

## **The Blasters**

### **"American Music"**

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I see you down in the front line  
Such a sight for sore eyes  
You're a suicide makeover  
Plastic eyes

Looking through a numb skull  
Sell effaced, what's his face  
You erased yourself  
So shut up, you don't let up

You have a growth that must be treated  
Like a sudden severe pain in the neck  
You can smell it but you can't see it  
No explanation identified  
'Cause you don't know, you don't say

And you got no reply  
Hey you, where did you come from?  
Got a head full of lead  
You're an inbred bastard son

All dressed up, redblooded  
A mannequin, do or die, no reply  
Don't deny that you're synthetic  
You're pathetic

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