

## Steve Winwood "Wake Me Up On Judgement Day"

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The story goes, the truth is no one knows  
A stranger came, a man who lost his name  
At night he tells his tale, prison, women, wail  
They took him in, he let them win  
Over and over

He said if you don't have good words to say  
Don't wake me up until the Judgement Day  
'Cause if nothing is the way it seems  
Then this life is just a haunted dream  
And all this love is just falling down through the years  
And oh, I'd rather sleep

Wake me up on Judgement Day  
Let me hear golden trumpets play  
Give me life where nothing fails  
Not a dream in a wishing well

A man in tattered clothes, crying all he knows  
The darkness grows, that's how it goes

Over and over

He said I think of the beauty I've had  
And all it does is make me feel so bad  
'Cause they make you think you're riding high  
Then they toss you off in the sky  
And all this life is just falling down through the years  
And oh, I'd rather sleep

Wake me up on Judgement Day  
Let me hear golden trumpets play  
Give me life where nothing fails  
Not a dream in a wishing well

Say a prayer for the stranger  
Listen to the stranger

Wake me up on Judgement Day  
Let me hear golden trumpets play  
Give me life where nothing fails  
Not a dream in a wishing well

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