

An Older Man (Is Like an Elegant Wine)

Nancy Wilson

Day in, day out
That same old voodoo follows me about
That same old pounding in my heart, whenever I think of you
And baby I think of you
Day in and day out

Day out, day in
I needn't tell you how my days begin
When I awake I get up with a tingle
One possibility in view
That possibility of maybe seeing you

Come rain, come shine
I meet you and to me the day is fine
Then I kiss your lips, and the pounding becomes
An oceans roar, a thousand drums
Can't you see it's love, can there be any doubt
When there it is, day in, day out