

If Dirt Were Dollars

Don Henley

Walkin' like a millionaire
Smilin' like a king
He leaned his shopping cart against the wall
He said, "I been a lot of places
And I seen a lot of things
But, sonny, I seen one thing that beats 'em all
I was flyin' back from Lubbock
I saw Jesus on the plane...or maybe it was Elvis
You know, they kinda look the same
Hey, look out, Junior, you're steppin' on my bed"
I said, "I don't see nothin"
He just glared at me and said,
If dirt were dollars
If dirt were dollars
If dirt were dollars
I wouldn't worry anymore
Lookin' like a beauty queen
Loyal as a wife
She raised her little voice and testified,
"I am a good girl I've been one all my life"
But her virtue was as swollen as her pride
She should've had the Oscar
She must have been miscast
Her fifteen minutes went by so fast
I said, "Now, baby, have you got no shame?"
She just looked at me, uncomprehendingly
Like cows at a passing train
If dirt were dollars
If dirt were dollars
I wouldn't worry anymore
We got the bully pulpit
And the poisoned pen
We got a press no better
Than the public men
This brave new world
Gone bad again
God's finest little creatures
Looking brave and strong
Whistling past the graveyard

Nothing can go wrong
Quoting from the scriptures
With patriotic tears
We got the same old men
With the same old fears
Standing at attention
Wrapped in stars and stripes
They hear the phantom drummers
And the nonexistent pipes
These days the buck stops nowhere
No one takes the blame
But evil is still evil In anybody's name
If dirt were dollars If dirt were dollars
If dirt were dollars
We'd all be in the black

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written by KORTCHMAR, DANNY/HENLEY, DON/SOUTHER, JOHN DAVID
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