

# Andy Warhol Was Right

## Warrant

Twisted little daydreams,  
Memories with pain  
Locking me behind the closet door  
I will be a good boy  
Promise I won't run  
Sit quiet in my room  
Playing with my toy gun

Now I'm older but the memories  
Still eat me like disease  
Alone and in the darkness  
Watching you on my tv  
Why did god make you so famous  
When he only spit on me

I wanna bathe in your life  
I wanna be on the news  
If I take your life  
It's nothing personal  
Just a boy and his toy gun  
Dying for attention

Sitting on the steps  
The sun is sinking low  
The world gets very quiet  
As the streetlamps start to glow  
Step out and I raise my gun  
Time just seems to slow

For a moment I can see myself  
Trapped in your reflection  
I'm angry and I'm lonely  
And I'm dying for attention

I wanna bathe in your life  
I wanna be on the news  
If I take your life  
It's nothing personal  
Just a boy and his toy gun  
Dying for attention

Mama