

Winonah

Michael Nesmith

Winonah

The whiskey owns her

So she takes to the taverns to take some company

Winonah

Nobody's shown her

That barrooms are a prison and whiskey is no key

Contemplating why her youth so quickly slipped away

Winonah pours another drink to wash the pain away

Taking whiskey for her wages, Winonah looks for truth

While sweeping up the sawdust underneath the barroom booth

Winonah

The whiskey owns her

So she takes to the taverns to take some company

Winonah

Nobody's shown her

That barrooms are a prison and whiskey is no key

Early in her younger days she felt she could not cope

So dependency on dreams became her only hope

And now the dreams she's dreaming come from bottles on the shelf

So gaily, drinking daily, sweet Winonah finds herself

Winonah

The whiskey owns her

So she takes to the taverns to take some company

Winonah

Nobody's shown her

That barrooms are a prison and whiskey is no key

Winonah

The whiskey owns her

So she takes to the taverns to take some company

Winonah

Nobody's shown her

That barrooms are a prison and whiskey is no key

That barrooms are a prison

And whiskey is no key