Iggy Pop, Plastic Concrete

Plastic & concrete, baby
These are the facts of life
I 'm a nightmare child
Stuck on my own knife
I' m glad my mother loved me
I' m sick & paranoid
The hotel generater
Hums into the void
Of plastic & concrete

Plastic & concrete, baby
I gotta learn to slow down
Somethin new from chemistry
Is jackin my brain around
I have got the plastic

And I have got the stone
Out there in the suburbs
I learned to be alone
In plastic & concrete

Plastic & concrete sandwich
You 'd like to eat me, but
Later you 'll reiect me
I' m too much to bite off
The salad on my outside
Is made of suicide
The guy who squirts my mayonnaise
Is on a one-way ride
In plastic & concrete
Plastic & concrete