

# I Shot a Warhol

## Felt

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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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>