

Greenback Dollar

by Hoyt Axton (1962)

Em *G* *G* *Em*
 Some people say I'm a no count, others say I'm no good,
C *G*
 But I'm just a natural born travelin man,
D *Em*
 Doin what I think I should, Oh yeah,
D *Em* *Em*
 Doin what I think I should.

G(1/2) *C(1/2)* *G(1/2)* *Em(1/2)*
 And I don't give a damn about a greenback dollar,
G(1/2) *C(1/2)* *G(1/2)* *Em(1/2)*
 Spend it fast as I can,
G(1/2) *C(1/2)* *G(1/2)* *Em(1/2)*
 For a wailing song, and a good guitar,
D *Em*
 The only thing that I understand, Poor boy,
D *Em*
 The only thing that I understand.

When I was a little babe, my mama said; " Hey son,"
 "Travel where you will, and grow to be a man,
 And sing what must be sung, poor boy,
 Sing what must be sung."

Now that I'm a grown man, I've travelled here and there,
 I've learned that a bottle of brandy and a song,
 The only ones who ever cared, poor boy,
 The only ones who ever cared