

# 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