

Wanda Jackson "Warm Red Wine"

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WARM RED WINE

(Cindy Walker)

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Put a nickel in the jukebox and let it play for my heart is
so cold with pain
Take the cork from the bottle of the warm red wine and
fill my glass up again
Fill my glass to the brim till it flows o'er the rim
Like the tears flow in this heart of mine
And I'll say so long to the dreams that are gone on
account of the warm red wine
A prison of stone with its cold iron bars is no more a
prison than mine
I'm a prisoner of drink and can never escape from the
chains of the warm red wine
Fill my glass to the brim...

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