

Art Is Dead

Bo Burnham

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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
Cause 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 hard for
I slept in late while you worked at the drug store
My drug's attention, I am an 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, make-up

Art is dead, so people think you're funny
How do you get those people's money?
I said, art is dead, we're rolling in dough
While Carlin rolls in his grave, in his grave, in his grave

Cause this show has got a budget
The 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, feel 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, kid
And maybe I'll grow out of it