

# Crowded House, Italian Plastic

I bring you plates from rome  
You say they look fantastic  
I say we're having fun  
Nothing like that italian plastic

I bring you rocks and flowers  
You say they look pathetic  
You pick me up at night  
I don't feel pathetic

When you wake up with me  
I'll be your glass of water  
When you stick up for me  
Then you're my bella bambina

I say we're on a trip  
Look's like we're on vacation  
I say we're having fun  
In our little constellation

When you wake up with me  
I'll be your glass of water  
When you stick up for me

Then I'll be your bella bambino, your man from the moon  
I'll be your little boy running with that egg on his spoon  
I'll be your soul survivor, your worst wicked friend  
I'll be your piggy in the middle, stick with you till the end

When you wake up with me  
I'll be your glass of water  
When you stick up for me  
The you're my bella bambina

Who ya gonna take to the ball tonight?  
Who ya gonna take to the dance tonight?  
Who ya gonna take to the dance tonight?  
Who ya gonna take to the dance tonight, tonight?