

Tell Me Goodbye

Mac Lethal

Fake laughter
Fake laughter
Fake laughter

Yeah, it's funny isn't it

I'm a dark storm cloud that's floatin' over top of suburbia
I'll bust, if you act all determined
I'm waterin' my garden with some black bottle bourbon
So open up and listen to my rag water sermon

The universe is mine, a few disturbing times
My Ouija board told me I should go back to bed
So I could sleep some more
I didn't disagree the world is too gruesome
I'm far too beautiful to care about the revolution
So get you're flyer out my face and don't follow me, dipshit
Your whole entire existence is so opportunistic
I give a damn about the damage to the body from botox
Who cares get the fuck off your soapbox
I got a fresh pair of nike shoes
And I like 'em so much
I wanna thank the sweatshops in china too
Yeah man, it sucks the world is a war
But what the fuck you preachin' in my face about it for
I think that it's a cunning motif
How you be floodin the streets with propaganda
All about how there's no justice or peace
But one thing you never mention
Is how you do it all for your own damn attention
Come on man, you wanna be an activist be a real activist

Tell me goodbye since you cannot rely
On sympathy from me cause my tear ducts are dry
Look in my head for the sadness you seek
But you won't find a piece that will make you complete
(2x)

I'm sick of trendy ass political rappers
Got me scribbling chapters I deliver for the cynical laughter
Nowadays every god damn little disaster
Needs a dedication song about it doesn't it (yeah, YES!)
Yeah man, fight the power fuck the government
That's a great message but I smell your lies under it
Yeah I see you acting all conscious gettin passionate in rap songs
But truth be told you take tragedies and latch on
Hopin' it'll garter you new fans
Every other day you probably prayin' when you walk to the newsstand
That someone had a meltdown and bottom or two
Blew a head gasket flipped shit and shot up a school
And not two hours later there's a song up on your website
All about the tragedy and how you haven't slept right
And all sorts of other cliches and dry phrases
You're dancing on corpses hoping to get famous
... go ahead and cash in your anti-war songs sucks

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How can I eat such a harmless animal
It's easy first I kill it then I throw it on the grill
You think I got time to give a fuck about disorder
When the doctor got me over medicated on these pills
Call me a lab rat, call me apathetic
Call me anything you want, call me everything you will
Just let me have one single day to myself
So I can fantasize that the chaos is not real
And...

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