

Wildwood Saloon

Rachel Sweet

Never go drinking in the Wildwood Saloon.

The vibes keep hauling down, down.

Down on your spirits you might drink up too soon.

If you meet a love who is so fatally fine.

In the redlight district of my broken soul.

Standing in the lamp post's light.

Swear our love's sacred, he shrugs it's alright.

Our bodies say that it's fine.

Fine as wine.

When I get the time, I ain't got the money.

Oh, fine. Fine as wine.

When I get the money, I ain't got the time.

I love strange men like an egg from a wall.

I keep falling, falling down, down.

King's men and horses can't find me at all.

I have that feeling so fatally fine.

Fine as wine

When I get the time, I ain't got the money.

Oh, fine. Fine as wine.

When I get the money, I ain't got the time.

[BRIDGE]

Fly's in my whiskey, he says his name's Mike.

His little dress rehearsal for a dime.

Mike talks of prudence and he dances on a stool.

He thinks my whiskey tastes fine.

Never go drinking in the Wildwood Saloon,

The vibes keep falling down, down.

Down on your spirits you may drink up too soon.

If you meet a love so fatally fine.

Fine as wine

When I get the time, I ain't got the money.

Oh, fine. Fine as wine.

When I get the money, I ain't got ...

Lyrics submitted by Ron Natalie.

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