

Plastic Sun

Sonic Youth

Plastic girl with plastic gun
Plastic smile under plastic sun
You burn my heart with your frigid stare
Rip me off with your greasy hair
I hate you and your fishy friends
I hate you and it never ends
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Plastic smile under plastic sun
You burn my heart with your frigid stare
Rip me off with your greasy hair
I hate you and your fishy friends
I hate you and it never ends
(Tired)Tired of the times I wound up dead
Tired of the dogs inside your head
Tired of the needles beside your bed
Tired of the crap you keep me fed
Tired of the people you keep misled
Your blood is turning my blue eyes red
Get your hands off my tomato
Cherry juice on a rotten potato
Subway slasher is on my ass
Steals my money and smokes my grass
Watch your back or your dead meat baby
Throw the dog a bone and you still get rabies

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