

# Miss Argentina

Iggy Pop

Her skin is copper and her voice is Spanish red  
Her vibe is golden 'till her anger kills it dead  
She wants the world to see  
A body rich in harmony  
A mouth cruel as death

She rides a fantasy she hasn't tested yet  
She looks in every mirror to check her silhouette  
The turning heads  
The honking horns  
Gave proof to her  
Since she was born  
That love is her game

She loves me, Miss Argentina  
Though she hides behind her smile  
She runs free, Miss Argentina  
Dripping blood  
With lots of style

She loves to stay in bed and watch the movies play  
She wants a husband who will worship and obey  
The moods that she enjoys like children's' games and football toys  
She laughs without shame

She likes the military and the Rolling Stones  
Her little brother has a T-shirt from Ramones  
She's shy and sensitive and doesn't know the tougher games  
But boy can she love

She's easy, Miss Argentina  
A masterpiece without a frame  
She runs free, Miss Argentina  
But Venus is a dangerous game

She saves my spirit with a humanistic light  
She's greedy, lazy and impossible to like  
She dresses sexually  
And she's afraid of many things  
Like being alone

She's back with mother now  
She's over twenty-five  
I tried to keep her, but she buried me alive  
In love and birth and jealousy  
And every emotion totally freed  
Screaming at once

But she loves me, Miss Argentina  
While she hides behind her smile  
She runs free, Miss Argentina  
Dripping blood with lots of style  
She's lovely, Miss Argentina  
A masterpiece without a frame  
She's easy, Miss Argentina  
But Venus is a dangerous game