

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