

Dianne Reeves, I Concentrate On You

Whenever skies look gray to me and troubles begin to brew
Whenever the winter wind become to strong I concentrate on you
When fortune cries ney ney 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 declined
On the Light in your eyes when I surrender and once again our arms intertwine
And so when wisemen say to me that Love's young dream never comes true
To prove that even wisemen can be wrong I concentrate on you
Your smile so sweet so tender
When at first your kiss I declined
On the light in your eyes when I surrender and once again our arms intertwine
And so when wisemen say to me that Love's Young dream never comes true
To prove that even Wisemen can be wrong I concentrate on you
On you... I concentrate on you...