

Eggs on Plate

Iggy Pop

Oh Lord I got eggs on my plate
I got em Damn right
I got four walls I live here
Hey I live here
Now this big Jew-man uptown
He told me one day
He said, boy

You look at that house On the hill
That cost a hundred thousand dollars
You could be up there
You know what?
I'll put you on the hit parade
Everybody will know your name
Iggy

But man Solomon
Who does my name belong to then?
What have I got? Four walls
What have I got? Four walls
I thank you Lord
I thank you Lord above this orange carpet
And the ceiling above it
Who left Murph the Surf On my ceiling?
Iggy

Now here we go boys
Four walls Four walls
Here I go

I'm looking for love again
I'm looking for love
I'm running from friend to friend
I'm looking for love in the wine
I'm looking for love
In anybody I can find

Thank you God
For these four walls I love
But are they secure?
Heh God! Are you above?
Then tell me who let that fucking door half open?
Oh Lord I got something
I'll tell you what I got, boys, I got this
Four walls, Three walls,
Two walls, Four walls
But they can't talk Four walls
But they can't talk Four walls
But they can't talk Four walls

But if they could talk What would they say?
They'd say Nash the slash
Why did you leave your sticker on my
Forty-two dollar and fifty cent suite
In James Dean's head bed?