

# Man Can't Live On Bread Alone

Del McCoury

The Dow Jones took a dive today  
Another bank closes it's doors  
A man downtown tried to fly away  
From it all on the eighteenth floor  
And everything he worshipped  
Ain't worth nothing now

He had a jaguar in the driveway  
A house with eighteen rooms  
Every night he dined alone  
Fed from a silver spoon  
Guess he never figured out  
You ain't what you own  
Man can't live on bread alone

You can't fill your heart with silver and gold  
You've got to have some love  
To satisfy your soul  
We've got to pool together  
To make it on our own  
Man can't live on bread alone

There's a country store  
That sits out on  
A backwoods gravel road  
The own lets  
The poor folks slide  
If they can't pay what they owe  
He says it's only money  
Ain't no good when you're gone

Now he'll never be a rich man  
But he's smiling every day  
He's gets everything he needs  
By giving it away  
I think he's got it figured out  
You ain't what you own  
Man can't live on bread alone