

## Warm Red Wine

Hank Thompson

Put some money in the jukebox and let it play  
For my heart is cold with its pain  
Take the cork from the bottle of a warm red wine  
And fill my glass up, again

Fill my glass to the brim till it flows over the rim  
Like the tears flow in this heart of mine  
While I'll sail so long to the dreams that are gone  
On account of the warm red wine

Oh, the prison of stone with its cold iron bars  
Is no more than a prison than mine  
I'm a prisoner of drink who will never escape  
From the chains of the warm red wine

Oh, the wine is red, so warm and red  
Like a ruby, it sparkles and gleams  
But I paid for the wine, the one red wine  
With all of my hopes and dreams