

Silver Dollar

April Wine

You won't need that drink of water, no more
And you won't need that fine young stallion, no more, not any more
You won't see your brown-eyed daughter, no more, not any more
And you won't need that silver dollar, no more, not any more

Baby baby, I believe, my time's nearly through
No comforts of life, maybe maybe, this time my luck's overdue

You've been pushin' for too long, mister
But you won't gain, no you won't gain
And now your blood boy, is gonna flow through your veins
You're gonna feel the pain, you're gonna feel the pain, whoa

Baby baby, I believe, my times nearly through
No comforts of life, maybe maybe, this time my luck's overdue

There's no sun when your life is over
And my maker is about to call
It seems the night is gettin' cold and lonely
Still I'm feelin' no feelin' at all
Any more, ooh, any more