

## Shawn McDonald

### "Homemade Wine"

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Sixty miles from El Paso  
Feelin' lonesome as can be  
Driving further from the heartache  
That was slowly killing me

I left at 4 am last monday  
Filled my tank at luther's store  
I might be checking' in come sunday  
'cause i know by then she'll walk the floor

She has it still inside her skull  
That i am hers and she is mine  
She's dead on empty and i am full of  
Broken dreams and homemade wine

There's a kid who plays the squeeesebox  
On the border bridge on the juarez side  
He dances to the beat  
With no shoes on his feet  
To the music that he makes as i drive by

And i felt just like the devil the whole night's pull  
But right this second I feel fine  
My tank is dead on empty, but i am full  
Of broken dreams and homemade wine

Now the gulf wind she sings to me a love song  
I can hear her from the boxcar that I ride  
Her voice is in my brain  
Making music with this train  
That will soon take me to the other side

And she might think that I'm coming back  
To hold her close and stop her cryin'  
But this freight train's  
Traveling down a southbound track  
Full broken dreams and hommade wine  
Just broken dreams and hommade wine  
Broken dreams and hommade wine

