

# Cage The Elephant, Ain't No Rest For The Wicked

I was walking down the street,  
When out the corner of my eye  
I saw a pretty little thing approaching me.  
She said "I've 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,  
And you can go and send me on my way."  
I said "You're such a sweet young thing  
Why you do this to yourself?"  
She looked at me and this is what she said,

"Oh, 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  
I'm still walking down the street,  
When I saw a shadow of a man creep out of sight.  
Then he walks up from behind  
And puts 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,  
But if you try to make a move I won't think twice."  
I said "You can have my cash  
But first you know I 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,  
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";

Now a couple hours passed  
And I was sitting at 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 he'd taken money from the church,  
He's got this bank account with righteous dollar bills.  
But even still I can't say much  
Because I know we're all the same,  
Oh yes we've all got to satisfy those thrills.

"Oh, there ain't no rest for the wicked,  
Money don't grow on trees.  
We got bills to pay,  
We got mouths to feed,

There ain't nothing in this world for free.  
I know we can't slow down,  
We can't hold back,  
Though you know, we wish we could.  
No there ain't no rest for the wicked,  
Until we close our eyes for good&quot;.