

Bobby Bare, Sure Hit Songwriters Pen

I was hangin' round Nashville writin' songs and playin' them for all of the stars
Watchin' them laugh and hand 'em back livin' on hope and Hershey bars
So I pawned my guitar and bought a ticket home
And I's a 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 and bent and cast aside 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 the Music Row and before I had time to spit
It's pitched and sold and cut for a record
And movin' up the charts and damned it's a hit
So I wrote me another winner then I wrote me a smash again
And it's a flyin' off the ground cause I knew I found me a sure hit songwiter pen
So the songs they just kept a pourin' out and the money kept pourin' in
Oh 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 it was all due to my sure hit songwriter's pen
I was a darling of all of the ladies I was a hero among the men
Makin' big dough workin' rodeos and TV shows me and my sure hit songwriter pen
But then one night in Wichita I was just comin' off of the stage
Folks all lined up screamin' for my autograph and Lord I was a nation rage
One little freckle faced girl was there she said I got no pencil sir
So I signed it with my songwriter pen and then handed the pen back to her
Four o'clock that morning I woke up with the shakes and the bends
With terror in my eyes cause good God I realized I'd lost my sure hit songwriter pen
I offered rewards in papers and I pleaded on the sympathy line
And a whole lotta folks sent a whole lotta pens but none of them pens was mine
So my songs got worse and my money ran out and so did all my good time friends
And there was no doubt I was nothing without my long lost sure hit songwriter 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 dream about days back then
When I blazed my name across the sky with my sure hit songwriter pen
Somewhere in Wichita some little girl who's a freckle faced and nine or ten
Is doin' her arithmetic homework tonight with the sure hit songwriter's pen
I'll say God bless you honey you got yourself a sure hit songwriter pen there
Write a song for me baby you got a sure hit songwriter pen
Send me some money you got a sure hit songwriter pen