

# Bottom Dollar

Volumes

I give it all 'til there's nothing left  
And put my faith into relevance  
I bleed it out, but it never mends  
Break me off and tie the tourniquet

I trust myself to cross the line  
Face to the mirror, now it's time to pay your fine  
We make the feeling fit, we make the ceiling hit  
It's time to settle up, you know we're sick of it

Make your bottom line, take my bottom dollar  
Is it ever enough to you I wonder?  
You cut the check, but it's getting smaller  
Take my bottom dollar  
Make your bottom line, take my bottom dollar  
You make your mark, now you're standing on a wire  
You get the money, we get to suffer  
Take my bottom dollar

Now we're not one in the same, but we're stuck in the same place  
Hands tied to the inside of the rat cage  
Briefcase for the Devil to pay me  
But all the money could never have changed me  
I tried to stop myself, see what it's like on top  
You pray to God, we look down on your entourage  
Yeah, I think your luck's in the pot  
The spilled blood is what's driving up the cost

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And put my faith into relevance  
I bleed it out, but it never mends  
So break me off and tie the tourniquet

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Take my bottom dollar

Bottom dollar  
Money comes and money goes  
Bottom dollar  
Silence yourself, do what you're told now

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I wonder  
You cut the check, but it's getting smaller  
Take my bottom dollar  
Make your bottom line, take my bottom dollar  
You make your mark, now you're standing on a wire  
On a wire  
You get the money, we get to suffer  
Take my bottom dollar