

# Murs & Slug, I Shot a Warhol

I shot a Warhol  
Dead with my pistol  
When the wind hit the hole  
In the canvas it whistled  
Beautiful with no frame  
A face with no name  
Glass full of cold fame  
Chased it with slow pain

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Nostrils of cocaine  
Cocktail and kill time  
Scenes from a bad film  
Lived out in real time  
Who plays the hero  
Which one's the victim  
Violent and fearful  
They find their positions

Pride and ambition, the enemies inside you  
Tendencies to listen, even when you're lied to  
Pry through the details  
Unmask the myth  
Try to impress the cast  
With acid trips  
Mash your lips against a cold hard bottle of  
Washed up stars and old role models

She loves the sorrow  
So much that she swallows  
But talk to tomorrow  
Which walk will she follow  
Everybody needs to be appreciated  
Execute him for the masterpiece that he created  
Death of a sales martyr  
Fire starter  
If the hate doesn't make you wanna die  
Try harder

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No game to rise to  
The coke side blinds you  
Hope with no aim  
And its the fuel that you "Eye" to  
Steady with that rifle  
Pointed at your idle  
Open up the spot  
With each fallen rival

This is the cycle  
Replace the A-list  
The next batch of faces  
Can come hate the famous

Everybody thinks that what they make is golden  
When Lennon got shot  
There were thoughts of holding  
What'cha gonna do to impress the bitch  
Which slow blow gets picked  
When you get that itch

If they notice  
That you're climbing to the focus  
Surround yourself with soldiers  
and like minded moments  
Dark sticks, in whoever heart's the biggest  
Eye of the beholder  
Is dark, cold and vicious  
She loves you  
Because she loves image  
Let's tear it all apart  
From the start to the finish

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It's nothing but a slow pulse  
If you just stop feeling it  
Your friends and your folks  
Can't adjust to what you're dealing with  
Accustomed to trust  
Now the lust got you killing it  
Eyes wide shut  
Now your fucked  
No healing it

Travel down the barrel towards the light  
Once in open space  
it's easy to lose sight  
Don't look down  
You're bound to fall flat  
If you do hit the ground  
You're bound to bounce back

The sound track  
She hated every single song  
But everybody else  
Seemed to wanna sing along  
Bring along  
The belief that every thing is wrong  
We all break down in front of God  
Before the break of dawn

Silence  
Open up the eyelids  
To sex, drugs, and violence  
Movies, songs, books  
Everything is based on it  
So we stay on it  
Got a bullet with your face on it

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