Warm Red Wine

Hank Thompson

Put a nickel in the jukebox and let it play
For my heart is so cold with pain
Take the cork from the bottle of the warm red wine
And fill my glass up againFill my glass to the brim till it flows o'er the rim
Like the tears flow in this heart of mine
And I'll say so long to the dreams that are gone
On account of the warm red wineA prison of stone with its cold iron bars
Is no more a prison than mine
I'm a prisoner of drink and can never escape
From the chains of the warm red wineFill my glass to the brim

Songwriters
Cindy WalkerPublished by
UNICHAPPELL MUSIC, INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/