

# Walking In The Wind

Steve Winwood

You walk and talk and move around in circles  
Your friends telling you you are doing fine  
You can't see that snowball as it hurtles  
Through the shattered membranes of your mind  
If I could talk to you for just one minute  
Then you would know what it is I am getting at  
But there again your head's got nothing in it  
By the way you left without your hat

I'm walking in the wind looking at the sky  
Hanging on a breeze and wondering why, why  
Your old man's headed for the final pay-off  
The joker that you got is fading too  
And all the sharks that come around for the rip-off  
Are gonna tear the flesh right off you  
The plastic princess hangs her head in wonder at the silver glittered boys  
Trying, trying to compete  
And all at once the room begins to thunder  
And all that's left is the stain on the sheet

The prostitute is standing on the corner  
Suffering so much pain to stay alive  
She's so real, that life itself bows down before her  
She couldn't make that nine to five  
While the president is crying, crying in the White House  
The prime minister's really got the blues  
All the heads of state are busy playing cat & mouse  
'Cause you can see none of them have ever paid their dues  
God knows why, why, why