

Spoof - Murder On The Motorway

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to the tune of Murder on the Dance Floor

Thanks to Barry Milford

- (It's murder)

There's a jam at the junction,
It's miles long, what a function.
We've been sitting here for hours,
Running low on fuel and power.

Brake lights flash, horns all blaring,
Drivers curse, tempers flaring.
Nowhere to go, we're stuck in dismay,
And I heard someone say...

It's murder on the motorway,
And we just can't get away, hey hey.
It's bumper-to- bumper, all day,
We're trapped in this car ballet.

Kids in the back are screaming,
The sat-nav just keeps on scheming.
"Take the next left," it insists,
But we're on the road that time forgot exists.

A lorry blocks the passing lane,
This stop-start drive's insane.
The snacks are gone, the loo is far,
Why'd we take the car?

It's murder on the motorway,
And we just can't get away, hey hey.
We're stuck in traffic's cruel ballet,
Another wasted Saturday.

Oh, the radio says, " Expect delays,"
But we've been here for days and days.
The sign says " accident ahead,"
No wonder it's the highway of dread!

It's murder on the motorway,
And we just can't get away, hey hey.
We're crawling forward, inch by inch,
Patience thinner than a pinch.

It's murder on the motorway,
We'll never get a-way, hey hey.
I'll sell the car on eBay,
And take the train next day!