

# Steve Winwood, I Will Be Here

Cry, you would cry in my arms  
Far, far from the world and its harms  
That kind of love begun is never done  
I'll be here at close of day  
When you bring your heart home to stay  
I will be here when you call  
I will be here standing tall  
I will be here, you won't fall  
Don't you know that love will save us after all?  
Come - when cold winter blows  
Come - when sweet summer glows  
And all your wandering years will disappear  
There are places inside the heart  
We'll touch like we've done from the start  
Almighty time rolls on, let's not spend it all alone  
We are here, then we're gone