

# AIN'T NO REST FOR THE WICKED

*Cage The Elephant*

Time	Audio	Video
0:00 – 0:02		The scene continues from the classroom, with Layne wearing
0:02 – 0:06		the same clothes. He leaves his school and walks alone with
0:06 – 0:08		his backpack, a backwards hat, and headphones. The setting
0:08 – 0:12		is traditional American suburbia, North Jersey / Long Island.
0:12 – 0:18	<i>I was walkin' down the street when out the corner of my eye I saw a pretty little thing approaching me. She said,</i>	Layne walks along the sidewalk of a neighborhood street, before noticing a sultry, sexy prostitute approaching him out of the corner of his eye.
0:18 – 0:24	<i>"I never seen a man who looked so all alone, could you use a little company?"</i>	The young lady grazes her finger along Layne's chest and mouths, <i>"I've never seen a man who looked so all alone, could you use a little company?"</i>
0:24 – 0:30	<i>If you pay the right price, your evening will be nice, and you can go and send me on my way."</i>	The prostitute turns around, puts her arm around Layne's neck, grinds her ass along his crotch and mouths, <i>"if you pay the right price, your evening will be nice, and you can go and send me on my way."</i>
0:30 – 0:36	<i>I said, "You're such a sweet young thing, why you do this to yourself?" She looked at me, and this is what she said:</i>	Layne, confused and slightly disgusted, gently pushes her off him, and asks, <i>"You're such a sweet young thing, why do you do this to yourself?"</i> The confident hooker wags her finger and
0:36 – 0:39	<i>"Oh, there ain't no rest for the wicked,</i>	explains the chorus, <i>"Oh, there ain't no rest for the wicked. Money don't grow on trees."</i> The lady picks a \$100 dollar bill
0:39 – 0:42	<i>Money don't grow on trees. I got</i>	off a money tree and hands it to Layne, but the tree and bill have returned to leaves by the time it hits his hand. The
0:42 – 0:45	<i>bills to pay, I got mouths to feed, there ain't</i>	prostitute pulls out a wallet-sized flip photo album from her purse and lets the laminated photos drop down, revealing
0:45 – 0:48	<i>nothing in this world for free.</i>	10-12 photos of her son, her daughter, and herself with
0:48 – 0:51	<i>Oh no, I can't slow down, I can't hold back, though you know</i>	them. Layne feels sad for her. The lady puts her photo album back in her bag and finishes mouthing the chorus,
0:51 – 0:54	<i>I wish I could.</i>	<i>"Oh no, I can't slow down, I can't hold back, though you</i>
0:54 – 0:57	<i>Oh no, there ain't no rest for the wicked, until</i>	<i>know, I wish I could. Oh no, there ain't no rest for the wicked, until we close our eyes for good."</i> The hooker lightly strokes
0:57 – 1:00	<i>we close our eyes for good."</i>	Layne's nose with her finger, and calmly walks away.
1:00 – 1:06	<i>Not even 15 minutes later, I'm still walkin' down the street when I saw the shadow of a man creep out of sight.</i>	Layne continues walking, past a liquor store into a sketchy neighborhood. He then sees a shadow dart away into the bushes, and becomes frightened.
1:06 – 1:12	<i>And then he swept up from behind, he put a gun up to my head, he made it clear he wasn't lookin' for a fight.</i>	The next thing he knows, the man has swept up from behind, Layne's head is in a headlock, and there's a silver pistol pressed against his temple.
1:12 – 1:18	<i>He said, "Give me all you got. I want your money, not your life, but if you try to make a move, I won't think twice."</i>	The bearded, ratty-clothed, exhausted thug mouths the lyrics into Layne's ear, <i>"Give me all you got. I want your money, not your life, but if you try to make a move, I won't think twice."</i>

1:18 – 1:24	<i>I told him, “You can have my cash, but first you know I gotta ask, what made you want to live this kind of life?”</i>	The thug releases his headlock. Layne, again confused, pulls out his wallet and hands the man cash, asking, <i>“You can have my cash, but first, you know I gotta ask, what made you want to live this kind of life?”</i>
1:24 – 1:27	<i>He said, “There ain’t no rest for the wicked.</i>	The thug pockets Layne’s cash, pulls out a folded sheet of paper out of the same pocket, and hands it to Layne while
1:27 – 1:31	<i>Money don’t grow on trees. I got</i>	explaining the chorus. Layne unfolds the pages, revealing the man’s New York State Criminal Record with his
1:31 – 1:34	<i>bills to pay, I got mouths to feed. There ain’t</i>	mugshot clipped to the upper-left corner. The documents display that the man spent time in jail for selling and
1:34 – 1:37	<i>nothing in this world for free. Oh no, I can’t</i>	distributing small amounts of marijuana. The man had retrieved his wallet from his back pocket while Layne read
1:37 – 1:40	<i>slow down, I can’t hold back, though you know</i>	his record. The two exchange the documents and two old, worn-out photographs of the man, his wife and their two
1:40 – 1:43	<i>I wish I could. Oh no, there</i>	sons, all together. The thug continues mouthing the chorus, <i>“Oh no, I can’t slow down, I can’t hold back, though you know,</i>
1:43 – 1:46	<i>ain’t no rest for the wicked, until</i>	<i>I wish I could. Oh no, there ain’t no rest for the wicked, until we</i>
1:46 – 1:49	<i>we close our eyes for good.”</i>	<i>until we close our eyes for good.”</i> Layne, sad again, hands the
1:49 – 1:55		photos back and lets the thug go. Layne continues walking
1:55 – 1:58		home through a safer neighborhood, now visibly shaken.
1:58 – 2:01	<i>Well now a</i>	
2:01 – 2:07	<i>couple hours passed and I was sitting in my house. The day was winding down and coming to an end. And so I</i>	Layne dumps his backpack on the kitchen table, grabs a can of Mountain Dew from the fridge, picks up the TV remote, and crashes down on the recliner in the living room, adjacent to the sofa.
2:07 – 2:13	<i>turned on the TV and flipped it over to the news, and what I saw I almost couldn’t comprehend. I saw</i>	Layne turns on his television, sees <i>Wheel of Fortune</i> on ABC, and changes the channel to the news.
2:13 – 2:19	<i>a preacher man in cuffs, he’d taken money from the church, he stuffed his bank account with righteous dollar bills. But even</i>	The news coverage shows police cars at a church, flashing red and blue lights, with the priest in cuffs, his head being pushed down and shoved into the back of the cop car.
2:19 – 2:25	<i>still I can’t say much, because I know we’re the same. Oh yes we all seek out to satisfy those thrills.</i>	Layne stares at his television with a puzzled gaze, & shrugs.
2:25 – 2:28	<i>You know there ain’t no rest for the wicked</i>	Layne changes channel to ESPN, just in time to catch the SportsCenter Top 10 Plays, and the network’s absolutely
2:28 – 2:31	<i>Money don’t grow on trees</i>	ridiculous, power-charged, multi-layered, electricity and
2:31 – 2:34	<i>We got bills to pay, we got mouths to feed. There ain’t</i>	technology-themed outro.
2:34 – 2:37	<i>nothing in this world for free. Oh no, we</i>	Layne sits through a series of advertisements (beer, automobile, shaving razors, lawnmowers, financial services, etc.) each heavily fixated on what a ‘man’ does, or what a
2:37 – 2:40	<i>can’t slow down, we can’t hold back</i>	‘man’ is. For instance, <i>“Help? Who, you? What would you need help with? You’re suave, you’re sexy. You’re a Man.</i>
2:40 – 2:43	<i>though you know, we wish we could</i>	<i>You’re already brilliant. You don’t need any help. So drink this. The confident choice.”</i>
2:43 – 2:46	<i>Oh no, there ain’t no rest for the wicked,</i>	
2:46 – 2:55	<i>until we close our eyes for good.</i>	<i>“Budweiser.”</i>