# Fable

**Gatsby's American Dream**

Landed in this place
Tried to make this island more like home
But there are some things
Better left behind

We came here on a plane
Just a bunch of little boys
Oh oh oh ooooo

Dance around the fire
And we strike him down

Never going home
Not really
We'll take this island everywhere we go

We came here on a plane
Just a bunch of little boys
Oh oh oh ooooo

Dance around the fire
Then we strike him down
We'll burn the island down
Kill the pig pig, kill the pig pig
Kill the pig pig

We came here on a plane
Just a bunch of little boys
Oh oh oh ooooo

Dropped a boulder on his brain
You can never take it back
Oh oh oh oh ooooo

Dance around the fire(see the world in a swirl of hues)
Then we strike him down
We'll burn the island down
Kill the pig pig, kill the pig pig
Kill the pig pig


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