

Bread & Honey

Canaan Smith

Carl got a call in the night from the wife of a gamblin' man
Cussin' him out for the house she lost cause the house did win
Carl said, 'Ma'm, hell, it wasn't my hands pushin' all his chips in on the t
able
I mighta been the devil in his ear but your playboy ain't no angel

Diggin' ditches
Burnin' bridges
In the name of bigger paychecks
It ain't cheatin'
If you believe in
Hearts and banks were made for breakin'
Deeper pockets
And empty lockets
All it cost is sinful wages
Bread and honey
Love and money
It's how you make it

Carl got a Rolex
Carl got a Rolls-Royce
Carl's on a roll right now
Carl's poppin' quaaludes
Even when he takes two
He don't sleep a wink somehow

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Carl got a call from the boss
Said his top dollar dog just died
And left his whole estate in the name of his newly widowed wife
And she's broken
And he knows it
And the thought it almost makes him cry
But Carl's a good soldier
He gon' make sure she ain't lonely tonight

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