

Steve Winwood, Another Deal Goes Down

Midnight comes and the devil's loose
What you want? He's got everything there
What you've got he'll take
And leave you in the cold
One more soul drowns, another deal goes down
The night is full of danger, another deal goes down
On the street, the refugees
From a war that was lost in the heart
No one wants to see them
And the fire is burning slow
Tell me what you're searching for, will you, sister?
Emptiness inside, you will never fill it up with another thrill
Money's spent, all the words are said
Nothing helps, streets are falling apart
Through the night they're burning and the devil's on a roll