

## Joe Cocker

# "Talking Back To The Night"

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High above the heat of a summer in New York street  
An out of work musician plays a solo saxophone  
And he's a preacher and a teacher, and he stands up  
all alone

Stranded in the dark of a vision in the park  
A poet in his madness tries to start another line  
And he's losing and he's using, and he says he's doing  
fine

And they look from such a height, that somehow it's all  
right  
They're talkin' back to the night, it's all that they can do  
Just talkin' back to the night and somehow they make it  
through  
If you listen you can hear them, their voices draw you  
near them  
They're talkin' back to the night for you

Somethings seem to take every dime the man can  
make  
His dream keeps gettin' smaller and he wonders where  
to turn  
And he's trying hard to make it and he's trying not to  
burn

And they look from such a height, that somehow it's all  
right  
They're talkin' back to the night, it's all that they can do  
Talkin' back to the night, it's how they make it through  
Just talkin' back to the night

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