

The Warm Red Wine

Willie Nelson

Put a nickel in the jukebox
And let it play
For my heart is troubled 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, a prison of stone
With it's 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 the ribbon
It sparkles and shines
But I paid for the wine
Yeah, That one red wine
With all of my hopes
And in my dreams...