

Hard Cash

Miracle Of Sound

Smoke over the city's soul
Pollutes our sons and daughters
You can fall asleep on sheets of gold
And still wake up a pauper

We all get old
We all slow down
As the walls they close
We fall we're drowning

I need some breathing space
I won't grow old with grace
I need some breathing space
I can't keep living straight...

We ain't gonna linger and lie low
When there's hard cash coming back
No way I'll just sit here when I know
That there's hard cash coming back

Hard hard cash
Don't want no easy money

Money couldn't buy me happiness
Just a prettier misery
There's a price to pay
For a life of luxury

The air is thin
The glare the smoke and
The wear within
It tears it's choking

I need some breathing space
I won't grow old with grace
I need some breathing space
I can't keep living straight...

We ain't gonna linger and lie low
When there's hard cash coming back
No way I'll just sit here when I know
That there's hard cash coming back

Hard hard cash
Don't want no easy money

And now that we have all arrived
My friends get in your cars and drive