

Sidney York "Tea As It Should Be"

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Clink, clink the bottle, I need a little more (more, more, more)...

The hint is sweet, but itâ€™s not my glass to pout
(pour, pour, pour)

Take the stem from your fingertips to my lips (and drink it down)...

Itâ€™s never tasted quite this way before...

More, more more...

pour, pour, pour...

drink it down...

But youâ€™re not wine,
and youâ€™re not mine...

And youâ€™re not wine,
and youâ€™re not mine

Youâ€™re not mine, youâ€™re not mine,
youâ€™re not mine, youâ€™re not...

Swing, swing the anchor scraping at the sea (sea, sea, sea)

The waves curl up but they never touch they let me be,
be, be

Toes in my raft, it shifts to etch a drift-forsaken path

Take the tide your way, to stay with me...

Sea, sea, sea...

be, be, be...

stay with me...

And Iâ€™m not scared,
when youâ€™re not there

And Iâ€™m not scared,
when youâ€™re not there

Youâ€™re not there, youâ€™re not there,
youâ€™re not there, youâ€™re not...

Stay, stay , stay...

But youâ€™re not wine,
and youâ€™re not mine

And youâ€™re not wine,

and youâ€™re not mine
Youâ€™re not mine, youâ€™re not mine,
youâ€™re not mine, youâ€™re not...

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