

# And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine

Anita O'Day

He would spend it on the ponies  
He would spend it on the girls  
Buy his mother gin and roses  
For her poor old henna'd curls

And when his wife said "Hey now!  
What did you get for me?"  
He socked her in the choppers  
Such a sweet, sweet guy was he!

And her tears flowed like wine  
Yes, her tears flowed like wine  
She's a real sad tomato  
She's a busted Valentine  
Knows her mama done told her  
That her man is darned unkind

How he loved the old race horses  
He would bet them every day  
One day he caught a winner  
And the cabbage wasn't hay!

He indulged in fancy spending  
Ordered rings, cars and furs  
But alas, alack  
Like a stab in the back  
She found out they were not hers!

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He got mixed up with a Maisie  
He got mixed up with a Flo  
So Flo shoved him in the river  
He'll not get mixed up no more!

His wife then draped herself in black  
That showed her figure fine  
Then she cussed him out  
The two-faced guy  
No insurance could she find!

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