

Ghost Driver

John Parr

Burnin up the highway, chasin shadows in the night
He was on the road to freedom, passin everything in sight
In the middle of the fast lane, on the wrong side of the road
Slipped her into fifth, and goodbye was all she wrote

Ghost driver, ghost driver in the night

Never saw the warning, of the danger up ahead
He was headin fast to nowhere, with the needle in the red
Saw a blue light in the rear view, sayin stop, but he said no
Then he saw a strange reflection, of a man he used to know

Ghost driver, ghost driver in the night

Heaven is a highway, with the Devil at the wheel
Three hundred crazy horses, in black designer steel
The neon sign said fifty, not a hundred and fifty five
But it really didnt matter, he was learnin how to drive

Ghost driver, ghost driver in the night
He was a ghost driver, ghost driver in the night