

Steve Winwood, Wake Me Up On Judgment Day

The story goes, the truth is no one knows
A stranger came, a man who lost his name
At night he tells me his tale, prison, women, wail
The took him in, he let them win
Over and over
He said if you don't have good words to say
Don't wake me up until the Judgment Day
'Cause if nothing is the way it seems
Then this life is just a haunted dream
And all this love is just falling down through the years
And oh, I'd rather sleep
Wake me up on Judgment Day
Let me hear golden trumpets play
Give me life where nothing fails
Not a dream in a wishing well
A man in tattered clothes, crying all he knows
The darkness grows, that's how it goes
Over and over
He said I think of the beauty I've had
And all it does is make me feel so bad
First they make you think you're riding high
Then they toss you off in the sky
And all this life is just falling down through the years
And oh, I'd rather sleep
Wake me up on Judgment Day
Let me hear golden trumpets play
Give me life where nothing fails
Not a dream in a wishing well
Say a prayer for the stranger
Listen to the stranger
Wake me up on Judgment Day
Let me hear golden trumpets play
Give me life where nothing fails
Not a dream in a wishing well