

Sonic Syndicate

"Plastic Sun"

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PLASTIC GIRL WITH PLASTIC GUN
PLASTIC SMILE UNDER PLASTIC SUN
YOU BURN MY HEART W/YR FRIGID STARE
RIP ME OFF W/YR GREASEY HAIR
I HATE YOU AND YR FISHY FRIENDS
I HATE YOU AND IT NEVER ENDS

TIRED OF THE TIMES I WOUND UP DEAD
TIRED OF THE DOGS INSIDE YR HEAD
TIRED OF THE NEEDLES BESIDE YR BED
TIRED OF THE CRAP YOU KEEP ME FED
TIRED OF THE PEOPLE YOU KEEP MISLED
YR BLOOD IS TURNING MY BLUE EYES RED
GET YR HANDS OFF MY TOMATO
CHERRY JUICE ON A ROTTEN POTATO
SUBWAY SLASHER IS ON MY ASS
STEALS MY MONEY AND SMOKES MY GRASS
WATCH YR BACK OR YR DEAD MEAT BABY
THROW THE DOG A BONE + YOU STILL GET RABIES.

Lyrics: Kim Gordon

Sonic Youth - MURRAY STREET (2002)

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