

# What Is The Measure Of Your Success

Steve Taylor

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