

Porter Wagoner, One Dime For Wine

From a small country town to a big and lonely city
From a sweet country girl to a woman with no pity
Once a man with money now so ragged and funny as he cries
One dime for wine Mister one dime for wine
From a cool shady lane to a hard concrete jungle
From a man once respected to a man so low and humble
Once so full of pride now hangs his head and softly cries
One dime for wine Mister one dime for wine
What makes this man stoop so low and beg for money
Who is the man holding out his hand who could he be
Then I saw my own sad reflection in the water in the gutter off the street
And I realized that lowly man is me
One dime for wine Mister one dime for wine