

Taylor Steve, What Is The Measure Of Your Success

In this city I confess
I am driven to possess
Answer no one, let them guess
Are you someone I impress?
I am a big boss with a short fuse
I have a nylon carpet and rubber shoes
And when I shake hands, you'll get a big shock
You'll be begging for mercy when the champ is through
You better believe I'll put my clamps on you
In this city, be assured
Some will rise above the herd
Feed the fatted, leave the rest
This is how we won the west
I am a safebox, I am the inner sanctum when the door locks
I hold the passkey
You say you can't take it with you?
We'll see about that won't we?
push....push....push
In the city, I confess
God is mammon, more is less
Off like lemmings at the gun
I know better, still I run
I am an old man
and the word came
But you can't buy time or a good name
Now when the heirs come around
Like buzzards on a kill
I see my reflection in their envious eyes,
I'd watch it all burn to buy another sunrise
Some men find the fire escape
Old men learn it all too late
push....push....push the alarm
Old MacDonald's bought the farm