

Wealth Won't Save Your Soul

Solomon Burke

As we journey along
On life's wicked road
So selfish are we
For silver, platinum and gold

You can treasure your wealth
Your diamonds and your gold
But my friend it won't save
It won't save, your poor wicked soul

For when God calls
From his heavenly home on high
To your earthly wealth
Some how, no matter what you think
You must say goodbye

Then it's useless to you
If you've strayed from the fold
Just don't stray from the fold
For my friend, it won't save
Oh, it won't save your wicked soul

The rich man like all, Oh Lord
Will be judged at that time
But all of his wealth
Will be left behind

For no matter how much
Earthly wealth you get
Well, my friend it won't save
Won't save your poor wicked soul

A won't save
Oh, won't save your poor wicked soul
Oh, no, it won't save your poor wicked soul
It won't save your soul