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 blameThinks 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 wineWino, 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 foolYeah talk to meWino 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 knowsWino, 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 foolYonder 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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