

Gatsbys American Dream, The Giant

I will be the fire on your lips
And i'm overlooking under fame
you keep me the face
But where he's looking at with his bath water
And i will be the fury in your fist

Throwing out the things
the things i thought i wanted to be
Wasted so much time
On things i thought i wanted to be

I just see a little baby boy
Who won't admit that he f**ks up, oh
he's looking for a 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
Wasted so much time
On things i thought i wanted to be
Got a brand new face
So brittle that its falling apart
It's a brand new day
this time why don't 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! ohh
I'll disappear!

Throwing out the things
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This time why don't we take it from scratch