

Steve Winwood "Hope I Never Find Me There"

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Seems that I had just to stay
The birds have flown, the sky's turned gray
The bees have ruffled by the flowers
Plastic plants that never die and i
Hope they never find me here
I walked upon synthetic grass where little people said
"don't ask about the field where you once played
Atomic factories have replaced" and i
Hope they never find me here
The horse I ride has lost a shoe, the buttercups are dry
The car I drive has broken down and the blacksmith
trade is dying
Meals I eat have changed into a concentrated vacuum
The air has come to be as one
Time to leave has just begun
The world is waiting it's a fact
To stage the last and final act and
Hope I never find me there
There
There....

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