They Might Be Giants "Hey, Mr. Dj, I Thought You Said We Had A Deal"

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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

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

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

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