

The Long Blondes, Separated By Motorways

In the pub where we learn how to talk about plans
You stand all dressed up with your vodka in hand
Oh girl, youre waiting for a pitiful man
In the pub, at the bar with the omen I am
Alone with a pint of bitter in my hand
For a girl this is not an acceptable plan
Wipe your eyes darling, its OK
Meet me on the dual carriage way
Separated by motorways
The A14 and the A1
Separated by motorways
Two lonely girls go on the run
I heard from the boys you were down on your knees last night
They were worried you were looking a sight
Oh girl youre too wonderful
At work locked away
I cant escape from the people and the records I hate
No wonder Im always 15 minutes late
Wipe your eyes darling, its OK
Meet me on the dual carriage way
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