

Psychostick, Fake My Own Death And Go Platinum

Well you see
I wanna sell a million records
but my music sucks
so what am I to do?

They say an artist is appreciated after he's dead
I have no talent but
I bet that it's still true!

The lyrics all suck and
the chords are too funky
We're on a major label
'cause we're just plain lucky

We sold 4 albums
to our own mothers
we have a few supporters
but there aren't many others!

[Chorus]
What if I could live
if they all would think I'm dead
oh just what if I could have my
cake and eat it too

I'd be set for life
no more struggles no more strife
let the money do the talking
I'm a dead man walking!
[end of chorus]

Kill myself
and all our record sales will shoot up
like an addict
or that poser Eminem

Make it mystery
and let them spot me just like Elvis
it wouldn't matter
cause I'd still be dead to them

I'd simply sit back in
a house all secluded
out in the forest
self sufficient (pool included)

Let my name take the place of Fred Durst
I could have it all
if my label doesn't kill me first

[Chorus]