

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