

The Road To Hell – Chris Rea

<p>[Verse 1] 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 quarter light 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</p>	<p>Am, Em, Am Em Am, Dm Am, Em, Am Am, Em, Am Am, Em</p>
<p>[Verse 2] I said: Mama, I come to the valley of the rich, myself to sell She said: Son, this is the road to hell</p>	<p>Am, Dm Am, Em, Am, Am</p>
<p>[Guitar Solo]</p>	<p>Am Em Am Em</p>
<p>[Verse 3] On your journey 'cross the wilderness from the desert to the well You have strayed upon the motorway to hell</p>	<p>Am, Dm Am, Em, Am</p>
<p>[Pre-Verse]</p>	<p>Am Dm F E Am Am Dm F E Am</p>
<p>[Verse 1] Well I'm standing by a river, But the water doesn't flow It boils with every poison. You can think of And I'm underneath the streetlight, The delight of joy I know Scared beyond belief, Way down in the shadows</p>	<p>Am, Dm F, E, Am Am, Dm F, E, Am</p>
<p>[Chorus] 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</p>	<p>C, G F, E Am, Dm F, E, Am</p>
<p>[Guitar Solo 1]</p>	<p>Am Dm G C Bm Am Dm F E Am</p>
<p>[Chorus] And as the road jam up with credit, And there's nothing you can do, It's all just bits of paper, Flying away from you Oh look out world take a good look, Look who's down there, You must learn this 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</p>	<p>C, G F, E Am, Dm F, E, Am Am, Dm, F, E F, E, F, E, Am</p>
<p>[Guitar Solo 2]</p>	<p>Am Dm F E Am Am Dm F E Am Am Dm F E Am Am Dm F E Am Am Dm</p>