

## 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