

Dandelion Wine

Gregory Alan Isakov

Summer days were just a magazine, a magazine
A magazine...

Cutting grass for gasoline, for gasoline
So I can see ya soon...

Fall swooned
Left me drunk in a field
Dandelion wine for a year

And I packed up the dust
Of all that I owned
Handkerchief hung from a pole

I rolled out the day that the apples fell...