I WANNA BE MAD

Out of time, gaining momentum

I turn my the'ries up  I play my proofs out loud  Ex-plain the u-ni-verse in ver-ses, let me show you how

I take e-qua-tions and re-ar-range 'em to chord changes  to court dan-ge-rous i-de-as, let's get to it now!

Tempo, $d = 90$

Music by
MATT HERRERO

Lyrics by
MATT HERRERO & WESTON GAYLORD
I've been staring at the sun a lot lately. Some people laughed at me and said it's gonna make me blind, but I'm gonna risk it. I gotta find out if color, is out in the world, or if it's all in my mind. Black and white, trick of the light I don't know 'bout it, but I gotta keep trying.
looking I gotta keep looking

I'm looking at

sunbeams, what do these images in my eye mean

Nothing like a rainy sky to remind me you shine light through a prism, get a rainbow on the wall...
Funny feeling that's the secret to it all...

Yes! If the angle of refraction is a

quality of the hue, then the prism bends the red a little shallower than the blue. And the
difference in angles is what makes the colors array... But the truth of the matter is
Gravity
03-I Wanna Be Mad

still so far away

Until I get there, 'Til I get there

'Til I get there

I turn my the'ries up

I play my proofs out loud

Explain the universe in verses, let me show you how
I take equations and rearrange 'em to chord changes to court dangerous ideas, let's get to it now!

I do this 'cause I want to know the world. Not because I want the world to know me.
I do this 'cause I need to see the world
Not because I need the world to see me

Something inside, is telling me to keep searching
While the others waste time,

I know I can prove me right, blind them with a

truth so bright to turn the rainbow into white—black and white, trick of the light, sudden flash of insight!
ISAAC: A second prism, upside down, would recombine the spectrum back into white, proving that color is contained not in the prism... but in light itself!

Still got it Who'd have thought it

Yeah who saw it coming But I'm afraid to understand the grand design

I'm gonna have to lose my mind leave reason behind
I was living the dream I had

all that I needed

Back at Cambridge I was free

And my lyrics were breathing

And my proofs were alive

I could hear their hearts beating

But the

plague hit hard

And took the beauty from reason

Now I'm looking for the answers
But they're not looking for me. What the hell am I thinking? Back at home at age twenty three. Thinking's not the problem I can think the day away It's the vision, it's the genius It's the madness I crave I just wanna be mad
I just wanna be mad. I just wanna be mad.

I just wanna be mad. I just wanna be mad.