

# Cream, Sweet Wine

Ba, ba, ba-ba-ba, ba,  
Ba-ba-ba, ba, ba, ba-ba-ba.  
Ba, ba, ba-ba-ba, ba,  
Ba-ba-ba, ba, ba, ba-ba-ba.

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

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

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