

# Plastique

## D.R.I.

I think of things that bring people down  
I'm the type of person no one wants around  
Everyone stares at me wherever I go  
They all suck, what do they know?  
They're living inside a designer world  
A fresh and clean pretty little world  
Reality to them is a new pair of shoes  
And trying ten pair before they choose  
I think of things that bring people down  
Out of the clouds and back to the ground  
Where the fish lie belly up in black water  
Where the boy next door is fucking your dog  
Your living inside a plastique world  
Slick and modern pseudo world  
Where what you want is what you get  
Package after package of plastique shit

Lyrics provided by  
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