

Jim Croce, Greenback Dollar

Some people say I'm a no 'count
Others say I'm no good
But I'm just a nat'ral born travellin' man
Doin' what I think should, oh yeah
Doin' what I think should

Chorus:

When I was a little baby my mama said, hey son
Travel where you will and grow to be a man
But sing what must be sung, poor boy Sing what must be sung

And I don't give a damn about a greenback dollar
I spend it fast as I can
For a wailing song and a good guitar
The only things that I understand, poor boy
The only things that I understand

Chorus

Now that I'm a grown man
I've travelled here and there
I found that a jug of brandy and a song
Are the only ones who care, poor boy
The only ones who care

Chorus