

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
We're 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 who I must take take take
In an act of lust, no, 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
Tonight the sky is painted
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
And the wind sings songs as if it would lament
Some tragedy on the far side of the world

Songwriters

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