

## Cut the Strings

### Gatsby's American Dream

This is frustration. This is me, using the same tricks and getting sick of it. This is me throwing these hands against the wall, hoping something will stick; this is awful. Awful to think who decides what should or should not stay. What ends up on the cutting room floor? Apparently, it's not my, it's not my choice to make. So here's another one, is it good enough? Please do accept. I need this so. If it's not up to par I just can't think of what I might do next, I'll just appease and conform to your tastes. Let's forget about who we are, it gets in the way. Let's forget who we used to be. We'll never be the same. So here's another one, is it good enough? Is it good enough? Please do accept. I need this so. I need this. This is frustration.