Crowded House, Mansion In The Slums

I'd much rather have a caravan in the hills

Than a mansion in the slums

The taste of success only lasts you

Half an hour or less

But it loves you when it comes

And you laugh at yourself

While you're bleeding to death

I'd much rather have a trampoline in my front room

Than an isolation tank

I wish I was a million miles away

From the manager's door

There is trouble at the bank

You laugh at yourself

As you go deep into debt

Laugh at yourself

While he's breathing down your neck

Who can stop me

With money in my pocket

Sometimes I get it free

The best of both worlds

I'd much rather have a caravan in the hills

I'd much rather have a mansion ... in the hills

Than a mansion in the slums

Yeah I'd much rather ...

What I mean is, would you mind if I had it all

I'll take it when it comes

And you laugh at yourself

While you're bleeding to death

And somebody else is always

Breathing down your neck

Laugh at yourself

While he's hanging over your head

The best of both worlds

It'll soon be over