

Shel Silverstein "Sure Hit Songwriter's Pen"

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Now I was hangin' round Nashville writin' songs and
playin' 'em for all of the stars
Watchin' 'em laugh and hand 'em back livin' on hope
and Hershey bars
So I pawned my guitar and bought a ticket home and I's
headin' for the Trailway bus
When I seen an old fountain pen laying in the gutter so
I stopped and picked it up
It was worn-out bent and cast aside you know kinda
sorta like myself
So I sat down on the curb and wrote a little song
That told the world how both of us felt
Then I run that song down to Music Row and before I
had time to spit
It's pitched and sold and cut for a record
And moving up the charts and damn it's a hit
So I wrote me another winner then I wrote me a smash
again
And I's a flyin' off the ground cause I knew I'd found
me a sure hit songwriter's pen
So the songs they just kept a'pourin' out and the money
kept pouring in
I just couldn't miss all it took was a twist of my sure hit
songwriter's pen
Remember when I won the Grammy then I won it again
and again
Well none of you knew that it was all due to my sure hit
songwriter's pen
I was darling with all the ladies I was a hero among the
men...
Making big dough working rodeos and TV shows me
and my sure hit songwriter's pen
But then one night in Wichita I was just coming off of
the stage
Folks all lined up and did crawl for my autograph Lord I
was a national rage
One little freckled face girl was there she said I got no
pencil sir
So I signed it with my songwriter's pen and then
handed the pen back to her
Four o'clock that morning I wake up with the shakes
and the bends

With terror in my eyes cause good God I realized I'd
lost my sure hit songwriter's pen
I offered rewards in the papers I pleaded on the
Sympathy Line
And a whole lotta folks and a whole lotta pens but none
of them pen's was mine
So my songs got worse and my money ran out and so
did all my so-called friends
And there was no doubt I was nothing without my long-
lost sure hit songwriter's pen
So I rolled like a stone down old Skid Row where I feed
my blues on wine
And I rest my chops in a two-bit flop and I tell my story
for a drink or a dime
And I sleep with my shoes underneath my head and I
dream about days back then
When I blazed my name across the sky with my sure hit
songwriter's pen
Somewhere in Wichita some little girl who's a freckled
face nine or ten
Is doing her arithmetic homework tonight with a sure
hit songwriter's pen
God bless ya honey you got yourself my sure hit
songwriter's pen

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