

# Shhhhhh! I'm Listening to Reason

## Gatsby's American Dream

Break out the blindfolds  
There's teens cloaked in sheepskin  
And we are the wolves at bay Put her to bed with the big ones and well charge them at the door  
The devil soon was a vagabond and we dressed him for the prom  
And now the chorus sings filth hymns  
As the next horseman will transform Show me a swollen-headed hotshot son of a bitch  
Who licks his lips caked with glory  
And ghosts in fine suits will go dancing with contracts in their hands  
Alright Ill say 'Goddamn' The smoke and cameras will clear and then  
We cant surely lead them to their dooms  
Yeah, of course we can, yeah, of course we can  
Feed them shit till theyre full in their bellies Theyll love the taste even more than the feeling  
And if they build that tower it will fall down  
Just like the last time It's not the same, it's not the same Look at them starving while indulging in nothing  
And now laying in rubble Swallow us all up, we are surely not worthy  
And there is nothing left to believe so theyll believe what they see  
Swallow us all up, we are surely not worthy  
And there is nothing left to believe so theyll believe what they see The ballroom is alive with torn bodies under  
stone  
The ballroom is alive with torn bodies under stone

Songwriters

Rudy Gajadhar; Robert Darling; Kirk Huffman; Nicholas Newsham Published by  
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