

## Under a Wine-Stained Moon

Al Stewart

Socrates drank the hemlock  
Perhaps he didn't mind the taste  
I guess it was a noble gesture  
Of maybe it was just a waste  
By the blue Aegean  
Like an ancient tune  
Dreams of Mycenaean heroes  
Under a winestained moon  
You've got this impulsive nature  
Maybe you were born that way  
Sometimes it leads you into danger  
Sometimes you can make it pay  
One a night like this one  
Fly a red balloon  
On an endless beach of summer  
Under a winestained moon  
You know that I'll be waiting for you  
Even when I'm frail and old  
With hands that shake my wine glass  
And skin like hammered gold  
Hear the water lapping  
Like a drunk bassoon  
Beach umbrellas flapping somewhere  
Under a winestained moon.