Talking Back To The Night

Steve Winwood

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
Woman never minds, pulls the shade and draws the blinds
She takes him in the darkness where the loneliest can feed
She gives him all she has to

And it's no more than he needs
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