

MC Lars "Signing Emo"

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Once upon a time, in the city of Los Angeles
"Marty, Marty, listen to me
Bring me something the kids will cry for
Get out there, and get us stoked"

Meet Marty, Major Label, A and R scout
Forty years old, gut hangin' out
Red Ferrari, Marty livin' in L.A.
Bumps another line to get through the day

Dumped by his girl, he paid for her liposuction
His friends call him "Money", in his introduction
And Marty knows nothin' but claims to know it all
Lose the flat screen TV if he drops the ball

You're as good as your last hit, find the next big thing
If he doesn't bring the bling, his cell phone won't ring
What's the trend? What's new?
What's a label scout to do? Office life, Marty 11:32

The label pres, calls and yells, "Sign more Emo"
How about screamo? "If it sells, sign Nemo"
"We're down 2 percent and BMG knows
My daughter likes Dashboard, so get me one of those"

He checks AP.net, the Scout and more
Yelling band names to his assistant through the door
The kids like this, "Who cares if it's great?"
So he signs a band called Hearts that Hate
"Marty, we've got a hit"

Cry tonight
My hands around your hands, I won't let you
Die tonight
My heart's in your hands, I won't let you

Hearts that Hate, Marty goes to their show
Up in the club and here we go
Marty sees a girl in a Simple Plan shirt
With a Senses Fail boy and that'll never work

He finds his label friends in the corner they huddle

An Emo cattle auction, they penetrate the bubble
They talk about Victory and signing TBS
Dissing the same bands they just tried to impress

So the lights go down, the crowd starts to scream
Hearts that Hate have hit the scene
Blake on vocals and lead guitar
He does a back flip, "Look how different we are"

They show up at the studio to record it
A TRL, Billboard Modern Rock hit
They auto tune Blake, but he can't tell
He says, "I've got perfect pitch, damn I sing well"

ProTools, Logic, cut, copy, paste
Quantized solos and quantized bass
Signed, sealed, deliver and sent
Across the U.S. and the single went

Cry tonight
My hands around your hands, I won't let you
Die tonight
My heart's in your hands, I won't let you die

Momentum builds, but it all caves in
Industrial comes back, the press needs a NIN
Marty finds a new band called "Fetal Coil"
And Hearts that Hate try to keep their fans loyal

They rework their sound for album number two
As "Machines of Hate," but their career is through
They break up and work pushin' mops and brooms
Blake gives guitar lessons in his living room
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"Can you teach me track five Mr. Blake?"
"Hey, I wrote that song and it goes like this"

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Die tonight
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