

Neil Diamond, Rosemary

And her eyes
Hurt the way they do
Almost like theyd seen
Almost like they knew
And her words
Soft as they could be
Tied me to her soul
And couldnt set me free
And the night
That held us in its arms
It held us once again
But even then
I knew this time
That I would decline
Sweet rosemarys wine
Lately i
Seem to be inclined
More to being cold
Less to being kind
And I suppose
That Ive been less than true
Being what I am
What was I to do?
So I drink
The sweetness of her soul
And drink it once again
But even then
I guess Id known
That I would decline
Sweet rosemarys wine