

Terri Nunn, Confession Time

You're driving along...about 95 miles an hour
Sun's up, it's a hot day...and blue sky...
There's not a soul around you...you're alone

Hey little god with your 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 has 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
Loves 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 has tracked me down
It's confession time for me

Rain down
And nowhere to hide
Nowhere to hide

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

You can drive on a road to nowhere
Or you can take the wheel and
Turn it to your heart
It's your life it's your life