

# The Life of a Dollar

Rebecca Lynn Howard

From the pocket of an honest preacher  
To the empty hand of a homeless bum  
To the cash drawer at the liquor store  
Where he bought a pint of rum  
To the bank clerk who past me off  
To the single mom trying to pay the rent  
I can't even count all the times  
And all the ways I've been spent  
I close my eyes and hold my breath  
When the bad man steals me  
And ruins my name  
If I had my way I rather be  
Passed off in the offering plate  
I've been in the hands of a rich man  
In a shoebox under a farmer's bed  
Help post the bail of a stubborn boy  
Who could have walked but he fought instead  
I've been torn in half over some silly bet  
Taped back together and then they tossed me  
In the case of a beggin' Cajun fiddler player  
On Bourbon Street  
Some people call me George  
Some people worship the color green  
I don't really mind of course  
I just like the company  
'Cause I'm sure one day  
I'll be a thing of the past  
I'll be sitting folded up  
In some old woman's hope chest  
She'll be telling her grand kids  
How she used to spend me  
On a pack of gum, and jackerjacks  
A can of Coke and a quarter snack  
And she'll say "back then you could get so much for a dollar"  
And they'll say, "what's a dollar?"  
But for now I'm sitting in a piggybank  
Of an eight year old trying to buy a bike  
I'm proud to be a dollar twenty three  
On the way to thirty five  
She pours us out onto the carpet  
Counts us all then holds us tight  
Then she puts us back in one by one  
Blows a kiss then she says good night  
And there ain't tellin' where I'll end up next  
In a bra or a bible it's anybody's guess  
Maybe in a bottle just floatin' in the water  
Living the life of a dollar

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