

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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So break me off and tie the tourniquet

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

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Is it ever enough to you I wonder?
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