

Wrinkled Crinkled Wadded Dollar Bill

From E. V. Stoneman, 1968, by Vince Mathews 1967

1. I've got a lot of blues on my mind

And at least a million miles behind me,

And all that I've got between me

And pauper's hill

Is a wrinkled, crinkled, wadded dollar bill.

But I'm not bound

And I never will be

To a wrinkled crinkled wadded dollar bill.

**2. Lake Michigan wind sure is cold
And I need me a jacket for my shoulders.
I could buy one at the surplus store --
Cheap cotton twill.
With my wrinkled crinkled wadded dollar bill.
But I'm not bound...**

**3. Transients are welcome says the sign.
One-half gets the room, the other gets the wine,
But tomorrow lets start right on time. Darned if I will,
With my wrinkled crinkled wadded dollar bill.
But I'm not bound...**

**4. It sure smells good at the bakery
And I stand and let the smell flood over me.
They sell them day old cakes mighty cheaply --
I could eat my fill
With my wrinkled, crinkled wadded dollar bill.
But I'm not bound...**

**5. Lake Michigan waves hit the beach
And I stand and let them wash at my feet
And then I throw it just as far as I can --
Into the chill
My wrinkled, crinkled wadded dollar bill.
But I'm not bound...**