

# And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine

## Anita O'Day

He would spend it on the ponies,  
He would spend it on the girls,  
Buy his mother gin and roses  
For her poor old henna'd curls.  
And when his wife said, "Hey now!  
What did you get for me?"  
He socked her in the chopper,  
Such a sweet sweet guy was he! And her tears flowed like wine,  
Yes her tears flowed like wine,  
She's a real sad tomato,  
She's a busted valentine.  
Knows her mama done told her  
That her man is darned unkind. How he loved the old race horses,  
He would bet them every day.  
One day he caught a winner  
And the cabbage wasn't hay!  
He indulged in fancy spending,  
Ordered rings, cars and furs,  
But alas, alack,  
Like a stab in the back,  
She found out they were not hers! And her tears flowed like wine,  
Yes her tears flowed like wine,  
She's a real sad tomato,  
She's a busted valentine.  
Knows her mama done told her  
That her man is darned unkind. He got mixed up with a Maisie,  
He got mixed up with a Flo,  
So Flo shoved him in the river,  
He'll not get mixed up no more!  
His wife then draped herself in black  
That showed her figure fine,  
Then she cussed him out, the two-faced guy,  
No insurance could she find. And her tears flowed like wine,  
Yes her tears flowed like wine,  
She's a real sad tomato,  
She's a busted valentine.  
Knows her mama done told her  
That her man is darned unkind.

Songwriters

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