

Tom T. Hall, Greed Kills More People Than Whiskey

I was standin' outside of a hotel in Houston blinkin' my eyes in the bright morning sun
A feller next to me said where are you headed
I told him to Nashville cause that's where I'm from
I said I had one or too many last evening brother I damn near fell off of my steed
He said yeah whiskey gets 'em and whiskey gets many
But listen son nothin' kills people like greed
I said huh and I turned to him and he was a cowboy
Bout fifty years old in a big western hat
Sir if you said that greed killed more people than whiskey
If my taxi don't come tell me more bout that
(as.guitar)

He said I knew a guy who made millions on millions
Then he turned right around and made millions on that
He had crude oil and blue chips and good barns and feed lots
He could touch an old steer and just turn into fat
And he coveted the money that other folks lived on
He never spent nickels he thought he could keep
It was money that made him a night hawk and a worrier
And soon it was money that robbed him of sleep
And they buried him deep in a west Texas graveyard
They put up a tombstone of all he had done
And I am the man that he fired for a few beers
But I'm sure feeling good in the west Texas sun
(ac.guitar)

I shook hands with that man and I crawled in the taxi
And I thought of the two things that I keep doing wrong
The man said that the greed killed more people than whiskey
And I'm sittin' here hung over writin' a song