

Steve Winwood, Horizon

Horizon in the distant sky
The steady line fixed my eye
For a million miles

Long quiet of the afternoon
Dripping lights of evening
Im no longer blue

Theres a lamp
If youve lost your way
Stars to guide
Soft fields to lay

Safe harbor from a restless sea
Deep pools of silence calm me
So I can be

Wind whispers
The fog has cleared
The sound of sacred music
That I long to hear

I am here to the very end
No more anxious thoughts within

New seasons pass in front of me
Now theres a world where I find
I can smile at thee