

Steve Winwood

"Riding High"

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Don't be afraid, love, when the storm comes
We're gonna make it through on our own
Don't you, don't you ever let go of my love
Think about it, if you believe then it will be

We'll be riding high and we won't look down
See our spirits flying to that higher ground

Over and over, oh, the storm raged
I held you in my arms to keep you warm
No, you, no, you never let go of my love
Through the darkness you were the light that shone on
me

Every step I took, through everything I've done
When the lightning struck you were the only one

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