

Margaritas and Cock

Gatsby's American Dream

You gotta bring the hope back, baby
A wide-eyed belief that there's something
That's worth singing for I've got a lot to say
I've got a lot to say
I bring the songs and I say
I've got a lot to say They are just here to sell
I came here to create
I've got a lot to say I've got to write these songs
I've got to write these songs
I've got to sing for all the ways you love me I've got to write these songs
I've got to write these songs
So you remember that you believe in music I'll speak the truth so you know I mean it
I'll take my time so you know I mean it
You know I mean it I've got to write these songs
I've got to write these songs
I've got to sing for all the ways you love me I've got to write these songs
I've got to write these songs
So you remember that you believe in music We stepped into the ring with a matador
There is no way to win
But we can try to gore, gore, gore, gore Shit out of this motherfucker and leave a scar
So he'll remember who we are now, baby
So he'll remember who we are, are, are, are

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