

# Greenback Dollar

Jim Croce

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

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

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