

Beecake

"Pour My Wine"

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The wind's been blowing
Way too long
And I'm starting to lose my mind
And now the rain's started
And I'm broken-hearted
I'm running three hours behind

I know I said that I'd be home
In time for the evening news
The world's been fired
And I'm so tired
I'm starting to live the blues

Just pour my wine
I'll be fine
Give me time
I'm coming home to you

Another tree's past
And it won't be the last
But it's a quarter to three or four (?)
I could hire a car
But if they've gone too far
I'm here until they open the door

I keep my pain
Way down deep
Where no one else can see
It feels so right
But sometimes at night
It's starting to eat at me

Just pour my wine
I'll be fine
Give me time
I'm coming home to you

(bass solo)

(spoken)

Sometimes I feel like I'm in the middle of a really bad

Andy Warhol story.
When I'm just famous for being fifteen minutes late.
I mean, that's on a good day.
It also depends on how important the meeting, or the
appointment
- the rendezvous - whatever it is.
How important it is directly relates to how late I'll be.
Could be a couple of days, sometimes.
Almost makes you totally believe that there's someone
up there.
Someone controlling things. Otherwise, why would
these things happen?
Like there's God, or gods, up there... just having a
laugh.
Having a laugh.
Enjoying a glass of wine, and just having a laugh.
Just having a laugh.

Pour my wine
I'll be fine
Give me time
I'm coming home to you

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