

Me And Ed Loyce

Gatsby's 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

Songwriters

Rudy Gajadhar; Kirk Huffman; Robert Darling; Kyle O Quin; Nicholas Newsham; Michael Kaminsky
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