

Porter Wagoner, Sorrow Overtakes The Wine

They say my tears come from the bottle that stands beside me all the time
But I wonder if they know the sorrow that always overtakes the wine
I drink to find forgetful valleys where I can leave old memories behind
But always just before I reach them sorrow overtakes the wine
(fiddle)

These tears can find me when I'm sober they're quick to show up any time
And I always try to drink them under but sorrow overtakes the wine
I drink to find forgetful valleys...