

## 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