

We Make Hits

Yard Act

(Watch me now)

I let my friend live upstairs in the spare room for a minute
He needed space and he paid, never relayed to our letting agent that we did it

(That's illegal)

I sublet, yeah, I admit it, document on tape

The greatest crime this nation's saving grace devised and then committed

I just wanna make a point

That the culture would've died

And post-punk's latest poster boys wouldn't have got to ride

On the coattails of the dead

And claim that their derision is a vehicle for their vision of subverting it instead

Now subliminal exposure is exploding in your head

'Cause you know that we were goading ya

Yeah, one night up in the attic listening to Grammys

Drinking cans and shooting the shit

We reeled off all of our hopes and dreams and made a list

And there was one singular ambition we had

That most musicians of our ilk aren't willing to admit

And it was to this mantra we would commit

We make hits

Two broke millennial men

And we'd do it again

Every night on the back of the bus

You know it ain't no fuss

We're on the same wage

And we ain't afraid to get paid on stage

Fan fiction caught in the act is a fact

If you get your back backed up at that

You won't be missed (Watch me now)

Now we make hits

(But not hits like Nile Rodgers)

(Just that we ain't hook dodgers)

We make hits, we make hits

Right, so when we were done kissing

We finally formed this band

And we signed to a subsidiary of Universal, Inc

Because the water keeps on rising

And we know there's no surprising

Anyone with eyes and ears 'round here

That we're all gonna sink

And we just wanna have some fun before we're sunk

And if that's the attitude you exude, then you know you're really—

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Two broke millennial men

And we'd do it again

Every night on the back of the bus

You know it ain't no fuss

We're on the same wage
And we ain't afraid to get paid on stage
Fan fiction caught in the act is a fact
If you get your back backed up at that

You won't be missed (Watch me now)
Now we make hits
(But not hits like Nile Rodgers)
(Just that we ain't hook dodgers)
We make hits, we make hits

I'm still an anti-C-A-P-I-T-A-L-I-S-T
It just so happens that there's other things I happen to be
So I'm gonna keep flinging shit until enough of it sticks
(Break down the walls)
And if it's not a hit, we were being ironic
Yeah