

## Freeway

Chris Rea

She throws her hair into the February breeze  
She hears it singing through the branches of the trees  
A song of something you know so well  
And she's still looking for a freeway

She hears the sound of distant planes across the sky  
She catches 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