

# 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

