

Bottle Of Wine

The Kingston Trio

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine,
When you gonna let me get sober
Let me alone, let me go home.
Let me back and start over.

Well, I've rambled around this dirty old town
Singing for nickels and dimes
Times gettin' rough, I can't get enough
To buy me a little bottle of wine.

Well, little hotel, older than Hell,
Cold as the dark in the mine
Light so dim, I had to grin,
I got me a little bottle of wine.

Well, the preacher will preach and the teacher will teach
The miner will dig in the mine
I ride the rods, trusting in God,
Huggin' my little bottle of wine.

Well, pain in my head, bugs in my bed,
Pants so old that they shine
Out on the street, I tell the people I meet
To buy me a little bottle of wine.

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When you gonna let me get sober.