

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