

## 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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