

D.R.I. "Plastique"

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I think of things that bring people down
I'm the type of person no one wants around
Everyone stares at me wherever I go
They all suck, what do they know?
They're living inside a designer world
A fresh and clean pretty little world
Reality to them is a new pair of shoes
And trying ten pair before they choose

I think of things that bring people down

Out of the clouds and back to the ground
Where the fish lie belly up in black water
Where the boy next door is fucking your dog
Your living inside a plastique world
Slick and modern pseudo world
Where what you want is what you get
Package after package of plastique shit

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