

The Buggles, Living In The Plastic Age

Every day my metal friend
Shakes my bed at 6am
Then the shiny serving clones
Run in with my telephones

Talking fast I make a deal
Buy the fake and sell what's real
What's this pain here in my chest?
Maybe I should take a rest

They send the heart police to put you under,
Cardiac arrest
and as they drag you the door
They tell you that you've failed the test

Living in the ...
Living in the plastic age
Looking only half my age
Hello doctor lift my face

I wish my skin could stand the pace
In the bed I read my mind
Remember how the mice were blind
I watch them fighting in their cage
Could this be the plastic age?

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Living in the
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