

# Tell Me Goodbye

Mac Lethal

Fake laughter  
Fake laughter  
Fake laughter

Yeah, it's funny isn't it

I'm a dark storm cloud that's floatin' over top of suburbia  
I'll bust, if you act all determined  
I'm waterin' my garden with some black bottle bourbon  
So open up and listen to my rag water sermon

The universe is mine, a few disturbing times  
My Ouija board told me I should go back to bed  
So I could sleep some more  
I didn't disagree the world is too gruesome  
I'm far too beautiful to care about the revolution  
So get you're flyer out my face and don't follow me, dipshit  
Your whole entire existence is so opportunistic  
I give a damn about the damage to the body from botox  
Who cares get the fuck off your soapbox  
I got a fresh pair of nike shoes  
And I like 'em so much  
I wanna thank the sweatshops in china too  
Yeah man, it sucks the world is a war  
But what the fuck you preachin' in my face about it for  
I think that it's a cunning motif  
How you be floodin the streets with propaganda  
All about how there's no justice or peace  
But one thing you never mention  
Is how you do it all for your own damn attention  
Come on man, you wanna be an activist be a real activist

Tell me goodbye since you cannot rely  
On sympathy from me cause my tear ducts are dry  
Look in my head for the sadness you seek  
But you won't find a piece that will make you complete  
(2x)

I'm sick of trendy ass political rappers  
Got me scribbling chapters I deliver for the cynical laughter  
Nowadays every god damn little disaster  
Needs a dedication song about it doesn't it (yeah, YES!)  
Yeah man, fight the power fuck the government  
That's a great message but I smell your lies under it  
Yeah I see you acting all conscious gettin passionate in rap songs  
But truth be told you take tragedies and latch on  
Hopin' it'll garter you new fans  
Every other day you probably prayin' when you walk to the newsstand  
That someone had a meltdown and bottom or two  
Blew a head gasket flipped shit and shot up a school  
And not two hours later there's a song up on your website  
All about the tragedy and how you haven't slept right  
And all sorts of other cliches and dry phrases  
You're dancing on corpses hoping to get famous  
... go ahead and cash in your anti-war songs sucks

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How can I eat such a harmless animal  
It's easy first I kill it then I throw it on the grill  
You think I got time to give a fuck about disorder  
When the doctor got me over medicated on these pills  
Call me a lab rat, call me apathetic  
Call me anything you want, call me everything you will  
Just let me have one single day to myself  
So I can fantasize that the chaos is not real  
And...

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