

# Withering Tree

Steve Winwood

Withering tree, bearing no fruit  
Never will see an evergreen suit  
Reaching right out, out for the sun  
Broken old branches, fall one by one  
Into the arms of eternity  
Into the arms of eternity

You're too young to live  
In a world full of lies, oh  
So you take to the touchables  
Who touch the good sky, oh  
And cry through the eye of a needle

Fighting the fish up from the deep  
Oh, how I wish the lake would not sleep  
Following dreams into the blue  
There you will see, hidden from view  
Trees in the arms of eternity

Into the arms of eternity  
Into the arms of eternity  
Into the arms of eternity  
Into the arms of, of eternity