Thirteen Silver Dollars

Colter Wall

It was a cold and cruel evening
Sneaking up on Speedy Creek
I found myself sleepin' in the snow
For one or two odd reasons
I ain't too proud to repeat
For now we'll say
I had no place to goThere was a rustle and a hummin'
Just a haulin' down the street
I drew myself up from my icy bed
Painted on that shiny car
The letters R C M and P
I could feel a little achin' in my head
And then out jumps this ol' boy
About twice the size of me
He asked me for my name and where I dwelt
I just looked him in the eye
And sang Blue Yodel Number Nine
He didn't catch the reference I could tellAnd then the old familiar click
And the handcuffs bindin' grip
He should have left me in the snow where I lay
He just laughed and touched his gun
And turnin' to me he said son
I bet you don't own a damn thing to your nameI got my health
My John B. Stetson
Got me a bottle full o' Baby's Blue Bird Wine
And I left my stash somewhere down in Preston
Along with thirteen silver dollars
And my mind
I got my health
My John B. Stetson
Got me a bottle full o' Baby's Blue Bird Wine
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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