

Joy Electric, You're Material

Not that you remember good advice
Every conversation had is laid to waste
When to please yourself, you don't think twice
"Who cares what ideas I have"
My heart rate climbs with every purchase

You're material

Collect by age, condition, price
What you have, you have by appetite
In exchange for friends, you change your mind
Why profess ability, when all you've gained is gluttony?