

# Sure Hit Songwriter's Pen

Bobby Bare

I was hangin' round Nashville writin' songs and playin' them for all of the stars  
Watchin' them laugh and hand 'em back livin' 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 pen layin' in the gutter so I reached down and picked it up  
It was beaten and bent and cast aside pretty much 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 the Music Row and before I had time to spit  
It's pitched and sold and cut for a record  
And movin' up the charts and damned it's a hit  
So I wrote me another winner then I wrote me a smash again  
And I was flyin' off the ground cause I knew I found me a sure hit songrwiter pen  
Well the songs they just kept a pourin' out and the money kept pourin' in  
I just couldn't miss all it took was a twist of my sure hit songwriter's pen you 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 a darling of all of the ladies I was a hero among the men  
Makin' big dough workin' rodeos and TV shows me and my sure hit songwriter pen  
Then one night in Wichita I was just comin' off of the stage all the folks had guithered around, my Lord I was a  
nation rage.

One little red headed girl was there she was a freciledfaced nine or ten.  
She said I have no pincle sir. So I signed with my songwriter pen and handed the pen back to her.  
Four o'clock in the 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 pen  
I advertised on the radio and I pleaded down the sympathy line  
And a whole lotta folks and a whole lotta pens but none of them pens was mine  
Well 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 sure hit songwriter pen  
So I rolled like a stone down old Skid Row where I feed my blues on wine  
And I rest my chops in a two-bit flop and I tell my tale for a drink or a dime  
And I sleep with my shoes underneath my head and dream about times back then.  
When I blazed my name across the sky with my sure hit songwriter pen  
And Somewhere in Wichita tonight there"s a red headded girl she's a freckle faced and nine or ten, doin' her  
arithmetic homework with a sure hit songwriter's pen  
And I say God bless you darling you got a sure hit songwriter pen.  
Write me a song.  
Send me some money.

You got a sure hit songwriter pen.

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