## David "Dust On The Bottle"

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(David Lee Murphy/Jimbeau Hinson)

Creole Williams lived down a dirt road
Made homemade wine like nobody I know
Dropped by one Friday night and said can you help me
Creole

Got a little girl waitin' on me and I wanna treat her right

I got what you need son, it's sittin down in the cellar He reached through the cobwebs as he turned on the light and said

There might be a little dust on the bottle
But don't let it fool ya about what's inside
There might be a little dust on the bottle
It's one of those things that gets sweeter with time

She was sittin in the porch swing as I pulled up the driveway

My ole heart was racing as she climbed inside She slid over real close and drove down to the lake road

Watched the sun fade in that big red sky

I reached under the front seat and said, now here's something special  $% \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right)$ 

It's just been waiting for a night like tonight

There might be a little dust on the bottle
But don't let it fool ya about what's inside
There might be a little dust on the bottle
It's one of those things that gets sweeter with time

You're still with me, and we've made some memories After all these years theres one thing I've found Some say good love, well it's like a fine wine It keeps getting better as the days go by

There might be a little dust on the bottle But don't let it fool ya about what's inside There might be a little dust on the bottle

## It's one of those things that gets sweeter with time

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