

## **Gatsbys American Dream "Speaker For The Dead"**

Visit "[Speaker For The Dead](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Beaches make the sand white  
Make the sand all romantic and shit  
Palm trees, branches, imagine them  
Green light and shining with pride  
Oh arrogant island being buried in humility  
Like the beaches were buried in ash

Who will remember you now  
Billows and billows see the smoke rise  
Smoke stack for every sin  
But did they believe that  
At the center of the island was a volcano oh no  
Oh no  
Who will remember you now  
You're dead and gone

We came here on a plane  
Just a couple of scientists  
Among the ruins and remains  
This island could have been saved  
But some people just choose death  
And can't see a way out  
Till their bones are all that's left  
Their chests were hollowed out  
But some people never know,  
Too caught up in the beautiful  
But their hearts a volcano

Visit [Gatsbys American Dream](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.