

# Wild America

Iggy Pop

One night out in l.a.  
I met a Mexicana  
With a butchy girlfriend  
Who I thought was a man  
They took me to the alley  
To have a little chat  
People lined the corner  
Doin' this and that  
In wild America

Now I 'm in a black car  
With my Mexicana  
She's got methedrine but  
I want marijuana  
I don 't want to drive home  
Not in my condition  
So I ask my friend Matt  
To handle the ignition  
In wild America  
Exterminate the brutes

Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah

Well I mean I like it here....do you have anything you' d like to say to America?  
I'd just like to say at this point that I' m 24 hour, 7 day a week, 365 day a year American)

I was glad that Debbie  
Had a sense of humor  
This time of the morning  
I tend to get gloomy  
She laughed and said "iggy,  
You have got a biggy!"  
I had no reply  
So I just closed my eyes  
In wild America  
Exterminate the brutes  
They're goin' wild  
Goin' wild  
They' re goin' wild  
They' re goin' wild baby  
They got all kinds of fuckin' stuff  
They got everything you could imagine  
They' re so god dammed spoiled  
They' re poisoned inside  
They Judge a man by what he's got  
And they wanta have more and more  
More power, more freedom  
Taller kids, longer lives  
Everything, bigger houses, slaves, whoa