

Gatsbys American Dream "We're Not Orphans"

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Artificial,
prosthetic hands,
sympathetic, but I'll put an end to this.
(ooo...)
Can't keep fighting, do I have to keep fighting?

Stop breathing.
Stop breathing.

It's not the same,
it's not the same,
'cause I was just a kid, dad--Ohho-ohho...

It does not do to dwell on dreams.
Acceptance takes you further than you ever thought
you'd go.

(When you chase the ghost of things that could have
been,
like a father who was never there.)
The ghosts of things that could have been,
like the father who was never there at all,
at all.

(I was a boy
now I'm a plane,
but I can't keep this holding pattern anymore.)

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