

## Little Ole Wine Drinker, Me

Dean Martin

I'm prayin' for rain in California,  
So the grapes can grow and they can make more wine,  
And I'm sittin' in a honky in Chicago,  
With a broken heart and a woman on my mind.

I matched the man behind the bar for the jukebox,  
And the music takes me back to Tennessee,  
When they ask who's the fool in the corner, crying,  
I say, that 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 a broken heart is 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 that little ole wine drinker me.  
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