

Dust On The Bottle

David Lee Murphy

Creole Williams lived down a dirt road
Made homemade wine like nobody I know
Dropped by one Friday night and said
"Can you help me, Creole
Got a little girl waitin' on me and I wanna treat her right"

"I got what you need son; it's sittin' down in the cellar"
He reached through the cobwebs
As he turned on the light and said

"There might be a little dust on the bottle
But don't let it fool ya about what's inside
There might be a little dust on the bottle
It's one of those things that gets sweeter with time"

She was sittin' in the porch swing as I pulled up the driveway
My ol' heart was racing as she climbed inside
She slid over real close and drove down to the lake road
Watched the Sun fade in that big red sky

I reached under the front seat and said
"Now here's something special
It's just been waiting for a night like tonight"

There might be a little dust on the bottle
But don't let it fool ya about what's inside
There might be a little dust on the bottle
It's one of those things that gets sweeter with time

You're still with me, and we've made some memories
After all these years there's one thing I've found
Some say good love, well, it's like a fine wine
It keeps getting better as the days go by

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Don't let it fool ya