

Who, The "Old Red Wine"

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Old red wine, well past its prime
May have to finish it after crossing the line
Dusty old wine, two thousand a time
An inch of black mud always left behind

They say you turned in while the sun still shined
That gorgeous girl with you was highly primed
She said she'd take you way down or way up
She might break your heart, she might crack you up

Old red wine, not worth a dime
Gonna have to drink it with you some other time
Expensive old wine, forty years lying
Mice chewed the labels don't know what we're buying

Back home in California, they got wine for the meek
There's the Bowl and the Fillmore, the Cow and the
Greek
You sniffed at the cork, chose low on the list
Held your glass to the light and gazed through the mist

Old red wine, well past its prime
Gonna have to drink it with you some other time

Just let it breathe
Oh let it breathe
Breath life, breath life
Let it breathe
Let it breathe
Let it breathe

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