

The Giant's Drink

Gatsby's American Dream

I will be the fire on your lips
But I'm overlooked and underfed
You keep me in the basement
Where you threw me out with the bathwater
And I will be the fury in your fists

Throwing out the things
The things I thought I wanted to be
Wasting so much time
On things I thought I wanted to be

I just see a little baby boy
Who won't admit that he fucks up, oh
He's looking for the 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
Wasting so much time
On things I thought I wanted to be
Got a brand new face
So brittle that it's falling apart
It's a brand new day
This time why don't we 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, oh, I'll disappear

Throwing out the things
The things I thought I wanted to be
Wasting so much time
On things I thought I wanted to be
Got a brand new face
So brittle that it's fallin apart
It's a brand new day