

## **B-52s**

# **"Deadbeat Club"**

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Ha, get 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'll dance in the garden  
In torn sheets in the rain  
In the rain

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

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  
"Ninety-six tears"  
We're wild girls walkin' down the street  
Wild girls and boys going out for a big time

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

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

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'll dance in the garden  
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We're the deadbeat club  
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Oh no! Here they come  
The members of the deadbeat club

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