Homemade Wine

Shawn Mullins

Sixty miles from El Paso
Feelin' lonesome as can be
Driving further from the heartache
that was slowly killing meI left at 4 am last monday
Filled my tank at luther's store
I might be checking' in come sunday
'cause i know by then she'll walk the floorShe has it still inside her skull
that i am hers and she is mine
She's dead on empty and i am full of
broken dreams and homemade wineThere's a kid who plays the squeesebox
on the border bridge on the juarez side
He dances to the beat
with no shoes on his feet
to the music that he makes as i drive byAnd i felt just like the devil the whole night's pull
But right this second I feel fine
My tank is dead on empty, but i am full
of broken dreams and homemade wineNow the gulf wind she sings to me a love song
I can hear her from the boxcar that I ride
Her voice is in my brain
making music with this train
that will soon take me to the other sideAnd she might think that I'm coming back
to hold her close and stop her cryin'
But this freight train's
traveling down a southbound track
full broken dreams and hommade wine
Just broken dreams and hommade wine
Broken dreams and hommade wine

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/