The race is over and I won, these are not contradictory facts.

All that's left now is victory laps, and I have no intention of slowing the pace, so unless you're a sucker you won't be showing your face. Guess what else? I don't wanna shake hands or make friends and make amends so don't make plans, 'cause not only can you not ri de on my coat tails i wouldn't even let you clean the dirt out of my toe nails.

I consider your style to be garden variety.

You can't go around actin' hard in society.

It's only gonna lead to frustration, more depression, and vague illusions over a minor key chord progression,

so continue the chase by all means,

but you might wanna think about what it is you're chasin'.

'cause if your foe is your own tail and try to match its wit, i t may be like pickin' up dimes with a catcher's mit.