

Coins

The Lost Trailers

On a Greyhound outta Indiana, a one way back to Alabama
It was comin' down in buckets, when they rolled through Bowling
Green

The young man wasn't much for talkin', he liquored up his bus s
top coffee

The old man smiling across the aisle was the first one to speak
He said "The highway is hard son, when you're headed in the wro
ng direction.I"

He reached into his faded jeans and pulled out his collection

Coins, mostly Roosevelts and Lincolns

A token near worn over read "One Day at a Time"

Coins, some were old and some were new

He said I only keep a few of the best ones

Son, I collect 'em coins

This penny must've fell from heaven, since then I've paid atten
tion

I found it in the fresh cut grass by my Mother's grave

And this nickel, it's a '42, the year we watched the Yankees lo
se

Bought hot dogs in St. Louis, daddy let me keep the change

You might call me crazy for countin' all these blessings

But I don't take for granted what I have in my possession

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His shaky hands held a brand new dime, he said don't lose track
of time

This was in my darlin's dresser drawer when we went through her
things

She was my best friend for 40 years, and I squeezed this little
token here

Took some time to think, 'stead of taking that first drink

They got off the bus in Birmingham, but the whiskey bottle didn
't

But the young man kept the memory of that pocket full of wisdom

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