

## Bering Strait

### "Confession Time"

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You're driving along... about 95 miles and 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

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