

# Steve Winwood, The Low Spark Of High-Heeled

If you see something that looks like a star  
And it's shooting up out of the ground  
And your head is spinning from a loud guitar  
And you just can't escape from the sound  
Don't worry too much, it'll happen to you  
We were children once, playing with toys  
And the thing that you're hearing is only the sound of  
The low spark of high-heeled boys  
The percentage you're paying is too high priced  
While you're living beyond all your means  
And the man in the suit has just bought a new car  
From the profit he's made on your dreams  
But today you just read that the man was shot dead  
By a gun that didn't make any noise  
But it wasn't the bullet that laid him to rest was  
The low spark of high-heeled boys  
If you had just a minute to breathe and they granted you one final wish  
Would you ask for something like another chance?  
Or something similar as this? Don't worry too much  
It'll happen to you as sure as your sorrows are joys  
And the thing that disturbs you is only the sound of  
The low spark of high-heeled boys  
If I gave you everything that I owned and asked for nothing in return  
Would you do the same for me as I would for you?  
Or take me for a ride, and strip me of everything including my pride  
But spirit is something that no one destroys  
And the sound that I'm hearing is only the sound  
The low spark of high-heeled boys