

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