

I was scanning through the stations
Every channel sounded clear
With tempo like a timepiece
You know you are on a grid you just slide the snare
No worries for admission
Cause we got you on the list
But when your boy found out we don't put out
You know his face turned red and he got so pissed

Now there is a message on my cell phone everyday
"Hi, this is Luke Wood from DreamWorks"
"This is Joel Mark from MCA"

Capitol!
Send the A&R with a firm offer
Interscope!
If the answer is no you can write your own
But the frenzy Britt warned me of has begun
Their cash cow killed himself so they're looking for the next one
I was glancing through a glossy
I had to scribble out my face
Because I'm always self-effacing
Or I'm just arrogant I guess they both are fake
Like when you listen back on headphones
With a trickle in you throat
You know its hard to sing and I've been struggling
But with some Auto-Tune I can hit the note

So it's 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8
"You know that first note was flat but the rest I think sounded great"

Capitol!
Trash the mobile home at the festival
Interscope!
Throw that big TV off the balcony
Cause the excess excess is drying up
So when the bottom drops out boys we will be the lucky ones