

# Beaujolais Day

Fish

I went to morrison's grave at pere lachaise cemetery  
The stony flowers and the matching graffiti were guiding me to the steps inside of me

And what will you do if I got down on my knees to you  
What will you do if I lied to your face  
Could you still hold your dreams  
Could you live in your silent face

So what would you do, would you walk right through me  
Would you stand in the way like the others before  
Get in the way  
Would you drink to me next beaujolais day

Tell me the truth, save a prayer for me  
I would love to leave you but you would cry all night long  
Eternal romantic, victory failed on beaujolais day

I heard a wheelchair whisper across a stale silent gymnasium  
Trailing an ivy league jacket like a matador  
Through the jitterbug steps of the night before

Through the chalk white chill and the tear fandango  
Heading away to the inner wrangle  
Do we cry for a cell  
Do we need for a sell

What would you do, would you cry for me  
Could you set off could we go gently  
Blame it away  
Do you really want to head for the open door

Got to crack a bottle while you dream for me  
Just an absent friend and a misery  
Laying awake do we stay right there  
'till beaujolais day

On beaujolais day

So what will you do, would you lie to me?  
Would you sit right back in a victory  
Would you play for me  
Could you die for me

So what would you do, would you walk right through me  
Heading away saying it's just another victory  
This is beaujolais day