

They Might Be Giants, Hey, Mr. DJ, I Thought You

I could never sleep my way to the top
'Cause my alarm clock always wakes me right up
And since my options had been whittled away
I struck a bargain with my radio DJ
I said I'd like this song to be number one
He said "I'd really really like to help you my son"
And then I knew that I would have him to thank
Because he asked me how much I had in the bank

He said to think long term investment and
That all the others had forgiven themselves
He said the net reward would justify
The colossal mess they'd made of their lives

He said the record wouldn't have to be hot
And no one ever seemed to care if it's not
It would depend on something else that I've got
And that the other ones who'd given it a shot
Had seen a modest sum grow geometrically
And then they had forgiven themselves
Because the net reward had justified
The colossal mess they'd made of their lives*

Hey Mr. DJ, I thought you said we had a deal
I thought you said, "You scratch my back and I'll scratch your record"
And I thought you said we had a deal

Well, I told you about the world (its address)
I wonder when they're gonna clean up the mess
You know the rabid child is still tuning in
Chess piece face's patience must be wearing thin
Because they haven't played this song on the air
Not that anyone but me even cared
And the Disk Jockey has moved out of town
The district courthouse says he's nowhere to be found

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