of life
More the miles per lonely hour before a coffee stop again

Asleep on the motorway
There is a world beyond the glare of these lights
Asleep on the motorway
Trying hard to believe it's just one of those nights

No one here to guide me through the darkest hour
Just lines on the road like days in a year
Trains of thought run alongside, remote in the dark
You've gotta keep alert to stop I'm getting too near

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And then it hits me, or rather, I hit it

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