

Warm Red Wine

Ernest Tubb

Put some money in the jukebox and let it play
For my heart is cold with its pain
Take the cork from the bottle of a warm red wine
And fill my glass up, again

Fill my glass to the brim till it flows over the rim
Like the tears flow in this heart of mine
While I'll sail so long to the dreams that are gone
On account of the warm red wine

Oh, the prison of stone with its cold iron bars
Is no more than a prison than mine
I'm a prisoner of drink who will never escape
From the chains of the warm red wine

Oh, the wine is red, so warm and red
Like a ruby, it sparkles and gleams
But I paid for the wine, the one red wine
With all of my hopes and dreams