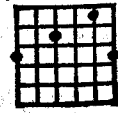
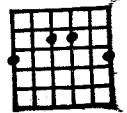


## Spare Change

c/G            G            A/G            G  
as you see I'm Lincoln and laying on my back  
c/G            G A/G            G  
helpless in this city, lost between the cracks  
c/G            G            A/G            G  
there's no fun to labor to bend and pick me up  
c/G                            G                            A/G  
cause what fun is there in a penny when you're fresh out of luck?



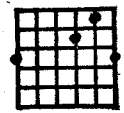
C/G



A/G

born somewhere in Denver, Brooklyn I call my home  
I know that you've seen my face counting pockets full of coins  
found on city pavement, children squeal with delight  
but patrons drop me faster than a quarter or a dime

c/G            D            c/G            G  
heads or tails, I am not a king  
c/G            D            c/G            G  
I am just a coin in the grander scheme of things  
Em            D            c/G            G  
baptize me with fire: the dross to remove  
c/G            G            A/G            G  
I give you my forever and my spare change too



D

carved on my existence the etchings of the truth  
and credit, though it's given, is a credit long overdue  
even thieves don't seem to need me, small though I am  
but the meek shall inherit what no earthly coin can

thrown into the fountain I dream for bigger things  
but this must be my calling facing lions in the ring  
a single lonely digit, I am not ashamed  
for service in the kingdom by my maker I was made

heads or tails, I am not a king  
I am just a coin in the grander scheme of things  
baptize me with fire: the dross to remove  
I give you my forever and my spare change too

my spare change, my spare change too