

Her green plastic watering can,
for her fake Chinese rubber plant,
In the fake plastic earth
that she bought from a rubber man,
In a town full of rubber plans, to get rid of itself.
It wears her out. It wears her out.
It wears her out. It wears her out.

She lives with a broken man,
cracked polystyrene man,
Who just crumbles and burns.
He used to do surgery for girls in the eighties,
but gravity always wins.
And it wears him out. It wears him out.
It wears him out. It wears him out.

She looks like the real thing.
She tastes like the real thing,
my fake plastic love.
But I can't help the feeling,
I could blow through the ceiling
If I just turn and run,
And it wears me out. It wears me out.
It wears me out. It wears me out.

And if I could be who you wanted,
if I could be who you wanted
All the time, all the time.