

## Pocket Change

From the album "Pocket Change" by Berkley Hart  
Written by Calman Hart

My father wasn't ready for the joys of fatherhood  
After three more children he disappeared for good  
It was the 1960's in the land of Brigham Young  
I was 5 years old and she was 21

She was a waitress at the Wild Horse Cafe  
Smells of food & coffee traveled home with her each day  
The pockets of her dress were always tearing at the seams  
Heavy with the silver of ten-percent gratuities

Those pockets full of coins came from hours on her feet  
Nickels, dimes and quarters that she used to make ends meet  
When I think back on it now it seems beautiful and strange  
How much she overcame with pocket change

I remember a friend came by one day with twenty dollars in his fist  
He got it from his dad who was an ophthalmologist  
He said he'd never miss it, it was only pocket change  
If I could get some money too we could ride out on the range

Her uniform was hanging up behind the bathroom door  
She was still asleep from having worked the night before  
I grabbed as many handfuls as my young pockets would hold  
Spent it with my buddy at the drugstore down the road

And those pockets full of coins came from hours on her feet  
Nickels, dimes and quarters that she used to make ends meet  
When I think back on it now it seems beautiful and strange  
How much I have to show from pocket change

She was at the kitchen table when I came back that afternoon  
Staring at her coffee as she stirred it with her spoon  
The coins I left behind were stacked in rows next to her hand  
When I saw that she was crying I came to understand

That those pockets full of coins came from hours on her feet  
Nickels, dimes and quarters that she used to make ends meet  
When I think back on it now it seems beautiful and strange  
How much of who I am was in my mother's pocket change