

# No Bread In The Breadbox      Intro ||: E / / / | E / . A . :||

**Chorus**      | E / / / |      %      |      %      |      %      |

4x

||: E / / / | E / . A . :|| E / / / | A / B / |

|| E / / / | E / . A . :||

(E) There ain't no bread in the bread box  
Because we ain't got no dough  
It's seems like we ain't got enough time to go fool around no more  
You been working so hard for oh so long  
What do you got to (A) show?

(E) Open up your eyes little darling  
Lets pack up your things and (A) go

(E) Open up your eyes little darling  
Don't want to be here no (A) more

(E) Open up your eyes little darling  
Been here for 'bout too (A) long

(E) Open up your eyes little darling

(A) It's time to (B) move along ( || E                      |      E      A :|| )

**Verse 1**      | E / / / |      %      |      %      |  
| A / B / | A / F<sup>#</sup>m / | A<sup>b</sup>m / / / |  
| F<sup>#</sup>m / A<sup>b</sup>m / | A / A<sup>b</sup>m / | F<sup>#</sup>m / / / | B / / / |

Late in December, on a cold winter day,  
I just finished bringing wood into the kitchen when I heard my Amanda say  
She said "Elijah, you better look around. Things ain't like they used to be.  
Times is getting hard for you and me.  
Come on daddy, it's time to shake things down."

**Chorus**

**Lead**      ||: E / / / | E / . A . :||

**Verse 2**      Little way down in the middle of the city and I went up to ???  
Trying to make good for my wife, with my child in my lap and  
with the world upon my back.  
I said sweet thing, you better hold me tight,  
Things ain't like they used to be, times are hard for  
you and me, come on baby, it's time to make things right.

**Chorus**