

Chris Rea, The Road To Hell (Part One)

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