

Bottle of Wine

By: Tom Paxton

Ramblin' around this dirty old town
Singin' for nickels and dimes
Times getting rough I ain't got enough
To buy me a bottle of wine

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine
When you gonna let me get sober
Leave me along, let me go home
I wann'a go back and start over

Little hotel, older than Hell
Cold and as dark as a mine
Blanket so thin, I lie there and grin
Buy me little bottle of wine

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine...

Aches in my head, bugs in my bed
Pants so old that they shine
Out on the street, tell the people I meet
Won'ch buy me a bottle of wine

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine...

Teacher must teach, and the preacher must preach
Miner must dig in the mine
I ride the rods, trusting in God
And hugging my bottle of wine

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine...