

## Sergio

Al Stewart

Sergio, came to California  
In the days after the war  
So long ago  
Bought some land, thought to plant a vineyard  
Like the one he used to know  
So long ago  
The sleepy valley was a land of farms and horses  
He brought his family to the house  
that he built all alone  
He drove the tractor, fixed the sprinklers,  
loaded boxes.  
Sold his wine from a van  
His reputation soon began to grow  
Sergio, with grapemust on his overalls Acacia in his hair, memo  
ries flow In his mind another country far away With music in th  
e air So long ago  
His wooden vats have turned to towers of  
gleaming metal  
For Pinot Noir and Syrah, Cabernet.  
Chardonnay  
They're entered into competitions, winning medals  
Advertised on T.V.  
They're calling him the patriarch today  
Sergio, puts a weathered hand  
on the labeling machine  
The day's almost done  
Looks outside, beyond the barrels  
To the rows of vines in brown and green  
The last of the sun  
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