

Hank Thompson

"Warm Red Wine"

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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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