“I Wanna Be Mad” from *Gravity: A New(tonian) Musical*
*Music by Matt Herrero*  
*Lyrics by Weston Gaylord & Matt Herrero*

ISAAC:
I turn my theories 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’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’ve 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’ve gotta keep looking, I’ve gotta keep looking.
I’m looking at sunbeams,
What do these images in my eye mean?
Nothing like a rainbow in the 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 still so far away.
Until I get there, ‘til I get there, ‘til I get there --

I turn my theories 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 chasing fame and fortune.
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!

*(spoken)*: 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 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
I just wanna be
I just wanna be mad!