

# Night Wines

## The Outlaws

Last night I bedded  
With a bottle of Beaujeaulais  
Trustin' that in time  
My blues might drift away  
Slumber drew me victim  
To the blues water's sweet bouquet

When I woke up this morning  
I had a beautiful dream  
It'd been the summer  
When I was just eighteen  
When I turned the lights on  
There were ten years in between

It made my heart hunger  
To make my years younger  
Old Father Time's made up his mind  
And circumstance  
Good times and bad times  
Each weaves its own web  
There's no second chance

Now the curtain falls  
On still another day  
While hopes and dreams hang out  
As if the same  
Life's too important  
Just to let it slip away

It makes my heart hunger  
To make my years younger  
But Old Father Time's made up his mind  
And circumstance  
Good times and bad times  
Each weaves its own web  
There is no second chance

Tonight I will be beddin'  
With a bottle of Chardonay (Chardonay)  
Hoping that in time my blues  
Might fade away  
Soon fallen victim  
To the night wine's sweet bouquet

It makes my heart hunger  
To make my years younger  
But Old Father Time's made up his mind  
And circumstance  
Good times and bad times  
Each weaves its own web  
There is no second chance

Old Father Time's just made up his mind  
And circumstance  
Good times and bad times  
Each weaves its own web  
There is no second chance