

Gatsbys American Dream "Game Over"

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Now with silence broken
Your torch has sputtered out
And now the tribe has spoken
You're voted out and there's not time for your last
words.

I hope that you feel rotten
When you get what you earn.
For what it's worth
I'll be happy when you're gone.

You're just a little man,
You burned the bridge.
We're not the same.
The consequences come when they're the last things
that you're looking for.
Not the nucleus of your stupid game.

You're not the judge (5x).
I'm not the same as I used to be.
When all you sew is hate;
it's a bitter harvest.

You'll get what you deserve.
You'll get back what you ask for
But you won't win this time. You won't win. I'll shut you
down. Game over. With silence broken, my tired voice
can sing I'm sorry.

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