

Love on the Rocks

Julie London

Love, like red wine, must have time to age.
It mellows in flavor with each passing stage.
But even the best of the vinege (vine) goes bad.
And whether it's wine or love, that's sad.
I won't answer love the next time it knocks.
I've had my fill of love on the rocks.

A jigger of lying, garnished with fights.
Some bitters for crying, long unhappy nights.
A dash of lost dreams, then stir with regret.
Shake well, and pour, then drink and forget.
A tea spoon of teardrops seemed like a phase.
But I cried too many long unhappy days.
Good riddance to love it's too much to bear.
After this drink, I won't even care.

Love on the rocks, time to get high.
I'll drink to love, here's love in your eye
Pop with a bubble, make it a double!
This is my last toast to love
On the rocks
Love on the rocks.