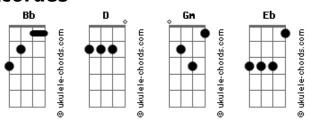


## **Bo Burnham - Art Is Dead**

Tom: Bb Fh Rh D Gm Art is dead, art is dead D Gm Art is dead, art is dead D Entertainers like to seem complicated But we're not complicated D I can explain it pretty easily Bh Have you ever been to a birthday party for children Eb Gm And one of the children won't stop screaming n Cause he's just a little attention attractor Gm When he grows up to be a comic or actor Bb He'll be rewarded for never maturing For never understanding or learning Bh That every day can't be about him Eb There's other people you selfish asshole Bb I must be psychotic, I must be demented Eb 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 Bb My drug's attention, I am an addict

## **Acordes**



```
but I get paid to indulge in my habit
It's all an illusion, I'm wearing make-up
                                                 Fh
                   Gm
I'm wearing 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
           Eb
While Carlin rolls in his grave, in his grave, in his grave
This show has got a budget, the show has got a budget
        Bb
And all the poor people way more deserving of the money won't
budge it
                         Fb
Cause I wanted my name in lights. when I could have fed a
family of four
                                                           Fb
For forty fucking fortnights, forty fucking fortnights
   Bb
I am an artist, please god forgive me
I am an artist, please don't revere me
   Bh
I am an artist, please don't respect me
I am an artist, feel free to correct me
                              D
A self-centered artist, self-obsessed artist
                     Eb
I am an artist, I am an artist
                      Bb
But I'm just a kid, I'm just a kid, im just a kid, kid
       Fb
And maybe I'll grow out of it
```