

Cake "Dime"

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In the brown shag carpet of a cheap motel
In the dark and dusty corner by the TV shelf
Is a small reminder of a simpler time
When a crumpled-up pair of trousers lost a brand new
dime

Well you ask me how I made it through
And now my mint condition could belong to you
When I'm on the ground
I roll through town
I'm a president you don't remember
Getting kicked around

I'm a dime
I'm fine
And I shine, I'm freshly minted
I am determined
Not to be dented
By a car, by a plane
Or anything not yet invented

I'm a dime
I'm fine
And I shine

In the hiss and rumble of the freeway sounds
As the afternoon commuters drive their cars around
There's a ringle jingle near the underpass
There's a sparkle near the fastfood garbage and
roadside trash

I'm a dime
I'm fine
And I shine, I'm freshly minted
I'm silver-plated
I'm underrated
You won't even pick me up cause I'm not enough
For a local phonecall

I'm a dime
I'm fine
And I shine

I'm a dime
I'm fine
And I shine
I'm a dime
I'm fine
And I shine

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