

## Steve Tyrell

### "I Concentrate On"

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Whenever skies look gray to me and trouble begins to  
brew  
Whenever the winter winds become too strong  
I concentrate on you

When fortune cries "Nay, nay" to me  
And people declare "You're through"  
Whenever the blues become my only songs  
I concentrate on you

On your smile, so sweet, so tender  
When at first my kiss you do decline  
On the light in your eyes when you surrender  
And once again our arms intertwine

And so when wise men say to me  
That love's young dream never comes true  
To prove that even the wise men can be wrong  
I concentrate on you

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