

# We're Not Orphans

## Gatsbys American Dream

Artificial,  
prosthetic hands,  
sympathetic, but I'll put an end to this.

(ooo...)

Can't keep fighting, do I have to keep fighting? Stop breathing.

Stop breathing. It's not the same,

it's not the same,

'cause I was just a kid, dad--Ohho-ohho...It does not do to dwell on dreams.

Acceptance takes you further than you ever thought you'd go.

(When you chase the ghost of things that could have been,

like a father who was never there.)

The ghosts of things that could have been,

like the father who was never there at all,

at all.

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