

Chapin Harry

"Copper"

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If you were looking for a way to make me mad it was a
sure fire way you found

Acting like a half wit fool, laying your money around

Well I came back here to tell you Lou, 'bout what you
almost did

Don't you ever put the cash on the counter Lou, when
I'm with my kid

Yeah the kid's thirteen he's growing Lou, two years and
he'll be bigger than me

Still he thinks I'm strong as a blacksmith and straighter
than the tall oak tree

I raised him alone ten years now since his Mama ran
away

And you ain't gonna blow his image of me for the stunt
like you pulled today

Chorus:

They took the copper right out of the penny Lou

They got the pig locked up in the pen

But you're in big trouble with me, yes you

If you ever do that again

Ten bucks a week protection don't mean I can't knock
you down

You've got to treat me like a living saint Lou, whenever
my son's around

Yeah the kid wants to be a policeman just like me

You know he'll be a good one the way I started out to be

And he just might end up police chief, now wouldn't
that be something to see?

'Cause then the kid would kick right off of the force all
the two-bit grifters

like me

Chorus

I guess it was when my old lady left me and she took
off with a salesman guy

I started to see things so differently, cut your own slice
out of the pie

Yeah I grew up and it came clear to me all the smart
cops on the make

You get a silver badge not an old tin star when you're
on the take

It's pimps and whores, punk gang wars, robberies and
homicides

When you walk the beat with the creeps on the street,
well there ain't no way to

hide

I spent half my life without no wife ridin' herd on the
scum of the earth

I learned the tricks of the trade from the gutter parade
and then I prayed for

all I'm worth

Don't you know I appreciate the money Lou, 'cause it all
goes into the bank

And when I send my kid to college someday I'll have
guys like you to thank

Yeah ten bucks a week on your grocery store means
you don't have to worry 'bout

crime

But hold your money when the kid's with me you can
pay me double next time

Chorus

Ten bucks a week protection don't mean I can't knock
you down

You've got to treat me like a living saint Lou, whenever
my son's around

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