

The Horse You Rode in On

Gatsbys American Dream

I think I've read this book before,
hardbound shiny cover,
pretty colors, but an ending
that's sure to disappoint.
It's not what you'd
expect when you
open the box. And all the things you wish you'd find,
fleeting and taunting, colors
drab and ordinary to the brilliant white
of not knowing what's inside.
But how can I bear
to behold that dream now
that my eyes have adjusted
to the concrete walls of this box that I've opened?
And I know I'm more than just a little fucked up,
but I'm trying to make my way back home.

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