

# Steve Winwood, Sea Of Joy

Following the shadows of the skies or are they only figments of my eyes?  
And I'm feeling close to where the race is run  
Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joy

Once the door swings open into space and I'm already waiting in disguise  
Or is it just a thorn between my eyes?  
Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joy  
Having trouble coming through, through this concrete, blocks my view  
And it's all because of you

Or is it just a thorn between my eyes?  
Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joy