Forgive Durden, Ear To Ear

I wake my greedy eyes from a night spent dreaming
Ambitiously
Cost-effectively
Fingers stained with yesterday's highs and lows
It's got to go
It's all got to go
It's a rob
It's a steal
You better land that deal
You're in the big leagues now, sonny
Buy low, sell high
Get a piece of the pie
But leave the rest for me, yea

My destiny
Wasn't written in the stars
It's been meticulously planned
And presented in a chart
A flawless design
To truly satisfy
You want results?
Look at the fucking smile
On my face

I stick to the stats
Go by the numbers
I'm measured by threads and horse power
Square feet and tender
But now I'm old
Like an aging oak
There's more gold secured
To my jaw than there ever was
To my name

Its bark gets rougher by the day
Limbs reach for its roots
Its insides rot away until
It's just a hollow trunk
It's only full
Of emptiness
But save
The biggest slice for me

Tailor, tailor
Raise my inseam
And widen these cuffs
Because I am dressed for success
Tailor, tailor
Stand clear
I'm headed straight
For the top, the top, the top
The dirt

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