

# Hey, Mr. Dj, I Thought You Said We Had A Deal

They Might Be Giants

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

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