

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

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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.

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Plastic flowers, fade away (x4)