

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