

Dean Martin

"Little Old Wine Drinker, Me"

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I'm praying for a rain in California
So the grapes can grow and they can make more wine
And I'm sitting in a honky in Chicago
With a broken heart and a woman on my mind.

I'll ask the man behind the bar for the jukebox
And the music takes me back to Tennessee
And when they ask who's the fool in the corner, crying
I'll say, little old wine drinker, me.

I came here last week from down in Nashville
'Cause my baby left for Florida on a train
I thought I'd get a job and just forget her
But in Chicago a broken heary is still the same.

I'll ask the man behind the bar for the jukebox
And the music takes me back to Tennessee
And when they ask who's the fool in the corner, crying
I'll say, little old wine drinker, me...

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