

Steve Winwood, No Face, No Name, No Number

I'm looking for a girl who has no face
She has no name, or number
And so I search within his lonely place
Knowing that I won't find her
Well, I can't stop this feeling deep in inside me
Ruling my mind

I feel no sound

Don't know where I'm bound

The scenery is all the same to me
Nothing has changed or faded
I'm a part of it, some part of me
Painted cool green, and shaded
So, try to find myself must be the only way
To feel free