

Dan Girssom

"All There Is"

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In the eyes of the world your touch is like gold
Your reputation's so cool and cruel and
controlled
You count your money in your prison tower
Made of concrete, glass, and steel
Feeling cozy in the hallow warmth
Of another business deal

You've climbed your way to the top, but lately
it seems
That there's a hole in the heart of the
American dream
Sitting pretty in your trophy room
With your shining souvenirs
That just remind you of the wasted time
And the lateness of the years

Is that all?
Is that all there is?
Is that all?
There must be more than this

In the eyes of the world your touch is like gold
Your reputation's so cool and cruel and
controlled
In a moment it could all be gone
In the twinkling of an eye
Then what's your pile of precious pride worth
then?
If you've ever wondered why

Is that all?
Is that all there is?
Is that all?
There must be more than this

Is that all?
Is that all there is?
Is that all?
There must be more than this
More than this

Is that all there is?
All there is?
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All there is

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