

# Buggles, Living In The Plastic Age

Every day my metal friend  
Shakes my bed at 6am  
Then the shiny serving clones  
Run in with my telephones

Talking fast I make a deal  
Buy the fake and sell what's real  
What's this pain here in my chest?  
Maybe I should take a rest

They send the heart police to put you under,  
Cardiac arrest  
and as they drag you the door  
They tell you that you've failed the test

Living in the ...  
Living in the plastic age  
Looking only half my age  
Hello doctor lift my face

I wish my skin could stand the pace  
In the bed I read my mind  
Remember how the mice were blind  
I watch them fighting in their cage  
Could this be the plastic age?

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to put you under cardiac arrest  
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Living in the  
Plastic age  
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Living in the plastic age  
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