

**Art Is Dead**  
**Bo Burnham**

Tune 1/2 a step down

(The whole song is actually just based on four chords which are continually in the following order)

**F A Dm Bb**

[Verse]

Art is dead, art is dead  
Art is dead, art is dead  
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?  
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  
Well 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, people 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-possessed 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