

# Steve Winwood, No Time To Live

As time begins to burn itself upon me  
And the days are growing very short  
People try their hardest to reject me  
But in a way, their conscience won't be caught

Something's happening to me day by day  
My pebble on the beach is getting washed away

I've given everything that was mine to give  
And now I'll turn around and find that there's no time to live

So often I have seen that big wheel of fortune  
Spinning for the man who holds the ace  
There's many who would change their places for him  
But none of them have ever seen his lonely face