

DRY WINE (p) (c) 1979  
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3rd Ear Music  
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(Words & Music by DAVID KRAMER)

I'm half asleep  
I dream in the dark  
I'm trusting the locks on the doors  
And the dogs morning bark  
Outside in the street  
A drunkard stumbles and sings  
And in the next door flat  
A telephone rings and rings  
But nothing disturbs  
The suburb's quiet  
Not the sirens  
Or the news of the township riots  
And knowing it all  
Through the distance of headlines  
I express my opinion  
With a mouth full of dry wine  
A lady with red fingernails  
Is playing with her diamond  
Gazing through the restaurant  
window  
At the lights on Robben Island  
Her hair's cut in the latest style  
And her eyes are painted blue  
And she's probably thinking now  
Where in the world  
Could I find a better view  
And her husband asks the waiter  
"Are these prawns from  
Mocambique"  
And the waiter he just nods his head  
And he smiles but doesn't speak  
And knowing it all  
As I watched from the sidelines  
My thoughts are my own  
As I swallow my dry wine  
An old lady in a Seapoint flat  
Lives with her dreams and dread  
She can hear the disco music  
As she lies in her bed  
In the servants quarters  
He can hear them laugh and sing  
In the next door flat  
A telephone rings and rings  
Perhaps I'm like a deaf man  
Who has seen the lightning flash  
Or perhaps I'm just like the blind  
And I can't hear it crash  
But knowing it all  
From the distance of headlines  
I express my opinion  
With a mouth full of dry wine  
Full of that or else  
I'm full of that or else

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