

Road to Hell

Chris Rea

[Am]Well I'm standing by the river,
But the [Dm]water doesn't flow.
It [F]boils with every [E]poison -
You can [Am]think of.

[Am]And I'm underneath the street light,
The de[Dm]light of joy I know,
[F]Scared beyond be[E]lief,
Way down in the [Am]shadows.

And the per[C]verted fear of violence,
Chokes a [G]smile on every face,
[F]Common sense is ringing, [E]out the bells.
[Am]This ain't no technological [Dm]breakdown,
[F]Oh-no, this is the [E]road to [Am]hell.

And as the [C]roads jam up with credit,
And there's [G]nothing you can do,
It's all [F]just bits of paper,
[E]Flying a way from you.
Oh [Am]look out world take a good look,
Look who's [Dm]down there,
You must [F]learn this lesson fast, [E]and learn it [Am]well.

[Am]This ain't no upwardly mobile [Dm]freeway,
Oh-[F]no, this is the [E]road,
[F]This is the [E]road,
[F]This is the [E]road ... [Am]to hell.