

Berlin, Confession Time

Hey little god with you foot
To the pedal
Hands on the wheel staring
Out through the windshield
Hair streaking back with the
Wind like a raven
Over your shoulder, all is forgotten

Under the rubber, the road is afire
Sweat on your body and rust
On the chromium
One motivation, a single desire
Keep on the move, don't let anyone near you

Here comes confession time
The ghost of my past
On my shoulder now
This is confession time for me

Here comes confession time
The ghost of all
The years have tracked me down
It's confession time for me

Now thinking back to a home
When you had one
Back down the road in the dust, you remember
Lovers you left when you woke up surrounded
Now you're alone
No one to turn to

What do you hide with your Ray-bans
What do you love when you look in the mirror
There's no escape from the voices inside you

Here comes confession time
The ghost of my past
On my shoulder now
This is confession time for me

Here comes confession time
The ghost of all
The years have tracked me down
It's confession time for me

You're on a road to nowhere
But it's your life

Rain down
And nowhere to hide

Rain on me
Rain down
And nowhere to hide
Nowhere to ride