

Italian Plastic

Crowded House

I bring you plates from Rome
You say they look fantastic
I say we're having fun
Nothing like that Italian plastic I bring you rocks and flowers
You say they look pathetic
You pick me up at night
I don't feel pathetic When you wake up with me
I'll be your glass of water uh huh
When you stick up for me
Then you're my bella bambina I say we're on a trip
Look's like we're on vacation
I say we're having fun
In our little constellation When you wake up with me
I'll be your glass of water uh huh
When you stick up for me Then I'll be your bella bambino, your man from the moon
I'll be your little boy running with that egg on his spoon
I'll be your soul survivor, your worst wicked friend
I'll be your piggy in the middle, stick with you till the end When you wake up with me
I'll be your glass of water uh huh
When you stick up for me
Then you're my bella bambina Who ya gonna take to the ball tonight?
Who ya gonna take to the dance tonight?
Who ya gonna take to the ball tonight?
Who ya gonna take to the dance tonight, tonight, tonight?

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