

Murderer

grandson

I got sunshine when you're near
All my problems disappear
When you're gone, I'm back to blue
Tell me, what's the point of living
In a world so unforgiving?
What's the point of living without you?

I just wanna be a rock star with a million people followin'
Need you to like me so I keep bottlin' bad thoughts
Swallowin' pills, still wallowin'
Thrills feel hollow, obsessed with success
Made a next-up list, got a song goin' viral
I'm backstage at a show with my rival
But I'm a phony, I'm a psycho
My ego follows me wherever I go (Go)
Sign the dotted line on the contract
Half a million advance, givin' me a chance
Want it so bad, it takes all control of me
Nobody from back in the day can get a hold of me now
Mom and dad are totally proud
I come home to Toronto, it's a sold-out crowd
But there ain't nobody showin' me how
And when you're this high up, it's a long way down

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Second song flopped, get dropped
Thought that I was on top
Now I watch as all of these kids pass me
He's more young, he's more handsome
I get mad, I throw tantrums
I was the man last week
The algorithm is against me
My content ain't gettin' seen, it upsets me
"Didn't you know all of this pop-punk sells?"
I wanna unload all of these shotgun shells
If Sean Evans don't let me onto Hot Ones
I'ma give him hell, kill him and kill myself
Don't know how to heal myself
Shit, I don't even know if I'm still myself
YUNGBLUD and MGK, they better give me a feature
Or they'll be comin' with me to the reaper
Travis, you didn't share the song neither
Thought I was in the game, I'm sittin' on the bleachers
Well, I'm sick of bein' underrated
I'd rather be the one that faded
I'm the best of a generation
Guess I gotta die to get my celebration
I'm sick of this pretend alternative
Don't care if I offend conservatives
This the rock album of the year, I'm sure of it
So why the fuck hasn't anybody heard of it?

Sad to reflect on the lack of respect
That I have for the things that I have, I'm a wreck
It ain't gonna change for a bag or a check
The hole in my soul keeps rackin' up debt
But it's too late for me, I shoulda learned earlier
Mom's gotta bury her son, she's such a worrier
Send a message to my fans, direct courier
Tune in live for suicide, I'm a murderer

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It was a mid-summer's day, rainin' steadily
When they came to reclaim the disgraced celebrity
Toxicology found medicated heavily
Oxytocin and weed, cocaine, amphetamines
Friends and family horrified
Online, he was glorified
More plays on his Spotify
Some even thought that he was still alive
Couple copycat suicides that was ill-advised
We ignored his cries and pleas until we posted his RIPs, it's ironic
That attention, he got high for it
To live forever, he had to die for it
Or so he thought 'cause a couple months go on
Forgotten for the new kid in town, so forth, so on
Another sob story when a star can't handle it
Lost angel fallen in Los Angeles