

Marty Willson-Piper **"1929 Vintage Wine"**

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Electrifying lighting
Arcs around your face
Blood red lips and cream skin
Blue eyes make my head swim
Let me sip your bouquet
Rubies in the Beaujolais
1929, you're my vintage wine

Moisture on your top lip
Playing with a grape pip
And you're as soft as a Sunday
Beauty's in your resume
Let me breathe your aroma
You shook my heart from it's coma
1929, you're my vintage wine

You released a depth charge
Like a miracle, a mirage
A silver thread of moonlight
A golden box of sunlight
Something special on the wine list
Impossible to resist
And what really grabs me
Is when you open up your Chablis
1929, you're my vintage wine

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