

Little Ole Wine Drinker Me

The Lurkers

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've asked 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 cryin'
I say, 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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