

## Dead City Dealers "Plastic"

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She's pretentious, a hip agnostic  
You best friend if you can get good weed  
She's a writer, kinda plastic  
Convoluted, yet so pristine

Chorus:

She reads Nietzsche in the middle of a donut shop  
Wannabe Bohemian who works in a coffee shop  
She's god's gift to all the emo boys  
That ain't me, Oi! Oi! Oi!

She likes indie bands and bad poetry  
She'll like anything that gives her credibility  
She's a feminist  
An existentialist  
A hipster fascist, and that's why she isn't into me

(Chorus)

She's at the Beehive Smokin' Pall Mall cigarettes  
Ramen noodles is the new hip meal  
Went to a record store for Captain Beefheart  
But then she settled for Captain and Tinnille

(Chorus)

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