

Porter Wagoner, When I Drink My Wine

Sweet relief awaits me forgetfulness is mine when I drink my wine when drink my wine
I can feel no pain no shame I leave it all behind
When I drink my wine when I drink my wine
I forget there ever was a love I once called mine
When I drink my wine when drink my wine
There's no past no future I have no track of time
When I drink my wine when drink my wine
When I drink my wine I forget I used to be a man with dignity and pride
And I forget that I am now a drunkard on the street
Cause all my hopes and dreams and plans have died
When I drink my wine I forget how much I love her and I can get her off my mind
When I drink my wine when drink my wine