

Little Ole Wine Drinker, Me

Dean Martin

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

I matched the man behind the bar for the jukebox,
And the music takes me back to Tennessee,
When they ask who's the fool in the corner, crying,
I say, that little ole 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 heart is still the same.

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