Dry Bread (with Delaney and Bonnie)

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 wayWell 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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