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Phish "Secret Smile"

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Sometimes when the evening's young The wind dies down the setting sun Crochets the clouds with yarn so fine And fills the oceans with red wine

I see the sky, the forest fair Bringing flavor to the air I raised my glass and in a while You answer with a secret smile

Hold on Hold on Hold on to me

An airborne leaf that landed near Has carried Dionysus here I slip away but only when He sees our glasses filled again

Sometimes when the evening's young
The wind dies down the setting sun
Crochets the clouds with yarn so fine
And fills the oceans with red wine

Hold on Hold on Hold on to me

Hold on Hold on Hold on to me

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