

# And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine

Ella Fitzgerald

He would spend it on the pony  
He would spend it on the girl  
Buy his mother gin and roses  
For her poor old Hannah curls  
And when his wife said "hey now! what did you get for me"  
He socked her in the chopper  
Such a sweet, sweet guy was he

And her tears flowed like wine  
Yes, her tears flowed like wine  
She's a real sad tomato  
She's a busted valentine  
Knows her momma done told her  
That the man is darn unkind

How he loved the old race horses  
He would bet them everyday  
One day he caught a winner  
and the cabbage was some hay[?]  
He indulged in fancy spending  
Ordered rings, cars, and furs  
But alas! The lack like a stab in the back [?]  
She found out it wasn't hers

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He got mixed up with a Mizzie[?]  
He got mixed up with a Flow  
So, Flow shoved him in the river  
He might get mixed up no more  
His wife then draped herself in black  
That showed her figure fine  
Then she cussed him out  
That two faced guy  
No insurance could she find

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