

Chris Rea

"Freeway"

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She throws her hair into the February breeze
She hears it singing through the branches of the trees
A song of something
She knows so well
And she's still looking for a freeway
She hears the sound of distant planes across the night
She catches a fleeting glimpse of fading red tail lights

Into tomorrow she gently sleeps
And she's still dreaming of a freeway
Far away, there's a piece of luck somewhere
Shining like a star in the night
Dream on lady, till the early morning light
Takes your dream to be free
Away

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