

Polly Jean Harvey

"Baby in a Plastic Bag"

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(grape)

There was a man who told us all about his yesterdays
He said that come the come, come revolution praise
And though we talked about him, walked about his
yesterdays
No crack could snap the fact, he bore them all the way
What a day

Oh what an education
Too bad, too bad
Oh what a reputation
Baby in a plastic bag

Calling out and falling out with everyone
He saw no application for this summering
Although it hurt a lot and burned a lot of offerings
No calling... turned the granary

Oh what an education
Too bad, too bad
Oh what a reputation
Baby in a plastic bag

Well I don't like your face
Well I don't like your taste
Well I don't like this place
And I don't need your embrace

Oh what an education
Too bad, too bad
Oh what a reputation
Baby in a plastic bag

Well I don't like your face
Well I don't like your taste
Well I don't like this place
And I don't need your embrace

In a white room, in a warm man
Warm bizarre
Come and get me

Come and get me
Hang it on, hang heavy
Come

Oh what an education
Too bad, too bad
Oh what a reputation
Baby in a plastic bag

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