

Bridge and Tunnel, Dear Sir

What a grave misconception,
That's built up to the norm.
The suits, the cells, the charm,
The first impressions.
Wine and dine to make some good connections,
Because it's all about who you fucking know.
Let them think that you're close, a friend they can confide,
A bit more money for that fancy glass of wine.
There is no excuse for robbing someone blind.
Hold the pen to their necks until they sign the check.
Fuck this cutthroat sport.
Build up a trust and deliver what you say.
A word of mouth pledge you take to your grave.
Care about more than the just your own gains.
Buy and sell your lives away.
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These are the acts of separate classes.
These are the acts of poor business practice.
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