

Greedy Hands

Cherryholmes

As I was walking down the street,
A well dressed man I chanced to meet,
The stranger asked where I did go,
And why I wore these clothes so old,

I told the man that I was poor,
I wasn't rich, I had no stores,
He told me 'Son I have a plan,
I'll put some money in your hand'

He said that on the 1st of May,
A cart with riches came this way,
He said to go and do a deed,
And that he'd share it all with me,

I went and did what I was told,
We stole the silver and the gold,
He tried to take my share and run,
I shot and killed him with my gun,

Now lonely is my company,
I know I never will be free,
And in this cell, I lay my head,
A few more hours and I'll be dead,

I should've seen, I should've known,
I should've lived with what I owned,
And now I'll die before my time,
Because I stole what wasn't mine,

So keep your eyes upon your own,
And not on silver, gold or stones,
And seek not wealth so rich and fine,
Or by your Greedy Hands you'll die