

## 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 bronw  
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