

The Sugarcubes, Dear Plastic

Bjrk
Plastic
Nylon
Terylene
Made of atoms
By tender fingers
And determined heads
Of inventors
Tickling
Perfection

Plastic
Rayon

Einar
I was born aeons ago
Before anything human was known
My friends the alchemists
Told me everything was natural
And always will be that way
And possible to make gold from dirt

Bjrk
Plastic
Nylon
Dear plastic
Be proud
Don't imitate anything
You're pure, pure, pure

Plastic
Nylon

Einar
I believed I was their dustbin for knowledge
Took everything and digested
Of course I became big,
Big and really really strong

Today I'm old and withering away
My friends the alchemists
Long disappeared into dust
I no longer get anything fruity
No longer gold made from dirt
The only thing I get is spacefood on a tray

Bjrk
Whoa!
Plastic, plastic, plastic ...