

The Life of a Dollar

Rebecca Lynn Howard

From the pocket of an honest preacher
To the empty hand of a homeless bum
To the cash drawer at the liquor store
Where he bought a pint of rum

To the bank clerk who past me off
To the single mom trying to pay the rent
I can't even count all the times
And all the ways I've been spent

I close my eyes and hold my breath
When the bad man steals me
And ruins my name
If I had my way I rather be
Passed off in the offering plate
I've been in the hands of a rich man
In a shoebox under a farmer's bed
Help post the bail of a stubborn boy
Who could have walked but he fought instead

I've been torn in half over some silly bet
Taped back together and then they tossed me
In the case of a beggin' Cajun fiddler player
On Bourbon Street

Some people call me George
Some people worship the color green
I don't really mind of course
I just like the company

'Cause I'm sure one day
I'll be a thing of the past
I'll be sitting folded up
In some old woman's hope chest

She'll be telling her grand kids
How she used to spend me
On a pack of gum, and jackerjacks
A can of Coke and a quarter snack
And she'll say "back then you could get so much for a dollar"
And they'll say, "what's a dollar?"
But for now I'm sitting in a piggybank
Of an eight year old trying to buy a bike
I'm proud to be a dollar twenty three
On the way to thirty five

She pours us out onto the carpet
Counts us all then holds us tight
Then she puts us back in one by one
Blows a kiss then she says good night

And there ain't tellin' where I'll end up next
In a bra or a bible it's anybody's guess
Maybe in a bottle just floatin' in the water
Living the life of a dollar