

Secret Smile

Phish

Sometimes when the evening's young
The wind dies down the setting sun
Crochets the clouds with yarn so fine
And fills the oceans with red wine

I see the sky, the forest fair
Bringing flavor to the air
I raised my glass and in a while
You answer with a secret smile

Hold on
Hold on
Hold on to me

An airborne leaf that landed near
Has carried Dionysus here
I slip away but only when
He sees our glasses filled again

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