Steel and Glass

John Lennon

(This is a story about your friend and mine
Who is it, who is it, who is it?)There you stand with your L.A. tan
And your New York walk and your New York talk
You're mother left you when you were small
But you're gonna wish you wasn't born at allSteel and glass [Repeat: x4]Your phone don't ring no one answers your call
How does it feel to be off the wallWell your mouthpiece squawks as he spreads your lies
But you can't pull strings if your hands are tied
Well your teeth are clean but your mind is capped
You leave your smell like an alley catSteel and glass [Repeat: x4]

Songwriters
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