

## Rosemary's Wine

Neil Diamond

And her eyes hurt the way they do  
Almost like they'd seen,  
Almost like they knew

And her words, soft as they could be  
Tied me to her soul and wouldn't set me free

And the night that held us in its arms  
It held us once again,  
But even then I knew this time  
That I would decline  
Sweet Rosemary's Wine

Lately I, seem to be inclined  
More to being cold, less to being kind  
And I suppose that I've been less than true  
Being what I am, what was I to do

So I drink  
The sweetness of her soul  
And drink it once again  
But even then I guess I'd known  
That I would decline  
Sweet Rosemary's wine