

Holy Wine

Robert Finley

I hope you never die
But if you have to die in paradise, my friend
You would always try to apologize
Then roll the dice again
Try hard to not let 'em see
What's going on inside of me

Oh, holy wine
Help me rewind back to the times
Wrapped in your vines back to the gardens of my mind

You stretched the blanket thin, I could see right in
You didn't care about me
Now from these miles away
The spirits have their say

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