Filter

The Great Gatsby

While you sleep, in the comfort of your bed,
someone's coming after you.
When you awake, to the billboards on your way to work,
someone's coming after you.They're stealing your lives and they're selling them back to you
and look at the lives we waste.
They're feeding the lines in the interest of commerce,
excuses for wars we wage.
They've got the bombs and the guns to look after
the country's economy.
But we've got a plan to get back all the hours
and days and the years that they take.We say, we'll smoke this city to the filter,
we'll empty every bottle, you'll see us by the river.
We'll bring back those things you can't remember,
like smiling in the winter. You're smiling while they burn your lives.And you've heard their lies.
You've heard their lies.

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