

Looks Like the Real Thing

Gatsbys American Dream

I can tell you're lying, cuts through my belly
Let the dull colors spill right down to my shoes
And the children gather 'round to lap it up
And the children gather 'round, 'round, 'round, 'round I am empty, others are overfilled on what I've given up
I can tell you're lying, to them it's Technicolor
I can tell you're lying, cuts through my belly Lies this deck is stacked with lies
No one knows the difference
So what's the difference? You see we all walk on a string
If I bounce you, bounce two
Bounce three, bounce
Bounce four, bounce, five
It's all connected The sun carries the hanging moon from its shoulders
It says, "If I don't shine, then you don't shine"
And if I fail, you succeed what does it mean?
What does it mean? What does it mean? Their eyes are sunken, come on, look at them
These kids have needs, we balance on a string
When it's all over maybe then, then you'll see
You're blinded by your greed, are you blinded?
Are you blinded? I

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