

Gatsbys American Dream "Snicker At The Swine"

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Eating from the trough again
Stuffing his mouth with glory
Biting the hand that feeds him
Because he thinks he's worthy
Absorbed in his deceit
The lies are subtle in which he snorts
To justify his inadequate morals
He rolls in mud to rid himself of the shame
And clense his conscience
With his snout in the air
Oh he knows, yes he knows
A hypocrite of his own breed
Pale pink skin covers up greed
He consumes yet does not produce
This dyin's his pity palace
With his snout in the air
Oh he knows

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