

# Gomez, Ballad Of Nice And Easy

And so we ride on  
The ballad of nice and easy  
Young and carefree

We're coming along  
The ballad of nice and easy  
Young and carefree

Two of these kids grew up on the same street  
And though some folks blow it, there's no smoke in their eyes  
They're tying their dreams with doubled up laces  
Falling, free falling, tangled up 'til they die

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Young and carefree

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'Cause everyone knows they'll get their hands dirty  
Ripping at seams and smoking hot knives  
But sooner or later there's an end to this candle  
We'll burn it at both ends and switch on the light

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