

## Asylum Soul "Nice Guys Don't Get Paid"

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Well they packed up their violin cases Hopped in a big black Studebaker, they were acting pretty scary

No one talked as they synchronized their watches And they drove past a train station

The train rolled out with a passenger car Filled with retired millionaires and movie stars And the gangsters, cowboys, gypsies, and freewheelers

Sold out their trades to become drug dealers There ain't no money in doing things straight Your community thanks you, business is good, and nice guys don't get paid

Outside the train window fast as he could ride Was a kid on a horse with a head full of lies And the tears of excitement couldn't put out the fire in his eyes

For the house he was riding to burglarize
All through the house they were dancing and singing
An extended family with fiddlers and magicians
A juggler and a chemist who'd invent potion to pacify
all the killers and rapist

The chemist died in the burglary and they sold the prescription

For a case of cheap red wine to a traveling salesman In a three-wheeled jalopy; he bought and sold potions To the city that looked over the ocean

And he sold the last drop, it was big with the rich kids
And soon the city would be crawling with addicts
And back rooms, dark allies, basements and attics
When a fly is trapped in a spider's web (but a bat's got the spider?)

And no one knows what's going on

But you've gotta show up for yourself at the end of the day

And nice guys don't get paid

Nice guys don't get paid

Now all the hopeless romantics are wearing white collars

Upstanding assassins cleaning filthy dollars Car-jacking fanatics who kill for religion

## In a city full of addicts and color television

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