Plastic People

The Mothers of Invention

Ladies and Gentlemen... The President of the United States! "Fella Americans...Doot, Doot, Doot..." He's been sick!--Doot! Doot! And I think his wife is gonna bring him Some chicken soap Plastic people! Oh, baby, now you're such a drag

I know it's hard to defend an unpopular policy Every once in a while--

Plastic people!
Oh, baby, now you're such a drag

And there's this guy from the CIA he's creepin' Around Laurel Canyon A fine little girl She waits for me She's as plastic as she can be She paints her face With plastic goo And wrecks her hair With some shampoo

Plastic people Oh, baby, now you're such a drag

"I dunno...sometimes I just get tired Of ya honey--it's...ah..your Hair spray...or something..."

Plastic people Oh, baby, now you're such a drag

"I hear the sound of marching feet... Down Sunset Boulevard to Crescent Heights ...and there...at Pandora's box... We are confronted with...a vast Quantity of...Plastic people..." Take a day and walk around Watch the Nazi's Run your town Then go home and check yourself You think we're singing 'Bout someone else

But you're Plastic people Oh, Baby, now You're such a drag

Me see a neon Moon above I searched for years I found no love I'm sure that love Will never be A product of Plasticity PLASTIC, PLASTIC PEOPLE--PLA-HA-HA HA-PLASTIC--You are--your foot--your hair --your nose--your arms--you suck--you love --you are--your being is--you're plastic--blah --blah--blah plastic Peoples