

Maiden Wine

Leonard Nimoy

Take care, young ladies, and value your wine.
Be watchful of young men in their velvet prime.
Deeply they'll swallow from your finest kegs,
Then swiftly be gone, leaving bitter dregs.
Ahh-ah-ah-ah, bitter dregs. Your time hold precious, for youth is your gold.
Your beauty, like silver, will tarnish when old.
Memories and dreams shall comfort you not.
When the flow of your sweetness is gone and forgot.
Ahh-ah-ah-ah, gone and forgot.
With smiling words and tender touch,
Man offers little and asks for so much.
He loves in the breathless excitement of night,
Then leaves with your treasure in cold morning light.
Ahh-ah-ah-ah, in cold morning light.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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