

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 place
He walks through the vine rows
I'll follow where he goes
His 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 luxury
He walks through the vine rows
I'll follow where he goes

He walks through the vine rows

I'll follow where he goes
As 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 please
He walks through the vine rows
I'll follow where he goes

He walks through the vine rows

I'll follow where he goes
He spends all my time

But I can't complain

It's always in vain

He can't do it another way
Never really knew

Never really cared

Always made a mess

At least I dared

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