

Drinking Wine Alone

Dr. Hook

I'm laying by the river, on a sunny afternoon
The glass of wine beside me, is the colour of the sun
Then the river moves inside me, and it all comes rushing back
There's something about drinking wine alone

I'm sitting at the table, staring at my plate
The meal I fixed so carefully, is wasted I can't eat
The first taste touched a place in me, I'm still afraid to find
There's something about drinking wine alone

There are traces of her waiting, in the place I least expect
A laugh, a sudden movement, a lighted cigarette
Am I hiding from the very thing, I tried so hard to find
There's something about drinking wine alone

I have wasted something precious, and it quickly slipped away
Like moonbeams through my fingers, as I turned the other way
Am I waiting for a miracle, or have I just been blind
There's something about drinking wine alone