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Gatsby's American Dream "Theatre"

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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? Can I be saved?

Tonight the sky is painted 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

And the wind sings songs as if it would lament Some tragedy on the far side of the world

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