

the white mountains

Gatsby's 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

Songwriters

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