

# 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 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 TV  
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, 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 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, it's nothing personal  
Just a boy and his toy gun dying for attention  
Dying for attention  
Mama

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