

# Dime

Morris Albert

In the brown shag carpet of a cheap motel  
In the dark and dusty corner by the TV shelf  
Is a small reminder of a simpler time  
When a crumpled up pair of trousers cost a brand new dime  
Well you ask me how I made it through?  
And how my mint condition could belong to you?  
When I'm on the ground, I roll through town  
I'm a president you don't remember getting kicked around  
I'm a dime  
I'm fine  
And I shine, I'm freshly minted  
I am determined not to be dented  
By a car or by a plane or anything not yet invented  
I'm a dime  
I'm fine  
And I shine  
In the hiss and rumble of the freeway sounds  
As the afternoon commuters drive their cars around  
There's a ringle jingle near the underpass  
There's a sparkle near the fast food garbage and roadside trash  
I'm a dime  
I'm fine  
And I shine, I'm freshly minted  
I'm silver plated, I'm underrated  
You won't even pick me up  
Because I'm not enough for a local phone call  
I'm a dime  
I'm fine  
And I shine  
I'm a dime  
I'm fine  
And I shine  
I'm a dime  
I'm fine  
And I shine

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