

# John Lennon, Steel And Glass

(John Lennon)

(This is a story about your friend and mine  
Who is it, who is it, who is it?)

There you stand with your L.A. tan  
And your New York walk and your New York talk  
You're mother left you when you were small  
But you're gonna wish you wasn't born at all

Steel and glass  
Steel and glass  
Steel and glass  
Steel and glass

Your phone don't ring no one answers your call  
How does it feel to be off the wall

Well your mouthpiece squawks as he spreads your lies  
But you can't pull strings if your hands are tied  
Well your teeth are clean but your mind is capped  
You leave your smell like an alley cat

Steel and glass  
Steel and glass  
Steel and glass  
Steel and glass