

Bjork

"Dear Plastic"

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

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

Plastic
Nylon
Dear plastic
Be proud
Don't imitate anything

You're pure, pure, pure
Plastic
Nylon

I believed I was their dustbin for knowledge
Took everything and digested
Of course I became big and 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
Now I only get spacefood on a tray

Plastic

Eggimanyinonde

Plastic

Saggiraranana

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