

Down in the Cellars

Al Stewart

Down in the cellars of Jean-Louis Chave
All the shadows are leaving
Bottles lying asleep in the caves
You'll see history breathing

From Cote-Rotie down to Hermitage
The vines are trellised in evening
In the cellars of Jean-Louis Chave
You'll see history breathing

Generations go slipping away now
What can you say now, five hundred years
Lives are written here
Pages on pages, ages on ages.
Just disappear

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You'll see history breathing