

## Guy Clark "Indian Head Penny"

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I rolled off the San Francisco 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 hundred thousand  
times

Chorus

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

I got 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 W.W.II  
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 worth less every  
day  
Now it's piggy banks and gum machines and  
occasional wishing wells  
Or laying on a barroom floor, Indian heads or tails

Chorus

I'm a pretty lucky penny, Lord it happens every time  
Just when I start feeling lost and left behind  
Some kid will pick me up and wonder where I've been  
Put me in his pocket, and here I go again

Chorus

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