

# Eggs on Plate

Iggy Pop

Oh Lord I got eggs on my plate  
I got em Damn right  
I got four walls I live here  
Hey I live here  
Now this big Jew-man uptown  
He told me one day  
He said, boy

You look at that house On the hill  
That cost a hundred thousand dollars  
You could be up there  
You know what?  
I'll put you on the hit parade  
Everybody will know your name  
Iggy

But man Solomon  
Who does my name belong to then?  
What have I got? Four walls  
What have I got? Four walls  
I thank you Lord  
I thank you Lord above this orange carpet  
And the ceiling above it  
Who left Murph the Surf On my ceiling?  
Iggy

Now here we go boys  
Four walls Four walls  
Here I go

I'm looking for love again  
I'm looking for love  
I'm running from friend to friend  
I'm looking for love in the wine  
I'm looking for love  
In anybody I can find

Thank you God  
For these four walls I love  
But are they secure?  
Heh God! Are you above?  
Then tell me who let that fucking door half open?  
Oh Lord I got something  
I'll tell you what I got, boys, I got this  
Four walls, Three walls,  
Two walls, Four walls  
But they can't talk Four walls  
But they can't talk Four walls  
But they can't talk Four walls

But if they could talk What would they say?  
They'd say Nash the slash  
Why did you leave your sticker on my  
Forty-two dollar and fifty cent suite  
In James Dean's head bed?