

Corb Lund "Five Dollar Bill"

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CHORUS:

I wrote my new song on a five dollar bill
But I won't be able to sing it until
I get hot on the trail for to pick up the track
Of the dirty little thief and get my five bucks back

I first got the five dollars from a Montana man
When he come across the line with a pistol in his hand
He said gimme all your money but I got to his first
And I took his Colts too and the whole first verse

You see you couldn't buy liquor in the States back then
So we saddled up the ponies and we loaded up the gin
Rode underneath the shadow of the grande Old Chief
To git some northern Rocky Mountain kinda tax relief

You couldn't count on the cattle when the market got
down
And the veterinary bills to the doctor in town
Both kids needed shoes and they had to get fed
And a big old bank lien was over my head

CHORUS

They wouldn't stop talking about Canadian rye
Bouquet and the palate and it's crisp and it's dry
In a Seagrams bottle, tasted mighty top shelf
I said "well, thank you very much, sir, I cooked it
myself"

Of course, that didn't wash with the boys down south
Judging by the stream of color coming out of their
mouth
Though I can't figure why, cuz from where I stood
It got 'em just as damn drunk as any store bought
would

CHORUS

Well, he come stormin' cross the border with six or
eight guys
Some damn fool saw fit to deputize

But there weren't no sheriff nor a marshall in sight
I guess the lawman was up drinkin' whiskey all night

He said gimme all your money but I got to his first
And I took his Colts too and the whole third verse
But he picked my back pocket; worked the five bucks
loose
I had tucked in behind a can a Copenhagen snoose

CHORUS

The dirty little double dealing, son-of-a-gun-of-a song
stealin', chicken eatin' thief
And get my five bucks back

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