

Lefty Frizzel, I Buy The Wine

Her hands are burned from the torch that she carries
Her closets are full of old dreams she can't wear
I sit beside her but it's you on her mind it's a party you're giving but I buy the wine
She'll dance with me but it's you that she's holding
And she does her best to hide it from me
But I've always known she can leave me behind
She brings the mem'ries and buy the wine
I buy the wine that makes her unwind and makes her forget about you
Then in the darkness with our bodies entwined
She cries out a name but Lord it's not mine
I buy the wine...