

Steve Winwood, Gotta Get Back To My Baby

I had a drink, I saw a fight
I glanced across the smoke filled room
And I began to think of my baby
I wonder what I'm doing here
All on my own, it isn't clear
I miss her smile, I miss her touch
I know that I just have to see my baby
I gotta get back, whoa, back to my baby
Gotta get back, whoa, back to my baby
I had to have a change of scene
And rid my mind of everything
The realization came to me
The only place to be was with my baby
I've gotta leave this place I'm in
And get back to my love again
I packed my bags and headed home
It won't be long before I'm with my baby