The Great Songs of Steve Winwood.

A collection of songs from one of Britain’s most prolific songwriters. Arranged for piano/vocal with guitar diagrams and chord symbols.
The Great Songs of Steve Winwood.

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Arc Of A Diver.

Words & Music by Steve Winwood & Viv Stanshall

Russell Chambers, London WC2E 8AA.
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Moderately

C Dm/C C Dm C/D Dm C/D

She

Am Dm

bathes me in sweetness I cannot reveal.

Arc of a diver, effortlessly,
For sharing dreams, I need my woman.
This humble expression, meagerly dressed,
Daytime and nighttime, I feel you near.

My eyes, so mean, it has no meaning.
Warm water breathing, she helps me here.
But jealous

Night and all her secret chords,
I must be deaf on the
Night and all her secret chords,
te-lee-phone.
tel-lee-phone.
I need my love to trans-late.
I need my love to trans-late.

I play the pi-an-o, no more run-ning, hon-ey.
This time, to the sky I'll sing if clouds don't hear me.

This time, to the sky I'll sing if clouds don't hear me.
To the sun, I'll cry and e-ven if I'm blind-ed,

To the sun I'll cry, and e-ven if I'm blind-ed,
I'll try moon gazer, because with you I'm stronger.
I'll try moon gazer, because with you I'm stronger.

Lean, streaky music spawned on the streets,
Arc of a diver, effortlessly,

I hear it. But with you, I had to go—
my mind in sky. And when I wake up,
my rock 'n' roll is putting on weight.

day time and night time, I feel you near.

And the beat, it goes on.

Warm water breathing, she helps me here. But jealous

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

With you, my love, we're gonna raid the future.
With you, my love, we're gonna stick up the past.

We'll hold today to ransom till our new quartz clock stop, until yesterday,

un - til

un - til
yes - ter - day,

un - til yes - ter - day,

till our quartz clock stop.
While You See A Chance.

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Moderately bright

Gmaj9

Em7

D/F♯

Gmaj9

D/A

G

E/G♯

D/A

F♯/A♯

Bm
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...
And that old grey wind is blow-
you, when some sad, old dream reminds you, how the end-
ing, and there's nothing left worth knowing, and it's time,

less road unwinds you: while you see a chance, take
you should be going:

it. Find romance, fake it, because,

it's all on you.
to Coda  \( \_ Bb \)  \( \_ F/Bb \)  \( \_ Eb/Bb \)  \( \_ F/Bb \)

Don't you know by now no one gives you anything. And don't you wonder

how you keep on moving one more day, your way?
When there's no one left to leave you, even you don't quite believe you. That's when nothing can deceive you. 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
Night Train.
Words & Music by Steve Winwood & Will Jennings

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Moderately bright

Dm

C/D

G

Out of the night, burning with light,
looking through me.
trying to fade.

Dm

C/D

G

train shining black.
Towns without names.
I hope I get there.
I won't look back.
all look the same.
not just somewhere.
Life is running,
I hear crying,
I was leaving.

Hoping some day,
Paris to Spain,
Out in the dark.

Someone will say,
Countries in pain,
All the wolves bark.

I got it made,
Caught up in flight,
I close my arms,
Pull up the shade,
Feel the sight,
Try to keep warm,
Let the sun,
Europe dying,
in, ing.

Down on the night train,
I feel.
_the star-light steal away._

_to Coda_

_lifetime__ looking for the break of day._

_Border Patrol__ Rolling on._

_No chord__ Fever keeps_
coming on so strong

My ticket paid

Hard rain following on

cold wheels moving on Everybody

so, so alone, down on the night train
Freedom Overspill.
Words & Music by Steve Winwood, James Hooker
and George Flemming

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Moderately

Dm

C/G Dm/F

Dm

C/G Dm/F

Dm

C/G Dm/F

Dm

C/G Dm/F

Dm

C/G Dm/F

Dm

C/G Dm/F

Keep on talking
all you want.
you could say:

(Instrumental)
Dm  C/G  Dm/F  Dm  C/G  Dm/F  Dm  C/G  Dm/F

well, you don't waste a minute of time. Who cares? Who cares? Who cares? Who cares?

the way they talk you're talking away. Who cares? Who cares? Who cares? Who cares?

well, you don't waste a minute of time. Who cares? Who cares? Who cares? Who cares?

Dm  C/G  Dm/F  Dm  C/G  Dm/F  Dm  C/G  Dm/F

knows what's true... coffee and tears... the whole night through...

knows what's true? Your wounded pride is burning you up...

knows what's true... coffee and tears... the whole night through...

Dm  C/G  Dm/F  Am  Bb  C  Dm

Burning up - on midnight oil...
and it's come right back to you._ Freedom over-spill._

_Freedom over-spill._

Force of hab-

You're sounding good—

to me now._

keep talking on...
I want to hear the worst.
You got no right going a round.
talking 'bout the things that you do,
that you do.
Keep on talking.

There's a freedom over-spill.
Come on.
Coda

Force of habit,
you could say...

The way they talk you're talking a way...

Who cares? Who knows what's true?
Your wounded pride is burning you
Dm

C/G  Dm/F  Am  Bb

up.  Burning up on

C  Dm  Am  Bb

midnight oil,  and it's 'come-right

C  Dm  Dm  C/G  Dm/F

Repeat and fade

back to you.  Freedom over spill,

Dm  C/G  Dm/F  Dm  C/G  Dm/F  Dm  C/G  Dm/F

freedom over spill.  Freedom
Valerie.
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Moderately

So wild, standing there, with her hands in her hair,
Love songs fill the night, but they don't tell it all.
I can't help remembering
Not how lovers cry out

just where she touched me,
just like they're dying,

There's still her cries
no face hang there
here in time her place.

So cool, she was like jazz on a summer's day,
Someday, some good wind may blow her back to me,
Music high and sweet,

Some night, I may hear

then she just blew away.

her like she used to be.

No, it can't

be that warm

be that warm

with the wind

with the wind

in her arms,

in her arms,

Valerie,
Call on me, Call on me, Valerie. Come and see me.

I'm the same boy I used to be.

1. A  D/A  A  D/A

2. A  D/A  A
Moderately, with a beat

D    G(addA)

D    G(addA)

D    A

D    G(addA)

D    A

D    G(addA)

D    A

It used to seem to me that my life ran on too fast, and I used to be the best to make life be life to me, and I had to take it slowly just to make the good parts last. But we'll hope that you're still out there and you're like you used to be.

Back In The High Life Again.
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when you're born to run, it's so hard to just slow down, so
have ourselves a time, and we'll dance till the morning sun, and we'll

don't be surprised to see me back in that bright part of town, I'll be
let the good times come in and we won't stop until we're done. We'll be

back in the high life again. All the doors I closed.

one time will open up again. {I'll be back in the high life again.
All the eyes that watched us once will smile and take us in. And I'll we'll

drink and dance with one hand free and let the world back into me. And And

oh, I'll be a sight to see back in the high life again.

To Coda

And

And
D  G(addA)  D  A
You

2. D/A

high
life
again.

D  A

D  G

1-2. D  A

D.S. (lyric 2) at Coda

We'll be

Coda

D/A

A

D  G

high
life
again.
High life... Back in the high life...

Oh, we'll be back.

Repeat and fade
Moderate Rock

Think about it, there must be higher love,
and we're just hanging on,

down in the heart or hidden in the stars above...
Without it, life is wasted time.

facing our fear and standing out there alone.
A yearning, real to me.

Look inside your heart, I'll look inside mine.
There must be someone who's feeling for me.
Things look so bad every where...

In this whole world,

what is fair?

We walk blind... and we try to see,

falling behind in what could be.

Bring me a higher love,

Bring me a higher love, whoa...
Bring me a higher love. Where's that higher love I keep thinking of. Worlds are turn-rise above on a higher love.

I will wait for it. I'm not too late for it. Until then, I'll sing my song.
C Dm

C  Bb  Dm

to cheer the night along. Bring it.

I could light the night up with my soul on fire.

Bb  Dm7

I could make the sunshine from pure desire. Let me feel that
love come o - ver me.  Let me feel how strong it could be._

No chord

Oh...

Repeat and fade (vocal ad lib)

Bring me a high - er love, bring me a high - er love, whoa...

Bring me a high - er love, bring me a high - er love...
Talking Back To The Night.
Words & Music by Steve Winwood & Will Jennings

Moderately bright

High above the heat
to take
of a sum-

mer the New man can make,
an out-of-work musician
His dream is getting smaller,
plays a solo saxophone,
and he wonders where to turn.

He's a preacher and a
And he's tryin' hard to

make it, and he stands up all alone.
not to burn.
Stranded in
Woman's nev-

the darker minds;
of a vi-
pulls the shade

sion in the park,
and draws the blinds,

A poet in his madness
She takes him in the darkness
tries to find another line,
where the loneliest can feed.

And he's losing and he's
She gives him all she

has to,
and it's no more
do-in' fine,

And they
look from such a height
that somehow, it's all right.

They're talkin' back to the night.
It's all that they can do.

Talkin' back to the night:
it's how they make it through.
If you listen you can hear them.

Their voices draw you near them.

They're talkin' back to the night for you.

Something seems

And they look from such a height
that some-how, it's all right. They're talk-in' back to the night.

Repeat and fade

It's all that they can do.

Talk-in' back to the night: it's how

they make it through,

Talk-in' back to the night: