

Ear to Ear

Forgive Durden

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.

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. And empty nests.
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.

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.