

# Plastic Stress

## Terranova

Oh, I'm on my own, I danced to the traffic  
You know that, you've been there  
And oh just out of me  
I'm here, I screamI need to renew I start with my shoes  
I buy some new high  
When I fall off I cry  
When you follow you dieOh, I could be you, how much of you?  
How much of you is true?  
Sometimes I triple, how happy we could be  
I'm two or threeI double myself  
I trouble myselfLove, love  
Love in the middle of the fire fight  
Love in the middle of the fire fightLove in the middle of the fire fight  
Love in the middle of the fire fight  
Love, loveLove  
Everybody's waiting  
Everybody's something  
Plastic stressLove  
Everybody's waiting  
Everybody's something  
Plastic stressI double myself  
I trouble myself  
I double myself  
I trouble myself  
Plastic stress

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