

Gatsbys American Dream, Me And Ed Loyce

The vagrant on my corner who is speaking to birds
is as crazy as the commute on their way from home to work
well hey ya'll! Let's get apocalyptic!
We need it to be just so damn apocalyptic!
We're all down to get down. Down down to get down.
If on our knees will be the lead to the top of the food chain
Let the foxes dig holes in the stations
Ain't this such a grand new dark age!
Why shouldn't they believe that their homes just an Asbury park!
In the opposing hand were bulky two inch thick
overlapping pages of white paper
Whose flawless black print in a comparison
to our chewed nails was much fucking smaller
No one around here ever seems to notice the
mountains awaiting out east
But that carrot is within reach!
That carrot is within reach!
so we've got to get down just to get down
and we keep on tracking the beast
so do you hear the tune of a thousand
trampled streets they sing me off to sleep
where I am chased by stampeding machines
only to awake to give into the chase all again