

Is what I am is a plastic man  
Gazing out across a plastic land  
And everyone is just a thing  
Sit and listen to bells of plastic ring  
And I'm a genius doing something wrong  
Using real words in made up songs  
I could cut myself and nothing would come out  
'Cause the blood is frozen solid in my veins  
I should know by now that I could cut myself  
'Cause I'm solid and it's always been that way

Here's the song that I sing  
An imitation of the real thing  
Here's the time, it doesn't pass  
Here's the sand frozen in the hourglass  
Touch my skin and know that I can feel  
But I can't tell you if feeling's real  
I could cut myself and nothing would come out  
'Cause the blood is frozen solid in my veins  
I should know by now that I could cut myself  
'Cause I'm solid and it's always been that way