

## 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