

# Living In The Plastic Age

The Buggles

Every day my metal friend  
Shakes my bed at 6 AM  
Then the shiny serving clones  
Run in with my telephones

Talking fast I make a deal  
Buy the fake and sell what's real  
Ah, what's this pain here in my chest?  
Maybe I should take a rest

They send the heart police  
To put you under cardiac arrest  
And as they drag you the door  
They tell you that you've failed the test

(Living in the)  
Living in the Plastic Age  
Looking only half my age  
Hello, doctor, lift my face  
I wish my skin could stand the pace

In the bed I read my mind  
Remember how the mice were blind  
I watch them fighting in their cage  
Could this be the Plastic Age?

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To put you under cardiac arrest  
And as they drag you through the door  
They tell you that you've failed the test

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