

Sweet Burgundy

Tommy Bolin

Winter time comes just a little too fast
Summer just flies by on it patient wings
I'm just a fool for yesterdays
I've seen too many things in so many ways
At night I just sit in my room by the fire
Lookin' out my misty window on the streets below
Too many people lookin' lost and forlorn
Vagabonds without homes and no where else to go
Pour me another glass of that sweet burgundy
Maybe that will help to ease my pain
Burgundy, I guess you're my only friend, sweet burgundy
Outside my window I see the deaf and the blind
Who are pondered for a moment and then left behind
Times that I think I was all alone
I just sit back and think I haven't sold my soul

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