

# Classy Plastic Lumber

## Modest Mouse

You go right through me  
I go right through but I'm about to  
Go on reminding you  
I am about to see you through it Your mouth, not mind is open wide  
You don't have a clue  
I, I am a reminder  
He's got a voice so talk to yourself So lift the bad weight off your mullet  
And let the thoughts fall off your tongue  
'Cause I'm callin', callin', callin'  
I've never written to anyone So this is about ugly lovers  
And this is about pretty songs  
'Cause I'm a bastard, bastard, bastard  
In my lipstick I'm so much fun Connect your wood feet to a motor  
And the chrome dance trophy is won  
A little classy plastic lumber  
I'm embarrassed but I ain't that stunned Looks like the humans' days are numbered  
That's a sitcom that was number one  
'Cause we're a past tense late rate mowers  
They must've thoroughly failed to convince us  
Not to mess this place up

Lyrics provided by

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