

# Chris Rea, Last Open Road

How fast can I run?  
How far can I go?  
These are the questions,  
The young want to know  
I met her in Brooklyn,  
She was coming from a place  
I said "where are you going to"?  
She said "where have you been"?

'Cos I'm trapped in here,  
Set me free  
I know your world let me see  
Take me down that last open road  
Take me down that last open road  
Take me down that last open road

I know there is so much past  
this place  
I see it smile on your jagged,  
ragged face  
Something tells me,  
something strong  
There's a world I've heard of,  
So before it's gone  
Take me down that last open road  
Take me down that last open road