

Robbie Nevil

"Limousines"

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There's a pale rider behind her
And empty faces up ahead
There are strange feelings inside her
She doesn't take her dreams to bed

It's so confusing
It's not black or white, it's not wrong or right
Don't trust the painter
It's all a shade of gray

She sees two faces unequal
She knows the mirror doesn't lie
When he looks at her no matter
He only sees the brighter side

Why should she try to
Talk him out of it if the feelings fit?
No way of saying
What works for someone else

Some people drive limousines
Some people take the backseat
She wants to control the dream, yeah
And there's danger in the back streets, oh yeah

There's a part of her, dark covered
The laces have been tightly drawn
She says old habits like old lovers
Have a way of hangin' on

It's so confusing
Does she show him all? Does she risk the fall?
He thinks she's perfect
Who's she to disagree?

Some people drive limousines
Some people take the backseat
She wants to control the dream, yeah
And there's danger in the back streets

Some people drive limousines
They like to do it hands on

She's finally found a dream, yeah
She wants to take a chance on, yeah, oh

Some people drive limousines
Some people take the backseat
She wants to control the dream, yeah
And there's danger in the back streets

Some people drive limousines
They like to do it hands on
Forget what her eyes have seen, yeah
And she wants to take a chance on

Some people drive limousines
Some people take the backseat
She wants to control the dream
There's danger in the back streets

Some people drive limousines
Limousines, danger in the backseat

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