

Wrinkled, Crinkled, Wadded Dollar Bill

Johnny Cash

I've got a lot of blues on my mind
And at least a million miles behind me
And all that I've got between me and pauper's hill
Is a wrinkled, crinkled, wadded dollar bill
Lake Michigan wind sure is cold
And I need me a jacket for my shoulders
I could buy one down at the surplus store, cheap cotton twill
With my wrinkled crinkled wadded dollar bill
But I'm not bound and I never will
Be to a wrinkled crinkled wadded dollar bill
It sure smells good at the bakery
And I stand and let the smell flood over me
They sell them day old cakes mighty cheaply, I could eat my fill
With my wrinkled, crinkled wadded dollar bill
But I'm not bound and I never will
Be to a wrinkled, crinkled wadded dollar bill
Lake Michigan waves hit the beach
And I stand and let them wash at my feet
And then I throw it just as far as I can into the chill
My wrinkled, crinkled wadded dollar bill
For I'm not bound and I never will
Be to a wrinkled crinkled wadded dollar bill
No I'm not bound and I never will
Be to a wrinkled crinkled wadded dollar bill

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