

# Gatsbys American Dream, The Fall Of George M

And the birds eat your insides  
Clutching the mountain side  
(its where the day takes you)  
Did you think you would try to climb the face?  
Theres longing and it breaks you  
(synthetic lies)  
Your filling up with concrete

Didnt miss a breath  
When you climbed so high  
Did you see your wife and child  
And where you ready to die  
A million miles away, would you throw it all away?

Simple dreams in the mainstream  
Is where the day takes you  
Simple dreams in the mainstream  
But you just died a million miles from home