

## Plastic Sun

Sonic Youth

Plastic girl with plastic gun  
Plastic smile under plastic sun  
You burn my heart with your frigid stare  
Rip me off with your greasy hair  
I hate you and your fishy friends  
I hate you and it never ends

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(Tired)

Tired of the times I wound up dead  
Tired of the dogs inside your head  
Tired of the needles beside your bed  
Tired of the crap you keep me fed  
Tired of the people you keep misled  
Your blood is turning my blue eyes red

Get your hands off my tomato  
Cherry juice on a rotten potato  
Subway slasher is on my ass  
Steals my money and smokes my grass  
Watch your back or your dead meat baby  
Throw the dog a bone and you still get rabies

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