

Steve Winwood

"Rock & Roll Stew"

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Sitting in a transit all night long
Playing clubs and rocking right on
The road's much too long since I've been wasting my
time
Wish I was home again sipping my wine

And I'm gone, gone, gone, I don't care
'cause I'm gone, gone, gone, I don't care
It's where I'm from, I'm on the road again

La to london is a mighty long time
Eight hours flying can bring you down
Sitting near a suit who's a red-neck going,
Eyes are moving but there's no life showing

Now that I'm home again
Things are much better, biding my time with my little
go-getter
No matter what they say, no matter what they do,
Gonna end up in the middle of that rock & roll stew
Gone, gone, gone ...

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