

John Lennon "Steal And Glass"

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(This is a story about your friend and mine
Who is it, who is it, who is it?)

There you stand with your L.A. tan,
And your New York walk and your New York talk,
You're mother left you when you were small,
But you're gonna wish you wasn't born at all.
Steel and glass.
Steel and glass.
Steel and glass.
Steel and glass.

Your phone don't ring no one answers your call,
How does it feel to be off the wall.

Well your mouthpiece squawks as he spreads your lies,
But you can't pull strings if your hands are tied,
Well your teeth are clean but your mind is capped,
You leave your smell like an alley cat.

Steel and glass.
Steel and glass.
Steel and glass.
Steel and glass...

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