

# Gotta Get Back To My Baby

Steve Winwood

I had a drink, I saw a fight  
I glanced across the smoke filled room  
And I began to think of my baby

I wonder what I'm doing here  
All on my own, it isn't clear  
I miss her smile, I miss her touch  
I know that I just have to see my baby

I gotta get back, whoa, back to my baby  
Gotta get back, whoa, back to my baby

I had to have a change of scene  
And rid my mind of everything  
The realization came to me  
The only place to be was with my baby

I've gotta leave this place I'm in  
And get back to my love again  
I packed my bags and headed home  
It won't be long before I'm with my baby