

Wineglass

Švihadlo

The days are not like they use to be
the flowers no longer bloom for me
sitting in my room, looking at the moon
thinking of how you took me for a fool
Those sacred vows now flying in the wind
sailing away on a tide never to return

I'm looking into my wineglass
and I am searching for the thruth
Chardoney with a salty tears
the night will see me through
Looking in my wineglass
and I'm searching for you and I
Chardoney with a salty tears
the night will see me through

The truth is that I am a woman
not afraid of the stormclouds overhead
against the tide I will row to the promise land
where all memories of you will be dead
The truth is that with my wineglass in my hand
I am breaking free from the cobwebs in your head
There is no dirt that water won't wash away
show me a teardrop that time won't dry my dear
but tell me who will dry your tears
because love, I am on my way out of here
I am running away from your gloom
to a garden in bloom where you will be the fool