

And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine

Anita O'Day

He would spend it on the ponies
He would spend it on the girls
Buy his mother gin and roses
For her poor old henna'd curls

And when his wife said "Hey now!
What did you get for me?"
He socked her in the choppers
Such a sweet, sweet guy was he!

And her tears flowed like wine
Yes, her tears flowed like wine
She's a real sad tomato
She's a busted Valentine
Knows her mama done told her
That her man is darned unkind

How he loved the old race horses
He would bet them every day
One day he caught a winner
And the cabbage wasn't hay!

He indulged in fancy spending
Ordered rings, cars and furs
But alas, alack
Like a stab in the back
She found out they were not hers!

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Yes, her tears flowed like wine
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She's a busted Valentine
Knows her mama done told her
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He got mixed up with a Maisie
He got mixed up with a Flo
So Flo shoved him in the river
He'll not get mixed up no more!

His wife then draped herself in black
That showed her figure fine
Then she cussed him out
The two-faced guy
No insurance could she find!

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