

House Crowded "Italian Plastic"

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P. Hester)

I bring you plates from Rome

You say they look fantastic

I say we're having fun

Nothing like that Italian plastic

I bring you rocks and flowers

You say they look pathetic

You pick me up at night

I don't feel pathetic

CHORUS

When you wake up with me

I'll be your glass of water

When you stick up for me

Then you're my Bella Bambina

I say we're on a trip

Looks like we're on vacation

I say we're having fun

In our little constellation

Chorus

Then I'll be your Bella Bambino, your man on the moon,
I'll be your little boy running with that egg on his spoon,
I'll be your soul survivor your worst wicked friend, I'll be

your piggy in the middle, stick with you till the end

Chorus

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