

We're Not Orphans

Gatsby's American Dream

Artificial,
prosthetic hands,
sympathetic, but I'll put an end to this.
(ooo...)
Can't keep fighting, do I have to keep fighting? Stop breathing.
Stop breathing. It's not the same,
it's not the same,
'cause I was just a kid, dad--Ohho-ohho... It does not do to dwell on dreams.
Acceptance takes you further than you ever thought you'd go.
(When you chase the ghost of things that could have been,
like a father who was never there.)
The ghosts of things that could have been,
like the father who was never there at all,
at all. (I was a boy
now I'm a plane,
but I can't keep this holding pattern anymore.)

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