

Plastic

Enemy You

They're the beautiful, and oh so pitiful,
With everything, but none of it is real
They're on your TV screen,
And every magazine,
When you have it all, tell me how it feels (do they
feel?)

They're fantastic, made of plastic,
You can try but you can't grasp it
Don't let them in or let them blow you away

Far from here you've come, small towns from which you've
run
To be close to those you wish you could be
I guess you never knew,
They're no better off than you,
They lost it all on quests of vanity

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You can try but you can't grasp it
Don't let them in or let them blow you away

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Blow you away, blow you away, blow you away...