

Dry Bread

Hank Thompson & His Brazos Valley Boys

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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