

## 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

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

Hold on  
Hold on  
Hold on to me

Hold on  
Hold on  
Hold on to me