

# Tommy Bolin, Sweet Burgundy

Winter time comes just a little too fast,  
Summer just flies by on it's patient wings.  
I'm just a fool for yesterdays,  
I've seen too many things in so many ways.  
At night I just sit in my room by the fire,  
Lookin' out my misty window on the street below.  
Too many people lookin' lost and forlorn,  
Vagabonds without homes and no where else to go.

Pour me another glass of that sweet burgundy.  
Maybe that will help to ease the pain  
Burgundy I guess you're my only friend.  
Sweet Burgundy.

Outside my window I see the deaf and the blind  
Who are pondered for a moment and then left behind.  
Times that I think I was all alone,  
I just sit back and think I haven't sold my soul.