

# The Giant's Drink

## Gatsby's American Dream

I will be the fire on your lips  
But I'm overlooked and underfed  
You keep me in the basement  
Where you threw me out with the bathwater  
And I will be the fury in your fists  
Throwing out the things  
The things I thought I wanted to be  
Wasting so much time  
On things I thought I wanted to be  
I just see a little baby boy  
Who won't admit that he fucks up, oh  
He's looking for the fire and the fury it takes to be a man  
But I just see a little baby boy  
Throwing out the things  
The things I thought I wanted to be  
Wasting so much time  
On things I thought I wanted to be  
Got a brand new face  
So brittle that it's falling apart  
It's a brand new day  
This time why don't we take it from scratch?  
Your arms believe, they are for reaching  
Reach for me  
Your tongue believes, it is for tasting  
Taste of me I've got a secret  
And you've got a problem  
I'll disappear, oh, I'll disappear  
Throwing out the things  
The things I thought I wanted to be  
Wasting so much time  
On things I thought I wanted to be  
Got a brand new face  
So brittle that it's falling apart  
It's a brand new day  
This time why don't we take it from scratch?

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