

# Me and Ed Loyce

## Gatsbys American Dream

The vagrant on that corner who is speaking to birds  
Is as crazy as the commuters on their way from to work  
Well, hey y'all, I'm gonna get apocalyptic  
And I need it to be just so damn apocalyptic We're all down to get down  
Down, down to get down  
If on our knees will be the lead  
To the top of the food chain Let the foxes dig holes in the stations  
Ain't this such a grand new dark age?  
Why shouldn't they believe that  
Their home's just an Asbury Park? In the opposing hand were bulky two inch thick  
Overlapping pages of white paper  
Whose flawless black print in a comparison  
To our chewed nails was much fucking smaller No one around here ever seems to notice  
The mountains awaiting out east  
But that carrot is within reach, that carrot is within reach  
So we gotta get down, down just to get down  
And we keep on tracking the beast Do you hear the tune of a thousand trampled streets?  
They sing me off to sleep  
Where I am chased by stampeding machines  
Only to awake to give into the chase all again and Do you hear the tune of a thousand trampled streets?  
They sing me off to sleep  
Where I am chased by stampeding machines  
Only to awake to give into the chase all again

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