

# Steve Winwood, Withering Tree

Withering tree bearing no fruit  
Never will see an evergreen suit  
Reaching right out, out for the sun  
Broken old branches fall one by one  
Into the arms of eternity  
Into the arms of eternity

You're too young to live in a world full of lies (oh!)  
So you turn to the touchables who touch liquid skies (oh!)

And cry through the eye of a needle.

Fighting the fish up from the deep  
Oh! how I wish the lake would not sleep  
Following dreams into the blue  
There you will see hidden from view  
Trees in the arms of eternity  
Into the arms of eternity  
(repeat)