

Colter Wall - Thirteen Silver Dollars

tom:

G

[Primeira Parte]

It was a cold and cruel evening
 Sneaking up on Speedy Creek
 Found myself asleepin' in the snow
 For one or two odd reasons
 I ain't too proud to repeat
 For now we'll say I had no place to go
 There was a rustle and a humming
 Just hauling down the street
 I drew myself up from my icy bed
 Painted on that shiny car the letters 'RCM and P'
 I can feel a little aching in my head

[Segunda Parte]

And then out jumps this old boy
 About twice the size of me
 He asked me for my name and where I dwelt
 I just looked him in the eye
 And sang 'Blue Yodel Number 9'
 He didn't catch the reference, I could tell

Then the old, familiar click
 And the handcuffs bind and grip
 Should have left me in the snow, where I laid

He just laughed and touched his gun
 And turned to me and said
 Son, I bet you don't own a damn thing
 To your name

[Refrão]

Well, I got my health
 My John B Stetson
 Got a bottle full of baby's bluebird wine
 And I left my stash
 Somewhere down in Preston
 Along with thirteen silver dollars and my mind

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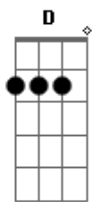
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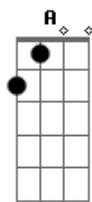
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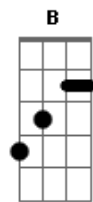
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