

# 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