

Plastic

Moses Sumney

I know what it is to be broken and be bold
Tell you that my silver is gold
Though we're much too old for make believe
And I know what it's like to behold and not be held
Funny how a stomach unfed
Seems satisfied 'cause it's swell and swollen
And you caught me
Shootin' cross the sky like a star
But nobody told me
To never let it get too far
You see my silhouette, so you're standing scared of me
Can I tell you a secret?

My wings are made of plastic, my wings are made of plastic
My wings are made of plastic, my wings are made of plastic
Oh, my wings are made of plastic, my wings are made of plastic
My wings are made of plastic, my wings are made of plastic, plastic
My wings are made of plastic, my wings are made of plastic
My wings are made of plastic, oh, my wings, are made up
And so am I