

Watford Gap

Roy Harper

Just about a mile from where the motorways all merge
You can view the national edifice, a monumental splurge
It's the lonesome traveler's rotgut or bacteria's
revenge
The great plastic spectacular descendant of Stonehenge
And the people come to worship on their death-defying
wheels
Fancy-dressed as shovels for their death-defying meals

It's the Watford Gap, Watford Gap
A plate of grease and a load of crap

At one a.m. on Sunday you can hear the boys declare
That the other team were fairies and the ref was Fred
Astaire
It's Chopper Ronnie's fan club on their weekly
pilgrimage
To stick the hero's boot in all the way from Stamford
Bridge
And without a solid concrete-burger no night is
complete
Plastic cups of used bathwater wash away defeat

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The traffic jam is rattling like a five-mile cornered
snake
With fuming pieces falling off and steaming in its wake
The city's like a goolie in a groupie's stagnant womb
Spaghetti Junction's target in the vinegar strokes of
doom
The countryside is ravaged like a syphilitic whore
Yodeling up the canyon is the dirty old Blue Boar

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