

Nice Guys (Don't Get Paid)

Soul Asylum

Well, they packed up their violin cases of the finest artillery
Hopped in a big black Studebaker, they were acting pretty scary
And no one talked as they synchronized their watches
And they drove past the train station

Well, the train rolled out with a passenger car
Filled with retired millionaires and movie stars
Two twitching men clutched six guns in their sweat-
drenched coats
With a fail-safe holded up plan 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 ey
es
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 a potion
To pacify all the killers and rapists

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
In back rooms, dark alleys, basements and attics
Where a fly is trapped in a spider's web but a bat's got the sp
ider

And no one knows what's going on
But you 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, clean hands, filthy dollars
Hijackin' fanatics who kill for religion
In a city full of addicts and colored television