

Theatre

Gatsby's American Dream

I see the world in a swirl of hues,
but my favorite color is shame.

Tonight the sky is painted...
Tonight the sky is painted melancholy
and the wind sings songs as if it would lament
some tragedy on the far side of the world.

Or in the deep pockets of my mind,
where I lust after blood and pain.

Tonight the sky is painted...
Tonight the sky is painted melancholy
and the wind sings songs as if it would lament
some tragedy on the far side of the world.

I am I and the world is a woman
from whom I must take take take.
In an act of lust, in an act of pride
And I am damned, but can I be saved?
but can I be saved?...saved

Tonight the sky is painted...(echo)
Tonight the sky is painted...(echo)
Tonight the sky is painted...(Tonight the sky is)
Melancholy and the wind sings songs as if it would lament
some tragedy on the far side of the world.

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