

Badlands

Gatsby's American Dream

They call this the badlands, baby
But it used to be bayou
The shore of an inland sea
And I can hear you coming What foul beast stalks this way
The night is dim
But I catch the scent of your arrogance As you rear your head
I can see your eyes gleaming
Catching light from the moon
Like a pair of knives to cut me down Hole in the world
And the light is leaking out
Spilling like water
And I can hear you coming What new devilry is this
I saw you rise and creep across the sky
And all night as I fled
You came behind Eating all the stars dig to find
Why the life left rocks and stones
Skulls and bone, whispered stories
Tales of glory And a tragic fall from grace
And a tragic fall from grace
And a tragic fall from grace Still were still falling
Just like the dinosaurs
And a tragic fall from grace

Songwriters

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