

## Hold Steady, The "Most People Are Djs"

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Well, hold steady Ybor City  
You're up to your neck in the sweat and wet confetti  
If you want to get a little bit light in the heady  
It's gonna have to get a little bit heavy

They're jamming jetskis into the jetty now  
With some guy who looks like Rocco Siffredi  
And I've heard he's been dead once already

It's going down right now in Lowertown  
They're skipping off the good ship U.S.S.S.S.S.S.S.S.  
Sexuality  
Searching for the merchant with the five second  
delivery

They're slipping soft rock into their setlist now  
They got some new guy that looks just like Phil Lynott  
We're stumbling but I think we're still in it

It's a big world, girl, and I can't understand it  
We're tiny white specks in a bright blue planet

I was a teenage ice machine  
I kept it cool in coolers and I drank until I dreamed  
And when I dream I always dream about the scene  
All these kids they look like little lambs looking up at  
me

I was a Twin Cities trash bin  
I did everything they'd give me  
I'd jam it into my system

She got me cornered by the kitchen  
I said I'll do anything but listen  
To some weird-talking chick who just can't understand  
That we're hot soft spots on a hard rock planet

Baby take off your beret  
Everyone's a critic and most people are DJs  
And everything gets played

Working backwards from the doctor to the drugs  
From the packie to the taxi to the cabbie to the club  
A thousand kids will fall in love in all these clubs tonight  
A thousand other kids will end up gushing blood  
tonight  
Two thousand kids won't get all that much sleep tonight  
Two thousand kids they still feel pretty sweet tonight  
Yeah, and I still feel pretty sweet

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