

Michael Nesmith, Winonah

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The whiskey owns her
So she takes to the taverns to take some company
Winonah
Nobody's shown her
That barrooms are a prison and whiskey is no key

Contemplating why her youth so quickly slipped away
Winonah pours another drink to wash the pain away
Taking whiskey for her wages, Winonah looks for truth
While sweeping up the sawdust underneath the barroom booth

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Early in her younger days she felt she could not cope
So dependency on dreams became her only hope
And now the dreams she's dreaming come from bottles on the shelf
So gaily, drinking daily, sweet Winonah finds herself

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