

# Michael Hutchence, Spill The Wine

i was once out strolling  
are very hot summer day  
when I thought  
I'd lay myself down to rest  
in a big field of tall grass

I laid there in the sun  
and felt it caressing my face

well, ah  
I was taken to a place  
the hall of the mountain king  
I stood high upon a mountain top  
naked to the world  
in front of every kind of girl  
there were long ones  
tall ones  
short ones  
and brown ones  
black ones  
round ones  
big ones  
and crazy ones

out of the middle  
yeah, came a lady  
she whispered in my ear  
something crazy

she said:  
hay baby  
hay baby  
Spill The Wine  
dig that girl

Spill The Wine  
dig that girl  
come on  
Spill The Wine  
dig that girl  
Spill The Wine  
dig that girl