

# Wino

## Russell Haswell

Wino on the street, drinkin' a bottle of booze  
Ain't got nothing to say, yeah, and he don't got much to lose  
Times are on his face, blisters on his brain  
Wonders who's at fault, knows that he's to blame  
Thinks back on his childhood and wonders the reasons why?  
Why some men have made it rich? Why some men have cried?  
Reaching out his hand, Lord, for a nickel or a dime  
Livin' every day, yeah, for one more taste of wine  
Wino, soon you've got to choose  
How long must you take abuse?  
Wino, you wasn't born to lose  
Sweet wine is making you a fool  
Yeah talk to me  
Wino on the street, drinkin' a bottle of booze  
He ain't got nothing to say, and he don't got much to lose  
I want to help him out with his troubles and woes  
I guess he's a happy young man, God in heaven only knows  
Wino, soon you've got to choose  
Just how long baby, must you take abuse?  
Wino, you wasn't born to lose  
Sweet wine is making you a fool  
Yonder come a man, now this I know  
Now you better find some place to go  
Yonder come a man to take you downtown  
He don't want you hanging around  
Ohh let's get off this complete ground  
Well long as the wild goes

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