

The Stremes

"My Plastic You"

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How could I be so scared,
Feeling like I did?
With my feet touching your feet under your sheets,
I was feeling like a prince,
But you live on the mainland, and I'm stuck on an
island,
And the distance makes me sick.
That's why I dream of being able to touch you
Baby. this relationship
Is held together by weekends weeks apart
And it's getting really bad.
My teeth smile so seldom that it's tempting to grind
them
And Long Island makes me mad.

It must be something that you do, 3x

'cus baby I am gripping the telephone.
I am holding my plastic you
As tight as I can.
I am gripping the telephone.
I am holding my plastic you.
I won't let go.

I hold this telephone
Feeling like a kid.
It's like a microphone,
Try whispering secrets into it,
And I am tied to the phone chord
'cus you are on the other end.
This is my millionth phone card.
If I kiss you just pretend that you tasted me.

It must be something that you do.

I'm in your mailbox.
I got a little lonely at home.
So open your mailbox.

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