

Rea Chris

"The Road To Hell (part I)"

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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 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

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