

Indian Head Penny

Guy Clark

I rolled off the San Francisco mint in 1909
The last one they ever made, you should've seen me shine
When I landed on the counter they gave me to a kid
Making change for a jaw breaker was the first thing that I did

I got traded for a pocket knife, two marbles and some string
Wound up on a railroad track waiting for a train
Snatched up by a hobo and turned right into wine
Pitched up against the wall at least a thousand times

'Round and 'round a penny goes
'Round and back again
Listen and I'll tell you
The places that I've been

I got stolen from a banker by Pretty Boy Floyd and then
He gave me to a farmer who was trying to save his land
I was good luck to a soldier back in W.W.II
He lost me in a poker game the day the war was through

I got stuck behind the back seat of a '51 Chevrolet
Spare change in the sixties, getting worth less every day
Now it's piggy banks and gum machines and occasional wishing wells
Or laying on a barroom floor, Indian heads or tails

'Round and 'round a penny goes
'Round and back again
Listen and I'll tell you
The places that I've been

I'm a pretty lucky penny, Lord it happens every time
Just when I start feeling lost and left behind
Some kid will pick me up and wonder where I've been
Put me in his pocket, and here I go again

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'Round and back again
Listen and I'll tell you
The places that I've been