

Joan Jett And The Blackhearts, Rubber And Glue

Words, letters and numbered grooves
Caught in a photograph and I can't move
Is that your camera or is that your gun
Stuck in a funhouse that ain't no fun

I'm rubber you're glue
An' whatever you say
Bounces off of me yeah, yeah
An' sticks to you

Power hungry poser scene
Embalm your words deep inside of me
What'd you put in my head
You define everything to death

I'm rubber you're glue
An' whatever you say
Bounces off of me yeah, yeah
An' sticks to you

Who defines your identity?
Re-define your identity
Get your words outta me
Who decides your identity? Not me

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