

Light Tunnels

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Last night the sky's turned purple and
Past lives in light tunnels
Light tunnels

In the back of a town car, staring at myself in a tux
Maneuvering through the people out front
Police barricade, orange cones and we're stuck
Twenty minutes late and my manager blowing me up
Security guard in the garage at the entrance
Rolled down the window and showed him our credentials
Turrell flash the pass and he let's us continue
Metal detectors, phone booths and reception
I should be grateful this my nine to five
I walk into the green room, alright, alright
I get on Youtube tryna learn how to tie on my tie
Fuck it, I'll wear the bolo tonight, night, night
I probably shouldn't have done the drugs I've done
A couple of days ago, detox son
I forgot my belt at the hotel
Fuck, now my team all scrambling to help, this sucks
I need something to cope, ain't nothing to cope
I eat a banana and I drink a cup of throat coat
I wish I had the homies with me here but nope
Most of the artists that I know don't get invited to this show
Because success to them determines our value
The make-up, the power, hairspray, perfume, make-up and powder
The ratings come down to who's popular now in the song in the hour
Knock at the door, I let them in, hair and make up now, red carpet in ten
She covers up my freckles, concealer on my chin
I look orange but she swears it looks natural with my skin
The show is starting, they take me to my seat
Walk in the arena building, ego of elites
Like the whole industry is staring at me
A row away from Taylor, two away from Jay and B

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So that's who we are
Just like the stars
Shine your light on
Shine your light on

Curtain opens up, host walks out
We stand in unison and applaud real loud
I watch the other people that have been around for a while
Just excited I got invited, feeling cool in the crowd
Thinking such and such is bold, look at such and such's gold
Damn, such and such in real life, looks really fuckin' old
Such and such is fine, she's with such and such, oh
I'm here but I'm barely even watching the show
Cause tonight we toast to our accomplishments
Insecurity dressed up as confidence
I said tonight we toast to our accomplishments
Insecurity dressed up as confidence
An award is given out, commercial, re-set the scene
They keep saying "coming up soon is the Biebs"

Watch celebrities take selfies with celebrities
It feels so make believe
They want the gossip, they want the drama
They want Britney Spears to make out with Madonna
They want Kanye to rant and to go on longer, cause that equates to more dollars
They want talking topics, they want trending topics
They want outfits to be outlandish, they want sideways glances
Beef and problems, they want nipple slips
Cause they live for clips, this is economics
So we Botox our skin and we smile for the camera
Might as well get a new nose while we're at it
This is America insecurity's our fabric
And we wear it and we renamed it fashion
I look to my right, there's a cameraman snapping
Picture after picture after sister after sister
Of the line of Kardashians, mind so distracted
Realized there's an ovation and everyone's clapping

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It's just weird when the camera's on you
Gotta remember to still clap if I lose
I see myself up on the screen
Split into five different artists on TV
And just look normal, don't get turned into a meme
Relax, breathe
(And the award goes to: Macklemore and Ryan Lewis)
Me
There's a stranger holding my award
I give her an awkward hug she says "It's yours"
Think I'm supposed to kiss her on the cheek
Man, I should have prepared an acceptance speech
Do I talk first? Is it Ryan? Is it me?
Fuck it, I'll take the lead, grab the mic, say my piece
Do I look at camera one? Do I look at camera three?
I promise, I'm honored, I'd like to thank God, my momma and father
I'd like to thank Tricia, the mother of my daughter
I couldn't have done it without you all in my corner
Especially the fans, been here since the beginning
Supported the music, allowed us to be independent
And I know, I shouldn't be long-winded
Wait, hold up, don't play the music, let me finish
This feels so narcissistic, dressed as a celebration to conceal it's a business
Me, me, me, my, my image, my, my songs, my self interest
One big reality show that is scripted
And I can keep trying or get off the competition
I'd rather run out of my fifteen minutes
Than have life past me by and I forget to live it
But that doesn't mean retirement
But I don't like who I am in this environment
I forgot what this art's for
I didn't get through Freshman year to drop out as a Sophomore
Here I am in this arena, yeah, I'm scared
I got the people's attention, don't wanna lose it here
Thinking about my career, miserable here

But wanna make sure I'm invited next year
To the same damn party, celebrities and isle
Same blank stares, same fake smiles
Same big budget production
I know now who I am when the lights go out and it falls down
And the curtain closes, nobody notices
Wanted to throw up the Roc, wanted to be Hova
Wanted to be Wayne with the accent from the NOLA
Thought I'd feel better when the award show was over

But I guess I showed up late
Almost got cut off when they closed the gate
Just in time, what will I say?
Time to explain this unruly mess I've made
Ay, I guess I showed up late
Almost got cut off when they closed the gate
Just in time, what will I say?
Time to explain this unruly mess I've made