

Turning It into Water

Al Stewart

I used to have a secret cellar Where I kept the sweetest of my
wine Now it seems that I've been too long Hanging on the vine

And now she's turning it into water Never be the same again She
's turning it into water All my wine tastes like the rain

Damp has peeled away my labels, I can't read the writing any mo
re, Nothing here to grace my tables Nothing left to store

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Go bar the cellar door Throw out the rusty key Won't go there a
nymore There is no mystery There's nothing there to see

Now I've lost these hopes and wishes I'm never going to change
the way she feels The cupboard's bare of loaves and fishes All
that time reveals is that

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