

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.