

Sloan "Marcus Said"

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Halloween

The night the artist caused a scene
The night I heard about his queen
I'm just glad my clock was clean

Hit the road
Hit the ceiling
Hit my friends
And watch while it ends

Harder, harder, hardest
I am the artist
That makes it easy for you
To paint you in a corner

Marcus said
Or at least he might have said
I know what it is to be sad
You should see what I once had

Eighty-three
Man that's where I'd like to be
God help me

Harder, harder, hardest
I am the artist
That makes it easy for you
To paint you in a corner

Alcoholic alchemy
Write a song for me
I can turn lead into gold
Just don't let me get old
La, la, la

What I find
Is I can drink until I'm blind
But I don't mind

Have a heart
Just take one look at my art
It should give me amnesty

It means everything to me

Harder, harder, hardest
I am the artist
That makes it easy for you
To paint you in a corner

Alcoholic alchemy
Write a song for me
I have turned lead into gold
How did I get old?

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