

## George Jones "Warm Red Wine"

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Put a nickel in the jukebox and let it play  
For my heart is 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  
Then I'll say so long to the dreams that are gone  
On account of the warm red wine.

--- Instrumental ---

Oh, the prison of stone with it's cold iron bars  
Is no more than a prison than mine  
I'm a prisoner of drink who will never escape  
From the chains of the warm red wine.

Oh, the wine is red so warm and red  
Like the ruby it's sparkles and glows  
But I fade for the wine yeah that warm red wine  
With all of my hopes and my dreams...

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