

# Chris Rea, The Road To Hell

Stood still on a highway  
I saw a woman  
By the side of the road  
With a face that I knew like my own  
Reflected in my window  
Well she walked up to my quarterlight  
And she bent down real slow  
A fearful pressure paralysed me  
In my shadow

She said "Son, what are you doing here?  
My fear for you has turned me in my grave"  
I said "Mama, I come to the valley of the rich  
Myself to sell"  
She said "Son, this is the road to Hell"

On your journey 'cross the wilderness  
From the desert to the well  
You have strayed upon the motorway to Hell

Well I'm standing by a river  
But the water doesn't flow  
It boils with every poison you can think of  
And I'm underneath the streetlights  
But the light of joy I know  
Scared beyond belief way down in the shadows  
And the perverted fear of violence  
Chokes a smile on every face  
And common sense is ringing out the bells  
This ain't no technological breakdown  
Oh no, this is the road to Hell

And all the roads jam up with credit  
And there's nothing you can do  
It's all just bits of paper  
Flying away from you  
Look out world take a good look  
What comes down here  
You must learn this lesson fast  
And learn it well  
This ain't no upwardly mobile freeway  
Oh no, this is the road to Hell