

Eric Clapton, Sweet Wine

(Ginger Baker and Janet Godfrey)

Who wants the worry, the hurry of city life.
Money, nothing funny; wasting the best of our life.

Sweet wine, hay making, sunshine day breaking.
We can wait till tomorrow.
Car speed, road calling, bird freed, leaf falling.
We can bide time.

[Repeat Second Verse]

[Repeat First Verse]