

John Prine

"Old Dogs, Children and Watermelon Wine"

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How old do you think I am," he said?

I said, well, I didn't know.

He said, "I turned 65 about 11 months ago."

I was sittin' in Miami, pouring blended whiskey down

When this old gray, black gentleman was cleaning up the lounge.

There wasn't anyone around, except this old man and me.

The guy who ran the bar was watching Ironside on TV.

Uninvited, he sat down and opened up his mind

On old dogs and children and watermelon wine.

"Ever had a drink of watermelon wine," he asked.

He told me all about it, though I didn't answer back.

"Ain't but three things in this world that's worth a solitary dime,

But old dogs and children and watermelon wine."

He said, "Women think about themselves, when men-folk ain't around.

And friends are hard to find when they discover that you're down."

He said, "I tried it all when I was young and in my natural prime,

Now it's old dogs and children and watermelon wine."

"Old dogs, care about you, even when you make mistakes.

God bless little children while they're still too young to hate."

When he moved away I found my pen and copied down that line

About old dogs and children and watermelon wine.

I had to catch a plane up to Atlanta that next day.

As I left for my room I saw him picking up my
change.

That night I dreamed in peaceful sleep of shady summertime,

Of old dogs and children and watermelon wine.

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