

Plastic & Concrete

Iggy Pop

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