

Sloan, Marcus Said

Halloween
The night the artist caused a scene
The night I heard about his queen
I'm just glad my clock was clean

Hit the road
Hit the ceiling
Hit my friends
And watch while it ends

Harder harder hardest
I am the artist
That makes it easy for you
To paint you in a corner

Marcus said
Or at least he might have said
I know what it is to be sad
You should see what I once had

Eighty-three
Man that's where I'd like to be
God help me

Harder harder hardest
I am the artist
That makes it easy for you
To paint you in a corner

Alcoholic alchemy
Write a song for me
I can turn lead into gold
Just don't let me get old
La la la...

What I find
Is I can drink until I'm blind
But I don't mind

Have a heart
Just take one look at my art
It should give me amnesty
It means everything to me

Harder harder hardest
I am the artist
That makes it easy for you
To paint you in a corner

Alcoholic alchemy
Write a song for me
I have turned lead into gold
How did I get old?