

## 3-11 Porter

### "Plastic"

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When I look into the eyes of the tough punk guys  
With their stupid bondage belts  
And the girls accessorize  
With lots of little spikes and neat hair dyes  
It's a whole subculture easy to commercialize  
"The Revolution" wont come  
Cause everybody's dumb  
Drunk, fucked up on drugs-look at what it's come to:,  
Tiny microcosm of a big stupid world  
Short sighted, opinionated, gullible boys and girls!

This music's only rock-n-roll  
Wont change the world or save your soul  
Uniform Identity?  
This trademark rebellion's not for me

Will there ever be a time when time doesn't matter  
When a lack of money means your dreams aren't  
shattered  
When chemicals don't take the edge off of life  
And confidence keeps you whole inside  
Can we ever look forward to not being bored  
To not being scared to open closed doors  
To love without holding anything back  
To trust and share and stay intact?

Give me love don't give me hate  
I'll stay aware and not sedate  
Addicted to my sleepyhead  
When it's time to wake up  
I'll stay in bed

You can sell your soul for rock and roll  
Turn off your brain  
Wait to grow old  
Get a good job  
How much plastic can you buy?  
I dunno but here we go  
Freedom is the easiest thing to lose  
How many options can you choose?  
From the choices they've already made for you?

Addicted to a sleepyhead  
Some of us will sleep until we're dead  
Trade in one uniform to wear another  
That smothers you but never keeps you covered  
Freedom is the easiest thing to lose  
How many options can you choose?  
From the choices they've already made for you?

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