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Daisy Wine

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My ^{sure} was good
I would make it if I could
It wouldn't kill me knock on wood
Oh Daisy Wine

In an antiquated cellar
~~lived~~ worked one far out feast feller
We all dug him for his spirit
But it certainly was clear it
Was that nectar he created in spare time
That elated us for he made Daisy Wine

~~Oh.~~ It's a well known fact of Daisys
That they poison or drive crazy
Those ~~other~~ ^{naughty} who have them
Get our fella'd go and get them
Brew them secretly at night into divine
Enchanting unsurpassed cool daisy wine

Eh
We would gather when the moon was round
A keg of brew we'd sit about
A magic lovely evening ~~in a~~ ^{passion}
Till we sat round empty glasses
Not eubrated, dizzy or supine
But delighted by the taste of Daisy Wine

~~Oh~~
~~Now~~ ~~wherever he has gone~~
We have no notion
Eventually he disappeared
No formula had volunteered
We have tried to brew it and we failed
No other close just poison & ale
We know when the poison is full we sign in
know what the ~~deader~~ ^{deader} were