

Five Dollar Bill

Corb Lund

I wrote my new song on a five dollar bill
But I won't be able to sing it until,
I get hot on the trail for to pick up the track,
Of the dirty little thief and get my five bucks back. I first got the five dollars from a Montana man,
When he come across the line with a pistol in his hand,
He said gimme all your money but I got to his first,
And I took his Colts too and the whole first verse.
You see you couldn't buy liquor in the States back then,
So we saddled up the ponies and we loaded up the gin,
Rode underneath the shadow of the grande Old Chief,
To git some northern Rocky Mountain kinda tax relief,
You couldn't count on the cattle when the market got down,
And the veterinary bills to the doctor in town,
Both kids needed shoes and they had to get fed,
And a big old bank lien was over my head. They wouldn't stop talking about Canadian rye,
Bouquet and the palate and it's crisp and it's dry,
In a Seagrams bottle, tasted mighty top shelf,
I said "well, thank you very much, sir, I cooked it myself",
Of course, that didn't wash with the boys down south,
Judging by the stream of color coming out of their mouth,
Though I can't figure why, cuz from where I stood,
It got 'em just as damn drunk as any store bought would.
Well, he come stormin' cross the border with six or eight guys,
Some damn fool saw fit to deputize,
But there weren't no sheriff nor a marshall in sight,
I guess the lawman was up drinkin' whiskey all night,
He said gimme all your money but I got to his first,
And I took his Colts too and the whole third verse,
But he picked my back pocket, worked the five bucks loose,
I had tucked in behind a can a Copenhagen snooze. The dirty little double dealing, son-of-a-gun-of-a song
stealin',
chicken eatin' thief,
And get my five bucks back.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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