

# Chris LeDoux, Fine As Wine

She's sweeter than the grapes growin' out in California  
Softer than the fuzz on the sweetest Georgia peach  
Warms you goin' down like a twenty-two year old brandy  
When she loves me Lord she's fine fine as wine

She loves her rodeo man turns him every way but loose  
Washes out all his Levi's and shines his cowboy boots  
Watches him each Saturday bitin' the dust again  
She takes him home puts him to bed and rubs him with linament  
She's sweeter than the grapes...

( guitar )

Laying in the back seat with sugar at the wheel  
Broken bones from my last ride is all my head can feel  
And sugar sure gets tired Lord of all I've put her through  
But I'll never find another gal who's sweeter or who's true  
She's sweeter than the grapes...  
She's sweeter than the grapes...