

# The B-52s, Deadbeat Club

"Huh, get a job!"  
"What for?"  
"I'm trying to think..."

I was good, I could talk  
A mile a minute,  
On this caffeine buzz I was on  
We were really hummin'  
We would talk every day for hours  
We belong to the deadbeat club

Anyway we can,  
We're gonna find something  
We'll dance in the garden  
In torn sheets in the rain

We're the deadbeat club  
We're the deadbeat club

Going down to Allen's for  
A twenty-five cent beer  
And the jukebox playing real loud,  
"96 Tears"  
We're wild girls walkin' down the street  
Wild girls and boys going out for a big time

Let's go crash that party down  
In Normaltown tonight  
Then we'll go skinny-dippin'  
In the moonlight  
We're wild girls walkin' down the street  
Wild girls and boys going out for a big time

Anyway we can  
We're gonna find something  
We'll dance in the garden  
In torn sheets in the rain

We're the deadbeat club  
We're the deadbeat club

Oh no! Here they come  
The members of the deadbeat club