

You All Everybody

Gatsby's American Dream

I'm not mad
I'm just tired and it makes me sad
At least it makes me something different I hate this place
And all these guys and their fancy clothes
It doesn't seem like music at all I'll speak the truth, so you know I mean it
I'll take my time, so you know I mean it
You know I mean it All the things I've seen just seem to me
To confirm to me my deep belief
There is a difference, there is a difference This place is built of men
People who crush your hope
The things that make you different My art is no art at all
My art is just bought and sold
It makes no difference What you believe
If you don't stand up and make a difference
I know you really wanna believe
You really wanna but it's much easier To look the same and sound the same
To play the game but I wanna misbehave
And I'm not that different, I'm not that different

Songwriters

Rudy Gajadhar; Robert Darling; Kirk Huffman; Kyle O Quin; Nicholas Newsham; Michael Kaminsky Published by
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