

The Road To Hell

"Chris Rea"

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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 shadows.

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.

We'll

I'm standing by a river but the water doesn't flow

It boils with every poison you can think of.

Then 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 these lesson fast and learn it well.
This ain't no upwardly mobile freeway

Oh no
this is the road
this is the road
this is the road to hell.

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