# Soul Asylum
# "Nice Guys"

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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
?? coats
?? and that would be all she wrote

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