

# 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