

Nothing Comes Easy

Status Quo

Fussing and fighting alone with our friends
Holding our breath and hoping it never will end
It's been a long, long haul
We would be ducking and diving, a rise then a fall
Pretending the ups and the downs didn't matter at all
And we got it almost right
Well there were hundreds and hundreds of mumbling miles
Always a personal reason to cop or to smile
Now there's a green light

We came and we went, we went then we came
Slowly but surely we learnt that it wasn't a game
But it was good clean fun
We were just second-hand cars along with the rest
Holding our own and hanging on in with the best
Nothing comes easy

Drinking and thinking what we'd rather do
Nothing of any real interest is coming on through
Maybe we're all right now
But in the end does it matter, matter at all?
Scratching a living and having one hell of a ball
Nothing comes easy