

Bo Burnham "Art Is Dead"

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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
Cuz 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 drug store

My drug's attention
I am 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

Art is dead
Some people think you're funny
How do we get those people's money?
I said art is dead
We're rolling in dough while Carlin rolls in his grave
His grave
His grave

This show has got a budget
This show has got a budget

And all the poor people way more deserving
Of the money won't budget
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
You're 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
I'm just a kid, kid
And maybe I'll grow out of it.

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