

Green Day, Prosthetic Head

I see you, down in the front line.
Such a sight for sore eyes, you're a suicide makeover.
Plastic eyes, lookin' through a numbskull.
Self-effaced, what's his face.
You erased yourself so shut up.
You don't let up.

You have a growth that must be treated
Like a severed severe pain in the neck.
You can smell it but you can't see it.
No explanation identified 'cause you don't know.
You don't say.

And you got no reply.
Hey you, where did you come from?
Got a head full of lead, you're a inbred bastard son.
All dressed up, red blooded, a mannequin
Do or die, no reply, don't deny that you're synthetic.
You're pathetic.