

A Drinking Song

Music by Danny Schwarze, Lyrics by W.B. Yeats and Danny Schwarze
Recorded by The Northerly Gales

'Cause wine comes in at the mouth
And love comes in at the eye
That's all we shall know for truth
Before we grow old and die
I lift my glass to my mouth
I look at you and I sigh

As I sit here sippin' on the whiskey in my glass
I think about the trials and the triumphs of our pasts
Were they all that different, the upsides and the down?
I look at you and smile, then pour another round

'Cause wine comes in at the mouth
And love comes in at the eye
That's all we shall know for truth
Before we grow old and die
I lift my glass to my mouth
I look at you and I sigh

There's a method to the madness, or so we like to say
Order in the chaos moving through our day
At least that's what we tell ourselves to keep us feeling fine
To fill the time between good company and wine

'Cause wine comes in at the mouth
And love comes in at the eye
That's all we shall know for truth
Before we grow old and die
I lift my glass to my mouth
I look at you and I sigh

The only thing that's certain in life is that it's not
We can't predict our futures, we cannot choose our lots
Instead of getting caught up in what may never be
Raise a glass, make a toast, a health to you and me

'Cause wine comes in at the mouth
And love comes in at the eye
That's all we shall know for truth
Before we grow old and die
I lift my glass to my mouth
I look at you and I sigh
Yes I lift my glass to my mouth
I look at you and I sigh

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