

# Dry Bread

Hank Thompson

Well she spent all my money throwed me out on my nose  
Then have the nerve to ask me what a matchbox hold my clothes  
Dry bread it ain't greasy hard work it sure ain't easy  
Dry bread and hard work is always coming my way Well I been to Nashville New Orleans  
Been to Chattanooga been to Bowling Green  
I been lotsa places spent lotsa time  
There's one thing for certain that a poor boy gonna find  
Dry bread it ain't greasy hard work it sure ain't easy  
Dry bread and hard work is always coming my way  
[ guitar ]  
Well I'll roost with the chickens wrap with the hogs  
Graze with the cattles run rabbits with the dogs  
Declare to my goodness I'd rather die  
Than to have no gravy when my bread is dry  
Dry bread it ain't greasy hard work it sure ain't easy  
Dry bread and hard work is always coming my way

Songwriters

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