Plastic & Concrete

Plastic and concrete, baby These are the facts of life I'm a nightmare child Stuck on my own knife I'm glad my mother loved me I'm sick and paranoid The hotel generator Hums into the void Of plastic and concrete

plastic and concrete, baby I gotta learn to slow down Something new from chemistry Is jacking my brain around I have got the plastic And I have got the stone Out there in the suburbs I learned to be alone In plastic and concrete

plastic and concrete sandwich You'd like to eat me, but Later you 'll reject me I' m too much to bite off The salad on my outside Is made of suicide The guy who squirts my mayonnaise Is on a one-way ride In plastic and concrete Plastic and concrete