

Warrant

"Andy Warhol Was Right"

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Twisted little daydreams, memories with pain
Locking me behind the closet door
I will be a good boy, promise, I won't run
Sit quite in my room, playing with my toy gun
Now I'm older but the memories still eat me like
disease
Alone in the darkness, watching you on my TV
Why did God make you so famous, when he only spit
on me?

I want to bathe in your light
I want to be on the news
If I take your life, it's nothing personal
Just a boy and his toy gun dying for attention

Sitting on the steps, the sun is sinking low
The world gets very quiet as the street lamps start to
glow
I step out and I raise my gun, time just seems to slow
For a moment, I can see myself trapped in your
reflection
I'm angry and I'm lonely and I'm dying for attention

I want to bathe in your light
I want to be on the news
If I take your life, it's nothing personal
Just a boy and his toy gun dying for attention

Dying for attention
Mama

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