

Billy Dean

"Indian Head Penny"

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I rolled off the Frisco mint in 1909
The last one they ever made, you should've seen me
shine
When I landed on the counter they gave me to a kid
Making change for a jaw breaker was the first thing
that I did

I got traded for a pocket knife, two marbles and some
string
Wound up on a railroad track waiting for a train
Snatched up by a hobo and turned right into wine
Pitched up against the wall at least a thousand times

Round and round a penny goes
Round and back again
Listen and I'll tell you
The places that I've been

I was stolen from a banker by Pretty Boy Floyd and then
He gave me to a farmer who was trying to save his land
I was good luck to a soldier back in WWII
He lost me in a poker game the day the war was
through

I got stuck behind the back seat of a '51 Chevrolet
Spare change in the sixties, getting worthless every
day
Not it's piggy banks and gum machines
And occasional wishing wells, or laying on a bar room
floor

As far and wide
So both of us can dare
A promise I will love and bide
That's all I have to share

A chance to sail among the stars
That few will ever see
To feel the deepest missing you
That most think cannot be

A heart that beats for only one

And loves you fast and true
A promise I will love and bide
That's all I have for you

These things I have to give to you
Their value isn't much
Just things that you can barely see
And rarely ever touch

A hand to hold when we're alone
And no one seems to care
A gentle touch to reassure
And tell you I'm still there

To try my best to reminisce
Our dreams that all come true
A promise I will love and bide
That's all I have for you
My promise I will love and bide
This I give to you

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