

Deadbeat Hits

Futurebirds

The night's smoking like you'll never turn in
Thus was born another deadbeat boyfriend
Living, breathing scum
Afloat on insufficient funds

It's a heavy moon and you're writing for it
But you ain't nothing til the sun adores ya
Just give the folks what they need
And you can make the checks out to me

Between you and me, it just may be
Sick company

Everybody's chasing that goose who's slingin'
Those chart-topping golden yolks
A grand buffet of FM waves
And you can stuff yourself until you choke
Can't you hear them coming for you?
Those deadbeat hits are gonna floor you

I want to drink from the most epic chorus
Wearing suits custom tailored for us
Drinking top-shelf for free
Throw off those grips of reality

So don't worry if your moon goes unheard
Because you'll be hangin' it on every record
How could it wrong?
If the whole world's singing along?

Between you and me, it just may be
Sick company