

Artist: warrant

Title: Andy Warhol Was Right

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Twisted Little Daydreams
Memories with pain
Locking me behind the closet door

I will be a good boy
Promise I wont run
Sit quite in my room
Playing with my toy gun

Now I'm older but the memories
still eat me like disease.
Alone in the darkness
watching you on my t.v.
Why did God make you so famous
when he only spit on me.

I want to bathe in your light.
I want to be on the news.
If I take your life
its nothing personal.
Just a boy and his toy gun
dying for attention.

I'm sitting on the steps.
The sun is sinking low.
The world gets very quiet
as the street lamps start to glow.
I 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 want to bathe in your light.
I want to be on the news.
If I take your life
its nothing personal.
Just a boy and his toy gun
dying for attention.

Dying for attention.

Mama