

Franklin's Table

Al Stewart

Dinner with Ben Franklin on Friday night
The invitation read
Of course I wrote and thanked him
I wouldn't miss it for the world,
I said His table is so well kept

He plays the glass harmonica
And talks of wind and kites
The habits of the court of France
And other strange delights
Of course I've heard it all before
On other wintry nights
And yet there is no better
Wine or conversation

The English call it claret
And clear and red it sits inside my glass
Sent to us from Paris,
A greater kindness never came to pass
We'll drink his health with the last

He plays the glass harmonica
And talks of wind and kites
Of almansacs and spectacles
And other strange delights
Of course I've heard it all before
On other wintry nights
And yet there is no better
Wine or conversation

Time goes by in stories
Wine goes by, dark and young
When it comes my turn here
I'll be telling one with a purple tongue
The night grows philosophic
I miss a word or two it must be said
As I hear them talking
I sink a little deeper in my chair
Thanking the fates that brought me there

He plays the glass harmonica
And talks of wind and kites
Of lightning and odometers
And other strange delights
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