

# Gourds, When Wine Was Cheap

I've got callous feet  
you fear the wine  
believe me in the morning  
I've done worse things at night  
the colorful language  
feels like my oriental whore  
I've been having her for years  
and the words were like bullshit  
when wine was cheap  
and it ran like ink  
til I found she was an angel  
so I sent her away  
If I can match her disrespect  
she'll come back someday  
I done read about these ladies  
they are so hard to find  
in the meantime I'm off yer wine