

# Don Henley, If Dirt Were Dollars

Walkin' like a millionaire  
Smilin' like a king  
He leaned his shopping cart against the wall  
He said, "I been a lot of places  
And I seen a lot of things  
But, sonny, I seen one thing that beats 'em all  
I was flyin' back from Lubbock  
I saw Jesus on the plane  
...or maybe it was Elvis  
You know, they kinda look the same  
Hey, look out, Junior, you're steppin' on my bed"  
I said, "I don't see nothin"  
He just glared at me and said,  
If dirt were dollars  
If dirt were dollars  
If dirt were dollars  
I wouldn't worry anymore  
Lookin' like a beauty queen  
Loyal as a wife  
She raised her little voice and testified,  
"I am a good girl  
I've been one all my life"  
But her virtue was as swollen as her pride  
She should've had the Oscar  
She must have been miscast  
Her fifteen minutes went by so fast  
I said, "Now, baby, have you got no shame?"  
She just looked at me, uncomprehendingly  
Like cows at a passing train  
If dirt were dollars  
If dirt were dollars  
If dirt were dollars  
I wouldn't worry anymore  
We got the bully pulpit  
And the poisoned pen  
We got a press no better  
Than the public men  
This brave new world  
Gone bad again  
God's finest little creatures  
Looking brave and strong  
Whistling past the graveyard  
Nothing can go wrong  
Quoting from the scriptures  
With patriotic tears  
We got the same old men  
With the same old fears  
Standing at attention  
Wrapped in stars and stripes  
They hear the phantom drummers  
And the nonexistent pipes  
These days the buck stops nowhere  
No one takes the blame  
But evil is still evil  
In anybody's name  
If dirt were dollars  
If dirt were dollars  
If dirt were dollars  
We'd all be in the black