

Gatsbys American Dream, Golden Ticket

Recieve news of your misfortune
And its scratching out my eyes, biting at my heart
But ive got something to offer
So this isnt a time to hide my hands
Still i hide my heart, still i hide my heart

This is where the rubber meets the road
Its where we forget our transgressions
And move on, ill carry you burden
For certain you have heard
Of hands that long for you to hold them
This ticket is golden, this ticket is golden

If you want to view paradise
Simply look around and view it
Its there that you will find me listening
(you can take tomorrow,dip it in a dream)
Dont look too hard
Cause im tearing off my face so you wont hurt alone

Lets start today
Make your mind up, grab a weapon
Move on