

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]

Plastic
Plastic
Plastic
Plastic

Plastic
Plastic
Plastic
Plastic