

Bottle of Wine

Judy Collins

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine
When you gonna let me get sober
Let me alone, let me go home
Let me go back and start over

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

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Let me alone, let me go home
Let me back and start over

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

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Well the preacher will preach and the teacher will teach
The miner will dig in the mine
I ride the rods, trusting in God
And hugging my bottle of wine

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Well, pain in my head and bugs in my bed
My pants so old that they shine
Out on the street, tell the people I meet
Buy me a little bottle of wine

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