

# 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?