

## Silver Dollar

April Wine

You won't need that drink of water, no more  
And you won't need that fine young stallion, no more, not any more  
You won't see your brown-eyed daughter, no more, not any more  
And you won't need that silver dollar, no more, not any more

Baby baby, I believe, my time's nearly through  
No comforts of life, maybe maybe, this time my luck's overdue

You've been pushin' for too long, mister  
But you won't gain, no you won't gain  
And now your blood boy, is gonna flow through your veins  
You're gonna feel the pain, you're gonna feel the pain, whoa

Baby baby, I believe, my times nearly through  
No comforts of life, maybe maybe, this time my luck's overdue

There's no sun when your life is over  
And my maker is about to call  
It seems the night is gettin' cold and lonely  
Still I'm feelin' no feelin' at all  
Any more, ooh, any more