

I Shot Andy Warhol

Head Automatica

You want a medal
For the things you've done
Well prizes don't come around
As easy as you want em now
You want a mountain with your face engraved
So everybody in the world can see the face of nothing changed
Hip hip hooray you're our saving grace
Here's to you and your poker face
Hip hip hooray you're our saving grace
Here's to you
You want a monument erected in your name
And odds are we will tear it down
When you leave as quickly as you came
You want a place in the history books
But noone has changed history
With double talk and dirty looks
Hip hip hooray you're our saving grace
Here's to you and your poker face
Hip hip hooray you're our saving grace
Here's to you
You heighten yourself to lower the blame
And you martyr yourself to heighten the fame
And you lower yourself to draw the compassion
Here's to you
You want a medal for the things you've done
But if you ever really did a damn thing
We would've gave you one
You want a mountain with your face engraved
So everyone will know the face when approached by to run away
Hip hip hooray you're our saving grace
Here's to you and your poker face
Hip hip hooray you're our saving grace
Here's to you
Hip hip hooray you're our saving grace
Here's to you and your poker face
Hip hip hooray you're our saving grace
Here's to you

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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