

Limousines

Robbie Nevil

Theres a pale rider behind her
And empty faces up ahead
There are strange feelings inside her
She doesnt take her dreams to bedIts so confusing
Its not black or white, its not wrong or right
Dont trust the painter
Its all a shade of grayShe sees two faces unequal
She knows the mirror doesnt lie
When he looks at her no matter
He only sees the brighter sideWhy should she try to
Talk him out of it if the feelings fit?
No way of saying
What works for someone elseSome people drive limousines
Some people take the backseat
She wants to control the dream, yeah
And theres danger in the back streets, oh yeahTheres a part of her, dark covered
The laces have been tightly drawn
She says old habits like old lovers
Have a way of hangin onIts so confusing
Does she show him all? Does she risk the fall?
He thinks shes perfect
Whos she to disagree?Some people drive limousines
Some people take the backseat
She wants to control the dream, yeah
And theres danger in the back streetsSome people drive limousines
They like to do it hands on
Shes finally found a dream, yeah
She wants to take a chance on, yeah, ohSome people drive limousines
Some people take the backseat
She wants to control the dream, yeah
And theres danger in the back streetsSome people drive limousines
They like to do it hands on
Forget what her eyes have seen, yeah
And she wants to take a chance onSome people drive limousines
Some people take the backseat
She wants to control the dream
Theres danger in the back streetsSome people drive limousines
Limousines, danger in the backseat

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