Dime

MC Ceja

In the brown shag carpet of a cheap motel
In the dark and dusty corner by the TV shelf
Is a small reminder of a simpler time
When a crumpled up pair of trousers cost a brand new dime
Well you ask me how I made it through?
And how my mint condition could belong to you?
When I'm on the ground, I roll through town
I'm a president you don't remember getting kicked around
I'm a dime
I'm fine
And I shine, I'm freshly minted
I am determined not to be dented
By a car or by a plane or anything not yet invented
I'm a dime
I'm fine
And I shine
In the hiss and rumble of the freeway sounds
As the afternoon commuters drive their cars around
There's a ringle jingle near the underpass
There's a sparkle near the fast food garbage and roadside trash
I'm a dime
I'm fine
And I shine, I'm freshly minted
I'm silver plated, I'm underrated
You won't even pick me up
Because I'm not enough for a local phone call
I'm a dime
I'm fine
And I shine
I'm a dime
I'm fine
And I shine
I'm a dime
I'm fine
And I shine

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