I Follow

Swingin' Utters

He resides on Mt. Olympus where no mortal goes
He is my charming mentor and everybody knows
He'll bring you ecstasy and fill you with his grace
Careening carelessly he'll coax you to his placeHe walks through the vine rows
I'll follow where he goesHis legs are smooth and clear and best when they run slow
His nose is earthy, fruit, peppery or rose
Sometimes he's Beaujolais and sometimes bourgeoisie
He'll warm you with his touch and copious luxuryHe walks through the vine rows
I'll follow where he goes
He walks through the vine rows
I'll follow where he goesAs I swim listlessly through the clouded night
Hellenic songs surround and draw me to the light
Epicurean desires aroused; I fall down to my knees
A handsome sacrifice, for Bacchus if you pleaseHe walks through the vine rows
I'll follow where he goes
He walks through the vine rows
I'll follow where he goesHe spends all my time
But I can't complain
It's always in vain
He can't do it another wayNever really knew
Never really cared
Always made a mess
At least I dared

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