

Secret Smile

Phish

Sometimes when the evening's young
The wind dies down the setting sun
Crochets the clouds with yarn so fine
And fills the oceans with red wineThe trees, the sky, the forest fair
Bringing flavor to the air
I raised my glass and in a while
You answer with a secret smileHold on
Hold on
Hold on to meAn airborne leaf that landed near
Has carried Dionysus here
I slip away but only when
He sees our glasses filled againSometimes when the evening's young
The wind dies down the setting sun
Crochets the clouds with yarn so fine
And fills the oceans with red wineHold on
Hold on
Hold on to meHold on
Hold on
Hold on to me

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