

Road to Hell

Chris Rea

Stood still on a highway I saw a woman by the side of the road
With a face that I knew like my own
Reflected in my window.
Well she walked up to my quarter light and she bent down real slow
A fearful pressure paralyzed me in my shadows.

She said, Son
What are you doing here?
My fear for you has turned me in my grave.
I said, Mama
I come to the valley of the rich
Myself to sell.
She said, Son
This is the road to hell.

On your journey 'cross the wilderness from the desert to the well
You have strayed upon the motorway to hell.

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