

A DIME IN THE JOINT

I did a dime in the joint
And I'm not complaining
But it was harder than Marciano's jaw
Especially when it was cold and raining

A hundred square feet with a mattress
And a poster of Betty Grable
Cigarette salad and cracked hen berries
Clustered on a concrete table

When I was rounding third and heading home
It was by the book and all routine
Head down, eyes straight and shoulders square
No screw ups while I blew this scene

Yeh, I survived the ten-year rip
Deep sixed my sorry prime
I paid my debt in chain link courtyards
Now, nobody's happier than I'm

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