

The Warm Red Wine

George Jones

Put a nickel in the jukebox and let it play for my heart is cold with pain
Take the cork from the bottle of the warm red wine and fill my glass up again
Fill my glass to the brim till it flows o'er the rim
Like the tears flow in this heart of mine
Then I'll say 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 of 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 so red it's warm and it's red like the ruby its sparkles and gleams
But I paid for the wine yeah that warm red wine
With all of my hopes and my dreams