

Golden Ticket

Gatsby's American Dream

Received news of your misfortune
And it's scratching out my eyes
Biting at my heart but I've got something to offer
So this isn't a time to hide my hands
Still I hide my heart, still I hide my heart This is where the rubber meets the road
It's where we forget our transgressions and move on
I'll carry your burden for certain you have heard
Of hands that long for you to hold them
The ticket's golden, the ticket's golden If you want to view paradise
Simply look around and view it
It's there that you will find me listening
(You can take tomorrow, dip it in a dream)
Separate the sorrow 'cause I'm tearing off my face
So you won't hurt alone Lets start today make your mind up
Grab a weapon, move on

Songwriters

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