

White Winos

Loudon Wainwright III

Mother liked her white wine,
When she was alive.
She was desperate to live,
But her limit was five.
Carefully, I'd kiss her and send off to bed,
We always stuck to white wine,
We stayed away from red.
Always stick with white wine,
Stay away from red.

Mother liked her white wine,
She'd have a glass or two,
Almost every single night,
After her day was through.
San se chardonnay chaiblie,
Pinot gris jiot.
Just to take the edge of,
Just to get the glow.
You've got to take the edge off.
If you wanna get the

Mother liked her white wine,
She'd have a glass or three.
We'd sat out on the screen porch,
White winos mom and me.
We'd talk about her childhood,
Recap my career,
When we got to my father,
That was when I'd switch to beer.
We got to the old man,
And I'd always switch to

Mother liked her white wine,
She'd have a glass or four.
Every bottle a dead solider,
The marriage was the war.
When we blurred the edges,
When we drank a lot,
That's when I got nervous.
When the glow got hot.
I always get nervous when the glow gets

I still like my white wine,
And I'll have a glass or two.
And when I'm down I'll have some whiskey,
It's something I shouldn't do.
And every now and then I'll take a drop of red.
When I'm with a woman,
And I want to take to bed.
When I'm with a woman and I want to take to

Mother liked her white wine,
When she was alive.
She was desperate to live,
But her limit was five.
Carefully, I'd kiss her and send off to bed,
Thank god we stuck to white wine,

We stayed away from
Mother liked her white wine.