

Fist full of dollars

Well they blew up the chicken man in Philly last night
Now that town is in for a fight
Frighten'd of the dice they roll
Where the highway ends and the sands turn to gold
Where the turnpike ends and turns to gold
Me and my baby
Well I drew my money from the Central Trust
And I hopped with my guitar on a greyhound bus
Heading down south money...guitar in my hand
On a one way ticket to the promised land
Out where ???
Down where the ??? turn to rust
And a weekend... a weeks pay baby
And the weeks pay in a minute just turns to dust
Me again baby I wouldn't leave
Again 'till I believe
Some gonna stand man and some gonna fall
Some ain't gonna get to play the game at all
Where they give you the worst and they take the best
For a fist full of dollars and a little bit less

Well a book ???
And I took my guitar baby and put her in hock
Baby what's a poor boy gonna do?
A fist full of dollars and a little bit less