

# The White Mountains

## Gatsbys American Dream

The thing is we live in fear  
Fear of the monsters in control  
Three legged machines that haunt my dreams  
Machines made of metal so cold  
Could there be something to believe?  
A place where we can find the refuge we need  
Dwarfing the trees, they block out the sky  
Machines fueled by ugliness and greed  
Could this be something to believe?  
A place where we can find the refuge that we need  
A place where their long arms can't reach  
Up in the mountains where we can still believe  
From the heights we'll wage this war  
For all the things we long for  
So we can think the way we like  
This could be something to believe  
A place where we can live the music that we breathe  
Our lungs are strong as is our song  
Up in the mountains where we can still believe  
From the heights, we'll wage this war  
For all the things we long for  
So we can sing the way we like

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