

Sonia Bohosiewicz, One Silver Dollar

One silver dollar, bright silver dollar,
changing hands, changing hands.
Endlessly rollin', wasted or stolen,
changing hands, changing hands.
Spent for a beer he's drinking,
won by a gambler's lust,
pierced by an outlaw's bullet
and rusted in the blood red dust.
One silver dollar, worn silver dollar,
changing hands, changing hands,
love is a shining dollar,
bright as a Church bell's chime
gambled and spent and wasted,
and lost in a dart of time.
One silver dollar, worn silver dollar,
changing hearts, changing lives,
changing hands.