

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 wine
The trees, the sky, the forest fair
Bringing flavor to the air
I raised my glass and in a while
You answer with a secret smile
Hold on
Hold on
Hold on to me
An airborne leaf that landed near
Has carried Dionysus here
I slip away but only when
He sees our glasses filled again
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 wine
Hold on
Hold on
Hold on to me
Hold on
Hold on to me

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