

Chris Rea, Freeway

She throws her hair into the February breeze
She hears it singing through the branches of the trees
A song of something you know so well
And she's still looking for a freeway

She hears the sound of distant planes across the sky
She catches fleeting glimpse of fading red tail lights
Into tomorrow she gently sleeps
And she's still dreaming of a freeway

Far away, there's a piece of luck somewhere
Shining like a star in the night
Dream on lady, till the early morning light
Takes your dream to be free away