



Tellers

He's broke
I'm currency
Bank full of keen servants

My tellers tell me all about his expenses

He's at fault
While he's drowning in his circumstances
I'm a vault
Floating freely on my finances

Doesn't know about my businesses
I've got different addresses

Ordinary vs my extraordinary
Flashes his celebrity, but I'm royalty

Never fazed by his ambitious drool

He's just a swan-floaty swimming in my luxury
I'm the crystal-clear water to the pool