

Townes Van Zandt, Thunderbird Wine

By townes van zandt

Among the strangest things I ever heard
Was when a friend of mine said "man, let's get some thunderbird";
I said "what's that? " he just started to grin
Slobbered on his shirt, his eyes got dim
He said "you got fifty-nine cents? "

I said "yeah, I got a dollar, but don't be a smart-aleck
I ain't gonna spend it on no indian relic";
And he said "thunderbird's not an old indian trinket,
It's a wine, man, you take it home and drink it.";
I said "it sure don't sound like wine to me";
And he said he'd bet me the change from my dollar

We hustled on down to the nearest u-tate-um
The guy wanted my id, I whipped her out and showed him
He got a green bottle from the freezing vault
My friend started doing backward somersaults
Through the cottage cheese

Took it back to his house, started drinkin'
Pretty soon I set in to thinkin'
"man, this thunderbird tastes yummy, yummy, yummy
And I know it's doing good things to my tummy, tum..., t...";
It's so you reason when your on that crap

Got a few more bottles, chugged them down
I pulled myself up off the ground
Decided I go see my dearest sweet wife
Who met me at the door with a carving knife
Said "get them damn grape peel from between your teeth.";

I could see we're gonna have a little misunderstanding
I said "dear, I better get in touch with you later";
She said "forget it, man, you're never touchin' me again!";

Now I've seen the light and heard the word
And I'm staying away from that ol' dirty thunderbird
A message come from heaven radiant, and fine,
All I drink now is communion wine
Six days a week