

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