

# 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  
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