Dum Dums, Plastic Flowers

Monsieur Dupont, he was an ordinary fellow Equally bad and good, Got sick of women, so he got into porno And gave to charities, cause he knew he should

Never gave up on striving for the rainbow Mindless happiness with a healthy lawn Trembling with joy at the thought of a new tv Under a regime of robots in authority

Plastic Flowers
Laying on his grave
From the company he gave thirty two years to
Plastic flowers
Melting in the sun
A memento to the glorious things he'd done

He had a car and a home on the Northside Respectable neighbourhood And all his struggling to obtain riches Laying dead it doesn't do him much good

What does it profit a man to gain the whole world And yet to lose his soul What does it profit a man to love little And not be loved at all

Plastic Flowers Laying on his grave From the company he gave thirty two years to Plastic flowers Melting in the sun A memento to the glorious things he'd done

In my life, I pray I don't just follow blindly All the planned presets for me And without question become my enemy (x2)

The factory people carry on without him Another face occupies his place He had friends but he never really knew them Such a shame that he went so young

Above the terraces and multi storey car parks He will be sitting trial Too late to gasp out for God at his last breath Hoping that he's got a loop hole or two left.

Plastic Flowers
Laying on his grave
From the company he gave thirty two years to
Plastic flowers
Melting in the sun
A memento to the glorious things he'd done

Plastic flowers, fade away (x4)