

# Talking Back To The Night

Joe Cocker

High above the heat of a summer New York street  
An out-of-work musician plays a solo saxophone  
He's a preacher and a teacher  
And he stands up all alone Stranded in the dark of a vision in the park  
A poet in his madness tries to find another line  
And he's losing and he's using  
And he says he's doing fine And they look from such a height  
That somehow it's all right  
They're talking back to the night  
It's all that they can do  
Talking back to the night  
It's how they make it through  
If you listen you can hear them  
Their voices draw you near them  
They're talking back to the night for you Something seems to take every dime the man can make  
His dream is getting smaller and he wonders where to turn  
And he's trying hard to make it  
And he's trying not to burn

Songwriters

JENNINGS, WILL / WINWOOD, STEVE Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>