

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 a 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 pistole in his hand
He said give me 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
Road underneath the shadow of the grand ol' chief
To get to northern Rocky Mountain kind of tax free leaf
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 fit
And a big ol' bank lean was over my head

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The wouldn't stop talking about Canadian rival
Kay in the pile and it's crisp and it's dry
In a sea glass 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, 'cause from where I stood
It got 'em just as damn drunk as any store bought would

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Well, here comes storm across the boarder with six or eight guys
Some damn fool saw fit to deputize
But there were no sheriff or no marshal in sight
I guess the law man was up drinking whisky all night

He said give me 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 of Copenhagen snus

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The dirty little, double dealing, sun of a gun of a song stealing
Chicken eating, thief and get my five bucks back