

Steve Winwood

"Arc Diver"

Visit "[Arc Diver](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Author: Steve Winwood
Album title: Arc Of A Diver
While You See a Chance

(S.Winwood,W.Jennings)

Stand up in a clear blue morning
until you see what can be.
Alone in a cold day dawning.
Are you still free, can you be?

When some cold tomorrow finds you.
When some sad old dream reminds you
how the endless road unwinds you.

While you see a chance, take it.
Find romance, fake it.
Because it's all on you.

Don't you know by now
noone gives you anything.
Don't you wonder how you keep on moving
one more day your way.
Your way.

When theres noone left to leave you.
Even you don't quite believe you.
that's when nothing can decieve you.

While you see a chance take it.
Find romance, fake it
because it's all on you.

Stand up in a clear blue morning
until you see what can be.
Alone in a cold day dawning.
Are you still free, can you be?

And that old grey wind is blowing
and there's nothing left worth knowing
and it's time you should be going.

While you see a chance take it.
Find romance, fake it
because it's all on you.

While you see a chance take it.
Find romance.
While you see a chance take it.
Find romance.

Arc of a diver

(S.Winwood,V.Stanshall)

She bathes me in sweetness I cannot reveal.
For sharing dreams I need my woman.
This humble expression meagerly dressed
my eyes so mean it has no meaning.

But jealous night and all her secret chords
I must be deaf on the telephone.
I need my love to translate.

I play the piano no more running honey.
This time to the sky I'll sing if clouds don't hear me.
To the sun I'll cry and even if I'm blinded.
I'll try moon gazer, because with you I'm stronger.
I'll try moon gazer, because with you I'm stronger.
I'll try moon gazer, because with you I'm stronger.

Arc of a diver
effortlessly
my mind in sky and when I wake up.
Daytime and nighttime I feel you near.
Warm water breathing she helps me here.

But jealous night and all her secret chords
I must be deaf on the telephone.
I need my love to translate.

This time to the sky I'll sing if clouds don't hear me.
To the sun I'll cry and even if I'm blinded.
I'll try moon gazer, because with you I'm stronger.

But jealous night and all her secret chords
I must be deaf on the telephone.
I need my love to translate.

This time to the sky I'll sing if clouds don't hear me.
To the sun I'll cry and even if I'm blinded.
I'll try moon gazer, because with you I'm stronger.

Lean streaky music, spawned on the streets.
I hear it but with you I had to go.
'Cause my rock 'n' roll is putting on weight
and the beat it goes on.

Arc of a diver
effortlessly
my mind in sky and when I wake up.
Daytime and nighttime I feel you near.
Warm water breathing she helps me here.

But jealous night and all her secret chords
I must be deaf on the telephone.
I need my love to translate.

With you my love we're going to raid the future.
With you my love we're going to stick up the past.
We'll hold today to ransom
'til our quartz clocks stop.
Until yesterday.
Until yesterday.
Until yesterday.
'til our quartz clocks stop.

Second Hand Woman

(S.Winwood,G.Flemings)

Go down babe a slot machine to take my dime.
Cunning diversion to pass the time.
Flash in th pan a weekend trip in any town.
She'll light the fuse and watch you drown

Visit [Steve Winwood](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.