

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>