

# 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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