

# Nick Cave, Easy Money

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 stuff

He 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 speak

Easy 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 burned

Money, 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-sad

Easy 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 dissipate

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