

Porter Wagoner, Wino

The clatter of the garbage cans in the dark and lonely alley
Searching for a bottle with a drop or two of wine
The wino makes his rounds from garbage cans to gutter
Running like a wild man to every bottle that he finds
The wine makes him happy for a little while but this world of fantasy don't last long
Then his frail lonely body seeks refuge but he's lost in a world of his own
What would cause a man to give up everything life has to offer
And end up with no family no home no nothing
Sleeping on the ground in some fifty alley
Holding tight in his hand an empty wine bottle
In his eyes a look of sadness as though he's just seen the gates of hell
Could it be that he's loved and lost or could it be that he was lost and unloved
Whatever it might be it's a pitiful sight to see a man knows only as a wino