Sometimes when the evening's young
The wind dies down the setting sun
Crochets the clouds with yarn so fine
And fills the oceans with red wine

I see the sky, the forest fair Bringing flavor to the air I raised my glass and in a while You answer with a secret smile

Hold on Hold on to me

An airborne leaf that landed near Has carried Dionysus here I slip away but only when He sees our glasses filled again

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