

Please Don't Sell My Daddy No More Wine

Wanda Jackson

PLEASE DON'T SELL MY DADDY NO MORE WINE

(Red Lane)

'69 Tree Publishing Please don't sell my daddy no more wine no more wine

Mama don't want him drinking all the time

Please don't sell my daddy no more wine no more wine

He may be no good but he's still mine

Late one night in Old Joe's friendly barroom

Two men were standin' drinking all alone

Thinkin' of the days they were younger

Talking about the women they had known

When there in the dim light of the tavern

A sweet young girl came softly to their side

And two one man surprised looked upon two tear stained eyes

And saw his own sweet daughter's there a crying

Please don't sell my daddy...

My daddy used to buy me pretty dresses

Now it's only hand-me-downs and worn out shoes

It's because of you I know that I wear these ragged clothes

For you're the man who sells my daddy booze

Her father looked down on the glass that he was holding

As the teardrops trickled down his solemn face

I been here Joe so long now it's time that I was gone

Going home to stay I'll never see this place

Please don't sell my daddy...

Don't you do it don't you do it

Don't you sell my daddy no more wine no more wine

He may be no good but he's still mine

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