

## 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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