## 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

Easy money
Easy money
Easy money
Rain it down on the wife and the kids
Rain it down on the house where we live
Rain it down until you got nothing left to give
And rain that ever-loving stuff down on me