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 apocalypticWe'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 chainLet 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 smallerNo 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 beastDo 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 andDo 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 KaminskyPublished by SONGS FOR BEANS;GATSBYS AMERICAN PUBLISHING Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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