

# Art Is Dead

## Bo Burnham

Art is dead, art is dead  
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Entertainers like to seem complicated  
But we're not complicated  
I can explain it pretty easily  
Have you ever been to a birthday party for children  
And one of the children won't stop screaming  
Cause he's just a little attention attractor  
When he grows up to be a comic or actor  
He'll be rewarded for never maturing  
For never understanding or learning  
That every day can't be about him  
There's other people you selfish asshole  
I must be psychotic, I must be demented  
To think that I'm worthy of all this attention  
Of all of this money you worked hard for  
I slept in late while you worked at the drug store  
My drug's attention, I am an addict  
But I get paid to indulge in my habit  
It's all an illusion, I'm wearing make-up

I'm wearing make-up, make-up, make-up, make-up  
Art is dead, so people think you're funny  
How do you get those people's money?  
I said, art is dead, we're rolling in dough  
While Carlin rolls in his grave, in his grave, in his grave  
Cause this show has got a budget  
The show has got a budget  
And all the poor people way more deserving of the money won't budget  
Cause I wanted my name in lights  
When I could have fed a family of four  
For forty fucking fortnights, forty fucking fortnights  
I am an artist, please god forgive me  
I am an artist, please don't revere me  
I am an artist, please don't respect me  
I am an artist, feel free to correct me  
A self-centered artist, self-obsessed artist  
I am an artist, I am an artist  
But I'm just a kid, I'm just a kid, kid

And maybe I'll grow out of it

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