

Johnny Burnette

"Wrinkled, Crinkled, Wadded Dollar Bill"

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I've got a lot of blues on my mind
and at least a million miles behind me
and all that I've got between me
and pauper's hill
is a wrinkled, crinkled, wadded dollar bill.

Lake Michigan wind sure is cold
and I need me a jacket for my shoulders
I could buy one down at the surplus store
cheap cotton twill
with my wrinkled crinkled wadded dollar bill

But I'm not bound
and I never will
be to a wrinkled crinkled wadded dollar bill.

It sure smells good at the bakery
and I stand and let the smell flood over me
they sell them day old cakes mighty cheeply
I could eat my fill
with my wrinkled, crinkled wadded dollar bill

But I'm not bound
and I never will
be to a wrinkled, crinkled wadded dollar bill.

Lake Michigan waves hit the beach
and I stand and let them wash at my feet
and then I throw it just as far as I can
into the chill
my wrinkled, crinkled wadded dollar bill.

For I'm not bound
and I never will
be to a wrinkled crinkled wadded dollar bill.

No I'm not bound
and I never will
be to a wrinkled crinkled wadded dollar bill.

