

Speaker for the Dead

Gatsby's American Dream

Beaches make the sand white
Make the sand all romantic and shit
Palm trees, branches, imagine them
Green, naive and shining with pride
Oh, arrogant island being buried in humility
Like the beaches were buried in ash Who will remember you now?
Billows and billows see the smoke rise
Smoke stack for every sin but did they believe that
At the center of the island was a volcano, oh no
Oh no, who will remember you now? You're dead and gone We came here on a plane
Just a couple of scientists
Among the ruins and remains
This island could have been saved But some people just choose death
And can't see a way out
Till their bones are all that's left
Their chests were hollowed out

Songwriters

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