

# I Concentrate On You

**Jim Tomlinson**

Whenever skies look gray to me  
And trouble begins to brew,  
Whenever the Winter winds become too strong,  
I concentrate on you.

When fortune cries "Nay! Nay!" to me  
And people declare "You're through!",  
Whenever the blues become my only song,  
I concentrate on you.

On your smile so sweet, so tender,  
When at first your kiss I decline.  
On the light in your eyes when I surrender,  
And once again our arms intertwine

And so, when wise men say to me  
That love's young dream never comes true,  
To prove that even wise men can be wrong,  
I concentrate on you.

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