Easy Money

Nick Cave

It's difficult. It's very tough.
I said to the man who'd been sleeping rough
To sit within a fragrant breeze
All among the nodding trees
That hang heavy with the stuffHe threw his arms around my neck
He brushed the tear from my cheek
And held my soft white hand
He was an understanding man
He did not even barely hardly speakEasy money
Rain it down on the wife and the kids
Rain it down on the house where we live
Rain until you got nothing left to give
And rain that ever-loving stuff down on me
All the things for which my heart yearns
Gives joy in diminishing returns
He kissed me on the mouth
His hands they headed south
And my cheek it burnedMoney, man, it is a bitch
The poor, they spoil it for the rich
With my face pressed in the clover
I wondered when this would be over
And at home we are all so guilty-sadEasy money
Pour it down the open drain
Pour it all through my veins
Pour it down, yeah, let it rain
And pour that ever-loving stuff down on me
Now, I'm sitting pretty down on the bank
Life shuffles past at a low interest rate
In the money-coloured meadows
And all the interesting shadows
They leap up, then dissipateEasy money
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Rain it down on the house where we live
Rain it down until you got nothing left to give
And rain that ever-loving stuff down on me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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