

Shel Silverstein, Sure Hit Songwriter's Pen

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 layin' 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