

## I Concentrate on You

**Bobby Caldwell**

Whenever skies look gray to me  
And troubles begin to brew  
Whenever the winter winds become too strong  
I concentrate on you

Whenever fortune cries nay nay to me  
And people declare you're true  
Whenever my blues become my only song  
I concentrate on you

On your smile so sweet and tender  
When at first my kiss you do decline  
On the light in your eyes when you do surrender  
And once again our arms entwine

So when wise men say to me  
That love's young dream never comes true  
To prove that even wise men can be wrong  
I concentrate on you