

Michael Hutchence, Spill The Wine

i was once out strolling
are very hot summer day
when I thought
I'd lay myself down to rest
in a big field of tall grass

I laid there in the sun
and felt it caressing my face

well, ah
I was taken to a place
the hall of the mountain king
I stood high upon a mountain top
naked to the world
in front of every kind of girl
there were long ones
tall ones
short ones
and brown ones
black ones
round ones
big ones
and crazy ones

out of the middle
yeah, came a lady
she whispered in my ear
something crazy

she said:
hay baby
hay baby
Spill The Wine
dig that girl

Spill The Wine
dig that girl
come on
Spill The Wine
dig that girl
Spill The Wine
dig that girl