

Bill Monroe, My Last Old Dollar

I wrote to my girl last night
I wrote to my girl last night
I wrote to my girl that I was comin' home
But my last old dollar is done gone

Oh my last old dollar is done gone
Oh my last old dollar is done gone
Now how can a poor boy get back home
When his last old dollar is done gone

I've drank and I've rambled around
I've drank and I've rambled around
Now the time has come when I wanna go home
But my last old dollar is done gone

Now the east bound train is done run
Now the east bound train is done run
Now that train is done run and left me all alone
'Cause my last old dollar is done gone