

# 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  
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  
When you stick up for me  
Then I'll be your Bella Bambina, 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  
When you stick up for me  
The you're my Bella Bambina  
Who you gonna take to the ball tonight?  
Who you gonna take to the dance tonight?  
Who you gonna take to the dance tonight?  
Who you gonna take to the dance tonight, tonight, tonight?  
Who you gonna take to the ball tonight?  
Who you gonna take to the dance tonight?

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