

# Dear Plastic

The Sugarcubes

Plastic  
Nylon  
Terylene

Made of atoms by tender fingers  
And determined heads  
Of inventors tickling  
Perfection

Plastic  
Rayon

I was born aeon's ago  
Before anything human was known  
My friends the alchemists

Told me everything was natural  
And always will be that way  
And possible to make gold from dirt

Plastic  
Nylon

Dear plastic be proud  
Don't imitate anything  
You're pure, pure, pure

Plastic  
Nylon

I believed I was their dustbin for knowledge  
Took everything and digested  
Of course I became big, bigger and very, very strong

Today I'm old and withering away  
My friends the alchemists  
Long disappeared into dust

I no longer get anything fruity  
No longer gold made from dirt  
The only thing I get is space food on a tray

[Foreign Content]

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