

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 Mazzie[?]
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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