What do you do when the people go home And what do you do when the show is all done I know what I'll do in the alone of my time But what will I do with the leftover wine A line from a poem of my childhood has said That visions of sugarplums were gonna dance in my head I'll spend my whole life making the time rhyme But I'll still have a bowl of leftover wine I'll spend my whole life making the time rhyme And then I'll sing them a song of mine You know I'm gonna do anything Just to take up time Cause I can't find a taker for the leftover wine (and) what do you do when the people go home And what do you do when the show is all done I know what I'll do in the alone of my time But what will I do with the leftover wine I'm gonna spend my whole life making the time rhyme And then I'm gonna run to the people And I'll sing them a song of mine You know I'm gonna do anything Just to take up time Cause I can't find a taker for the leftover wine I'll drink some of yours If you'll drink all of mine Because I can't stand the taste of that leftover wine And I'm gonna drink some of yours If you'll drink all of mine Because I can't stand the taste of leftover wine And I'll drink some of yours If you'll drink all of mine I can't stand the taste of leftover wine