

# Bottle Of Wine

## Lindy Michaels

Ramblin' around this dirty old town  
Singin' for nickels and dimes  
Times getting rough I ain't got enough  
To buy me a bottle of wine

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine  
When you gonna let me get sober  
Leave me along, let me go home  
I wann'a go back and start over

Little hotel, older than Hell  
Cold and as dark as a mine  
Blanket so thin, I lie there and grin  
Buy me little bottle of wine

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine  
When you gonna let me get sober  
Leave me along, let me go home  
I wann'a go back and start over

Aches in my head, bugs in my bed  
Pants so old that they shine  
Out on the street, tell the people I meet  
Won'ch buy me a bottle of wine

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine  
When you gonna let me get sober  
Leave me along, let me go home  
I wann'a go back and start over

Teacher must teach, and the preacher must preach  
Miner must dig in the mine  
I ride the rods, trusting in God  
And hugging my bottle of wine

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine  
When you gonna let me get sober  
Leave me along, let me go home  
I wann'a go back and start over

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by Paxton, Thomas R /

Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>