

Most People Are DJs

The Hold Steady

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.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