

Bo Burnham - Art Is Dead

Tom: Bb

Art is dead, art is dead
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 Entertainers like to seem complicated
 But we're not complicated
 I can explain it pretty easily
 Have you ever been to a birthday party for children
 And one of the children won't stop screaming
 Cause he's just a little attention attractor
 When he grows up to be a comic or actor
 He'll be rewarded for never maturing
 For never understanding or learning
 That every day can't be about him
 There's other people you selfish asshole
 I must be psychotic, I must be demented
 To think that I'm worthy of all this attention
 Of all of this money you worked really hard for
 I slept in late while you worked at the drugstore
 My drug's attention, I am an addict

but I get paid to indulge in my habit
 It's all an illusion, I'm wearing make-up
 I'm wearing make-up, make-up, make-up, make-up
 Art is dead, so people think you're funny
 How do you get those people's money?
 Art is dead, we're rolling in dough
 While Carlin rolls in his grave, in his grave, in his grave
 This show has got a budget, the show has got a budget
 And all the poor people way more deserving of the money won't budge it
 Cause I wanted my name in lights. when I could have fed a family of four
 For forty fucking fortnights, forty fucking fortnights
 I am an artist, please god forgive me
 I am an artist, please don't revere me
 I am an artist, please don't respect me
 I am an artist, feel free to correct me
 A self-centered artist, self-obsessed artist
 I am an artist, I am an artist
 But I'm just a kid, I'm just a kid, im just a kid, kid
 And maybe I'll grow out of it

Acordes

