

I Concentrate On You

Lizz Wright

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

When fortune cries "Nay, nay" to me
And people declare "You're through"
Whenever the blues becomes my only song
I concentrate on you

On your smile, so sweet and tender
When at first your kiss I decline
On the light in your eyes when I surrender
And once again our arms intertwine

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