

Mass Production

Iggy Pop

Before you go
Do me a favor
Give me a number
Of a girl almost like you
With legs almost like you
I'm buried deep in mass production
You're not nothing new
I like to drive along the freeways
See the smokestacks belching
Breasts turn brown
So warm and so brown

Though I try to die
You put me back on the line
Oh damn it to hell
Back on the line, hell
Back on the line
Again and again
I'm back on the line
Again and again
And I see my face here
And it's there in the mirror
And it's up in the air
And I'm down on the ground

By the way
I'm going for cigarettes
And since you've gotta go
Won't you do me that favor
Won't you give me that number
Won't you get me that girl
Yeah, she's almost like you
Yes, she's almost like you
And I'm almost like him
Yes, I'm almost like him
Yes, I'm almost like him
Yeah, I'm almost like him