

Aint No Rest For The Wicked

Cage the Elephant

I was walking down the street when out the corner of my eye
I saw a pretty little thing approaching me
She said I never seen a man, who looks so all alone
Could you use a little company?
If you pay the right price, your evening will be nice
Or you can go and send me on my way
I said your such a sweet young thing
Why'd you do this to yourself?
She looked at me and this is what she said
There ain't no rest for the wicked
Money don't grow on trees
I got bills to pay, I got mouths to feed
There ain't nothing in this world for free
I know I can't slow down
I can't hold back though you know I wish I could
No there ain't no rest for the wicked
Until we close our eyes for good
Not even fifteen minutes later, after walking down the street
When I saw the shadow of a man creep out of sight
And then he swept up behind, put a gun up to my head
He made it clear he wasn't looking for a fight
He said give me all you've got
I want your money not your life
If you try to make a move I wont think twice
I told him you can have my cash
But first you know I've got to ask
What made you want to live this kind of life?
He said there ain't no rest for the wicked, money don't grow on
trees
I got bills to pay I got mouths to feed ain't nothing in this world for free
I know I can't slow down
I can't hold back though you know I wish I could oh no there ain't no rest for the wicked
Until we close our eyes for good
Now a couple hours past, and I was sitting in my house
The day was winding down and coming to an end
So I turned on the TV
And flipped it over to the news
And what I saw I almost couldn't comprehend
I saw a preacher man in cuffs taking money from the church
He stuffed his bank account with righteous dollar bills
But even still I can't say much cause I know were all the same
Oh yes we all seek out to satisfy those thrills
You know there ain't no rest for the wicked
Money don't grow on trees

We got bills to pay we got mouths to feed ain't nothing in this world for free
We can't slow down, we can't hold back though you know we wish we could
You know there ain't no rest for the wicked, until we close our eyes for good

Songwriters

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