

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