

Little Ole Wine Drinker Me

I'm praying for a rain in California
So the grapes can grow and they can make more
wine

And I'm sitting in a honky in Chicago
With a broken heart and a woman on my mind

I asked the man behind the bar for the jukebox
And the music takes me back to Tennessee
And he asked who's the fool in the corner crying
I say a little ole wine drinker me

I came here last week from down in Nashville
'Cause my baby left for Florida on a train
I thought I'd get a job and just forget her
But in Chicago, the broken heartache's still the
same

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And the music takes me back to Tennessee
When they ask who's the fool in the corner crying
I say a little ole wine drinker me
I say a little ole wine drinker me