

et another golden day,
n so low, sweet smell of hay
The dipping of oars, our very o
so many summers have come a
For you this tempo will lazily
never the water but me to tou
Our Napa Landing always
no time no tide no worldly



Napa Landing

NAPA COUNTY

Merlot

Perhaps happiness is but a lie,
Happiness ebbs as the grasses dry
With every morning there is its end,
I am not together just letters to send
Must again we say goodbye,
Towards you I row, without a try
I love me,