

The Winery

Sun Kil Moon

You moved up near the winery
I'm down by the oil refinery
You left my rags for his riches
Left a note best wishes
Our cats still go out at night
Cooling in the moonlight
And the lights of Martinez
Scattered on the Carquinez

I play guitar 'til morning light
Alone with it I've built my life
Made some lovers through my skills
Some have lasted, other just filled time
Remembering you there with me
Taking walks along the sea
Years fly by cursing us
End of summer, end of fall, winter, spring

Listening to Almeida play pavane for a dead princess
Tárrega and Albéniz and his own discantus
Santos versus Benítez
Espada versus Cuevas
Ray Leonard versus Durán, no more no more
My TV glows, my ceiling fan hums
Iron Mike broke bones
Julian Bream played the chaconne
Bobby Fischer took rooks
Smoking Joe threw hooks
Robert Burns wrote poems
Ed Gein dug bones
Martin Luther had a dream
You never did anything

You're up there in the vineyards
Using some pretty words
You eat at French Laundry
Burning through money

And I'm here eating pistachio nuts
Over by the Taco truck
Scribbling words on receipts
Just go on and repeat
I walk along the service stops
And the antique shops
Come home every evening
Hear the dogs howling