

Rick Moranis**"It's The Champagne Talkin'"**

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The city down below us
Bridges strung like pearls
The glistening of your eyes
As another year unfurls
Here I am saying those things
That I say now and then
But it's the Champagne talkin'
I'll be myself tomorrow again.

Another Super Sunday
Gathering good friends
Gals giggling in the kitchen
Guys gambling in the den
Maybe we ought'a do
What we should have way back when
But it's the Bud Light talkin'
I'll be a lightweight tomorrow again.

Valentine's
It was Ballantine's
Easter
It was ouzo
Beaujolais
On Bastille Day
Labor Day
Absolut-no!

I can smell a big Purdue
Roasting in the oven
Giving special thanks again to you
For your good lovin'
I should know by now
That you're the best that I can get
It's the Cognac yakkin'
But I may get there yet.

Now the Christmas tree is telling me
To give you what I bought
Time to put the past behind
And treasure what we got
So let's raise our glasses one more time

Yeh, they wrapped it at the store
The eggnog's knockin'
This time I'm unlockin' the door.

Valentine's, it was Ballantine'
Easter eggs with ouzo
Beaujolais Nouveau on Bastille Day, you know
Labor Day Absolut...

The Champagne's talkin'
The Egg Nog's knockin'
This might sound shockin'
But I'm not walkin'

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