

# Swingin' Utters, I Follow

He resides on Mt. Olympus where no mortal goes  
He is my charming mentor and everybody knows  
He'll bring you ecstasy and fill you with his grace  
Careening carelessly he'll coax you to his place

He walks through the vine rows  
I'll follow where he goes

His legs are smooth and clear and best when they run slow  
His nose is earthy, fruit, peppery or rose  
Sometimes he's Beaujolais and sometimes bourgeoisie  
He'll warm you with his touch and copious luxury

He walks through the vine rows  
I'll follow where he goes  
He walks through the vine rows  
I'll follow where he goes

As I swim listlessly through the clouded night  
Hellenic songs surround and draw me to the light  
Epicurean desires aroused; I fall down to my knees  
A handsome sacrifice, for Bacchus if you please

He walks through the vine rows  
I'll follow where he goes  
He walks through the vine rows  
I'll follow where he goes

He spends all my time  
But I can't complain  
It's always in vain  
He can't do it another way

Never really knew  
Never really cared  
Always made a mess  
At least I dared