

Castaway

Gatsby's American Dream

I head for distant lands
Leaving my expenses
Forsake this land of plastic I would try to be something
But you won't stop talking
Drifting for the farthest shore
I would try to be something
But you won't stop debating Try to find ways so I can start living
It's been said, the things you buy they own you
But they don't own me anymore This time things will be different
Submitting to this mountain
Can't find your way to the top This time things will change
Stranded on a distant shore
Waves crash down on me Just another wasted year
Turning on the tide castaway
I'm not a part of what you see

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