

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