

Plastic Fantastic Lover

Jefferson Airplane

Her neon mouth with a bleeding talk smile
Is nothing but electric sign
You could say she has an individual style
She's a part of a colorful time Super-sealed lady, chrome-color clothes
You wear 'cause you have no other
But I suppose no one knows
You're my plastic fantastic lover Your rattlin' cough never shuts off
Is nothing but a used machine
Your aluminum finish, slightly diminished
Is the best I've ever seen Cosmetic baby, plug into me
And never, ever find another
And I realize no one's wise
To my plastic fantastic lover The electrical dust is starting to rust
Her trapezoid thermometer taste
All the red tape is mechanical rape
Of the TV program waste Data control and I.B.M.
Science is mankind's brother
But all I see is draining me
On my plastic fantastic lover

Songwriters

MARTY BALIN Published by

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