

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