

Chris Ledoux

"Fine As Wine"

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Sweeter than the grapes growin' out in California
Softer than the fuzz on the sweetest Georgia peach
Warms you goin' down like a twenty-two year old
brandy
When she loves me, Lord, she's fine, fine as wine

She loves her rodeo, man, turns him every way but
loose
Washes out all his Levis, shines his cowboy boots
Watches him each Saturday bitin' the dust again
She takes him home, puts him to bed and rubs in the
linament

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When she loves me, Lord, she's fine, fine as wine

Layin' in the back seat with sugar at the wheel
Broken bones from my last ride is all my head can feel
Sugar, sure gets tired, Lord, of all I put her through
But I'll never find another gal who's sweeter or is true

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