

# Gatsbys American Dream, Beware, Beware

beware, beware out of their closets  
the skeletons are coming  
come down with me where the woods meet the water  
lets get away from your dirty little secrets  
notice the silence as we submerge in water by moonlight  
stay down stay under don't come up  
a little bit longer, a little bit longer now  
don't hold your breath  
your face is bloating and quicly becoming perfect  
your skeletons aren't much of a problem now.