

Long ago I had a penny,
As shiny as pennies can be
But Butch the bully knocked me down
And took my cent from me.

I learned the value of a dime,
Of stocks and bonds and such
But the wealth that preyed upon my mind
Was the penny taken by Butch.

So, rich beyond my wildest dreams,
I went back to that town--
I planned to get my penny back,
And to knock somebody down.

Butch found me first, and with a smile,
Reached out and shook my hand
And told the people standing there,
"This here's a famous man.

"He used to be a puny thing,
Just small-time folk like us,
But with brains and guts and danged hard work,
He's become a wealthy cuss."

Butch cleared his throat and said, "I guess
I should apologize,
You prob'ly don't remember me,
But you're a hero in my eyes."

I muttered something like, "Aw, I don't know..."
Then shuffled out of town.
To tell the truth I had more fun
The time he knocked me down.