

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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