

Sea of Joy

Steve Winwood

Following the shadows of the skies
Or are they only figments of my eyes?
And I'm feeling close to where the race is run
Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joy

Once the door swings open into space
And I'm already waiting in disguise
Or is it just a thorn between my eyes?
Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joy

Having trouble coming through
Through this concrete, blocks my view
And it's all because of you
Or is it just a thorn between my eyes?
Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joy