

# MACKLEMORE, Light Tunnels

Last night the skies turned purple  
And past lives in light tunnels  
Light tunnels

In the back of a town car, staring at myself in a tux  
Maneuvering through the people out front  
Police barricade, orange cones and we're stuck  
Twenty minutes late and my manager blowing me up  
Security guard in the garage at the entrance  
We roll down the window and show him our credentials  
Terrell flash the pass and he lets us continue  
Metal detectors, phone losing reception  
I should be grateful this my nine to five  
I walk into the green room, alright, alright  
I get on YouTube tryna learn how to tie on my tie  
Fuck it, I'll wear the bolo tonight, night, night  
I probably shouldn't have done the drugs I've done  
A couple of days ago, detox son  
I forgot my belt at the hotel  
Fuck, now my team all scrambling to help, this sucks  
I need something to cope, ain't nothing to cope  
I eat a banana and I drink a cup of Throat Coat  
I wish I had the homies with me here but nope  
Most of the artists that I know don't get invited to this show  
Because success to them determines our value  
The make-up, the power, the hairspray, perfume, make-up and powder  
The ratings come down to who's popular now in the song in the hour  
Knock at the door, I let them in, hair and make-up now, red carpet in ten  
She covers up my freckles, concealer on my chin  
I look orange but she swears that it's natural with my skin  
The show is starting, they take me to my seat  
Walk in the arena, feel the ego of elites  
Like the whole industry is staring at me  
A row away from Taylor, two away from Jay and Bey

Last night the skies turned purple and  
Past lives in light tunnels  
Light tunnels  
So that's who we are  
Just like the stars  
Shine your light on  
Shine your light on

Curtain opens up, host walks out  
We stand in unison and applaud real loud  
I watch the other people that have been around for a while  
Just excited I got invited, feeling cool in the crowd  
Thinking such and such is bold, look at such and such's gold  
Damn, such and such in real life, looks really fuckin' old  
Such and such is fine, she's with such and such, oh  
I'm here but I'm barely even watching the show  
'Cause tonight we toast to our accomplishments  
Insecurity dressed up as confidence  
I said tonight we toast to our accomplishments  
Insecurity dressed up as confidence  
An award is given out, commercial, re-set the scene  
They keep saying, "Coming up soon is the Biebs."  
Watch celebrities take selfies with celebrities  
It feels so make-believe  
They want the gossip, they want the drama  
They want Britney Spears to make out with Madonna  
They want Kanye to rant and to go on longer, 'cause that equates to more dollars  
They want talking topics, they want trending topics  
They want outfits to be outlandish, they want sideways glances

Beef and problems, they want nipple slips  
'Cause they live for clicks, this is economics  
So we Botox our skin and we smile for the camera  
Might as well get a new nose while we're at it  
This is America insecurity's our fabric  
And we wear it and we renamed it fashion  
I look to my right, there's a cameraman snapping  
Picture after picture after sister after sister  
Of the line of Kardashians, mind so distracted  
Realized there's an ovation and everyone's clapping

Last night the skies turned purple and  
Past lives in light tunnels  
Light tunnels  
So that's who we are  
Just like the stars  
Shine your light on  
Shine your light on

It's just weird when the camera's on you  
Gotta remember to still clap if I lose  
I see myself on the screen  
Split into five different artists on TV  
Just look normal, don't get turned into a meme  
Relax, breathe  
(And the award goes to Macklemore and Ryan Lewis)  
Me  
There's a stranger holding my award  
I give her an awkward hug she says, "It's yours"  
Think I'm supposed to kiss her on the cheek  
Man, I should have prepared an acceptance speech  
Do I talk first? Is it Ryan? Is it me?  
Fuck it, I'll take the lead, grab the mic, say my piece  
Do I look at camera one? Do I look at camera three?  
I promise, I'm honored, I'd like to thank God, my mamma and father  
I'd like to thank Tricia, the mother of my daughter  
I couldn't have done it without you all in my corner  
Especially the fans, been here since the beginning  
Supported the music, allowed us to be independent  
And I know, I shouldn't be long-winded  
Wait, hold up, don't play the music, let me finish  
This feels so narcissistic, dressed as a celebration to conceal it's a business  
Me, me, me, my, my image, my, my songs, my self-interest  
One big reality show that is scripted  
And I can keep trying or get off the competition  
I'd rather run out of my fifteen minutes  
Than have life past me by and I forget to live it  
But that doesn't mean retirement  
But I don't like who I am in this environment  
I forgot what this art's for  
I didn't get through freshman year to drop out as a sophomore  
Here I am in this arena, yeah, I'm scared  
I got the people's attention, don't wanna lose it here  
Thinking about my career, miserable here  
But wanna make sure I'm invited next year  
To the same damn party, celebrities and isle  
Same blank stares, same fake smiles  
Same big-budget production  
I know now who I am when the lights go out and it falls down  
And the curtain closes, nobody notices  
Wanted to throw up the Roc, wanted to be Hova  
Wanted to be Wayne with the accent from the NOLA  
Thought I'd feel better when the award show was over

But I guess I showed up late

Almost got cut off when they closed the gate  
Just in time, what will I say?  
Time to explain this unruly mess I've made  
Ay, I guess I showed up late  
Almost got cut off when they closed the gate  
Just in time, what will I say?  
Time to explain this unruly mess I've made