Ballad of Nice & Easy

Gomez

And so we ride on
The ballad of nice and easy
Young and carefree
We're coming along
The ballad of nice and easy
Young and carefree
Two of these kids grew up on the same street
And though some folks blow it, there's no smoke in their eyes
They're tying their dreams with doubled up laces
Falling, free falling, tangled up 'til they die
And so we ride on
The ballad of nice and easy
Young and carefree
We're coming along
The ballad of nice and easy
Young and carefree
'Cause everyone knows they'll get their hands dirty
Ripping at seams and smoking hot knives
But sooner or later there's an end to this candle
We'll burn it at both ends and switch on the lights
And so we ride on
The ballad of nice and easy
Young and carefree
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