

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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