

Bread For The Body

Kris Kristofferson

I built my own chains in the land of the free
A slave to a job that meant nothing to me
With three shiny new cars and a split level home
To furnish the tomb I was dying to own

Then one day I wakened with fear in my eye
Aware of a world that was passing me by
And I knew that my savings of silver and gold
Would mean not a thing when my body was cold

Because life is a song for the dying to sing
And it's got to have feeling to mean anything
And a man can get by without silver or gold
With bread for the body and song for the soul

I'm living my life by the lesson I've learned
And not looking back at the bridges I've burned
Cause the time that we travel from cradle to grave
Was meant to be spent and not meant to be saved

And I know there are some who will say I'm a fool
But I don't give a damn for the people that do
Cause if down in a dungeon is where they belong
Well, that's their misfortune and none of my own

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