

Dum Dum Girls "Plastic Flowers"

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Monsieur Dupont, he was an ordinary fellow,
Equally bad and good,
Got sick of women,
So he got into porno,
And gave to charities,
Cause he knew he should,
Never gave up on striving for the rainbow,
Mindless happiness with a healthy lawn,
Trembling with joy at the thought of a new T.V.
Under a regime of robots in authority,

Chorus
Plastic Flowers,
Laying on his grave,
From the company he gave thirty two years to
Plastic flowers,
Melting in the sun,
A memento to the glorious things he'd done

He had a car and a home on the Northside,
Respectable neighbourhood, and all his struggling to
obtain riches,
Laying dead it does do him much good,
What does it profit a man to gain the whole world, and
yet to lose his soul,
What does it profit a man to love little, and not be loved
at all,

Chorus x2

In my life, I pray, I don't just follow blindly,
All the planned presets for me,
And without question become my enemy...(x2)

The factory people carry on without him,
Another face occupies his place,
He had friends but he never really knew them,
Such a shame that he went so young,
Above the terraces and multi storey car parks,
He will be sitting trial,
Too late to gasp out for God at his last breath,

Hoping that he's got a loop hole or two left...

Chorus

Plastic flowers, fade away....

Plastic flowers, fade away....

Plastic flowers, fade away....

Plastic flowers, fade away....

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