

## Golden Ticket

### Gatsby's American Dream

Receive news of your misfortune  
And its scratching out my eyes, biting at my heart  
But ive got something to offer  
So this isnt a time to hide my hands  
Still i hide my heart, still i hide my heart

This is where the rubber meets the road  
Its where we forget our transgressions  
And move on, ill carry you burden  
For certain you have heard  
Of hands that long for you to hold them  
This ticket is golden, this ticket is golden

If you want to view paradise  
Simply look around and view it  
Its there that you will find me listening  
(you can take tomorrow, dip it in a dream)  
Dont look too hard  
Cause im tearing off my face so you wont hurt alone

Lets start today  
Make your mind up, grab a weapon  
Move on