

# Can't Buy Time

Chris Lane

Ain't nothin' wrong with a hard day's pay  
Gettin' dirt on your hands, puttin' dollars in the bank  
You can stack it on up 'til it hits the sky  
But it won't slow down that clock tickin' by

So, hold your babies good and tight  
Call your mama, kiss your wife  
Wake up and do it all again  
And send up a "Thank you, Lord"  
Watch the sunset 'til it's gone  
Drink a cold beer, sing a song  
Work until the work is done  
But not a second more  
'Cause making a living don't make a life  
You can spend that money, but you can't buy time

I'll take casting lines over overtime  
And front-porch coffee over drive-through lines  
It's the one thing you can't put a price tag on  
And you won't get more scrolling through that phone

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And send up a "Thank you, Lord"  
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The more you're here, the less you got  
And a big ol' pile of cash won't make it stop

So, hold your babies good and tight  
Call your mama, kiss your wife  
'Cause that's the kind of good stuff you can't pick up at a store  
Watch the sunset 'til it's gone  
Drink a cold beer, sing a song  
Work until the work is done  
But not a second more  
'Cause making a living don't make a life  
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