

The Who, Old Red Wine

Old red wine
Well past its prime
May have to finish it
After crossing the line

Dusty old wine
Two thousand a time
An inch of black mud
Always left behind

They say you turned in
While the sun still shined
That gorgeous girl with you
Was highly primed

She said she'd take you
Way down or way up
She might break your heart
She might crack you up

Old red wine
Not worth a dime
Gonna have to drink it with yer
Some other time

Expensive old wine
Forty years lying
Mice chewed the labels
Don't know what we're buying

Back home in California
They got wine for the meek
There's the Bowl and the Fillmore
The Cow and the Greek

You sniffed at the cork
Chose low on the list
Held your glass to the light
And gazed through the mist

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Let it breathe

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