

# Sure Hit Songwriter's Pen

## Shel Silverstein

(Spoken Intro: Speaking of legends and tale tales, there's a big 'un going around 'bout the guy that writes a few songs and grabs his guitar and jumps on a bus and goes to Nashville and overnight becomes a smash. Now, friends, this works for some of the guys sometimes but there's a whole lotta guys running up and down 16th Avenue South here and you can see them at Tootsie's and you can see 'em at The Country Corner. And these boys have a whole lotta dreams, same way I had mine, but sometimes they come true and sometimes they

don't.)I was hanging 'round Nashville writing songs

And playing 'em for all of the stars,

Watchin' 'em laugh and hand 'em back,

Living on hope and Hershey bars.

So, I pawned my guitar and bought a ticket home,

And I's a'headin' for the Trailway bus

When I seen an old fountain pen laying in the gutter,

So I stopped and picked it up.It was worn-out, bent and cast aside --

Kinda sorta like myself,

So I sat down on the curb and wrote a little song

That told the world how both of us felt.

Then I run that song down to Music Row

And before I had time to spit,

It's pitched and sold and cut for a record

And moving up the charts and, damn, it's a hit!So I wrote me another winner,

Then I wrote me a smash again,

And I's a'flyin' off the ground,

'Cause I knew I'd found me a sure hit songwriter's pen.So the songs they just kept a'pourin' out,

And the money kept pouring in.

I just couldn't miss, all it took was a twist

Of my sure hit songwriter's pen.

Remember when I won the Grammy,

Then I won it again and again?

Well, none of you knew it was all due

To my sure hit songwriter's pen.I was darling with all the ladies.

I was a hero among the men...

Making big dough, working rodeos and TV shows --

Me and my sure hit songwriter's pen.But then one night in Wichita

I was just coming off of the stage,

Folks all lined up screaming for my autograph...

Lord, I was a national rage.

One little freckled face girl was there, she said,

"I got no pencil, sir."So I signed it with my songwriter's pen

And then handed the pen back to her!

Four o'clock that morning, I woke up with the shakes and the bends  
With terror in my eyes 'cause, good God, I realized  
I'd lost my sure hit songwriter's pen. I offered rewards in the papers  
I pleaded on the Sympathy Line,  
And a whole lotta folks and a whole lotta pens,  
But none of them pen's was mine.  
So my songs got worse and my money ran out  
And so did all my good-time friends.  
And there was no doubt I was nothing without  
My long-lost sure hit songwriter's pen. So I rolled like a stone down to old Skid Row  
Where I feed my blues on wine  
And I rest my chops in a two-bit flop  
And I tell my story for a drink or a dime  
And I sleep with my shoes underneath my head  
And dream about days back then  
When I blazed my name across the sky  
With my sure hit songwriter's pen. Somewhere in Wichita some little girl  
Who's a freckled face nine or ten  
Is doing her arithmetic homework tonight  
With a sure hit songwriter's pen. And I say, God bless ya, honey  
You got yourself a sure hit songwriter's pen there  
Write a song for me, baby.  
You got a sure hit songwriter's pen. Send me some money.  
You got a sure hit songwriter's pen.

Songwriters

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