

Wanda Jackson, Warm Red Wine

Put a nickel in the jukebox and let it play for my heart is so cold with pain
Take the cork from the bottle of the warm red wine and fill my glass up again
Fill my glass to the brim till it flows o'er the rim
Like the tears flow in this heart of mine
And I'll say so long to the dreams that are gone on account of the warm red wine
A prison of stone with its cold iron bars is no more a prison than mine
I'm a prisoner of drink and can never escape from the chains of the warm red wine
Fill my glass to the brim...