

The Kingston Trio, Bottle Of Wine

Chorus:

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine, when you gonna let me get sober. LEAVE me alone. Let me go home.

Well, I've rambled around this dirty old town singing for nickels and dimes.
Times getting' rough. I can't get enough to buy me a little bottle of wine.

(Chorus)

Well, little hotel, older than hell, cold as the dark in the mine.
Light so dim, I had to grin, I got me a little bottle of wine.

(Chorus)

Well, the preacher will preach and the teacher will teach. The miner will dig in the mine.
I ride the rods, trusting in God, huggin' my little bottle of wine.

(Chorus)

Well, pain in my head, bugs in my bed, pants so old that they shine.
Out on the street, I tell the people I meet to buy me a little bottle of wine.

(Chorus)

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine, when you gonna let me get sober.