

The Reproduction Of Death

The (International) Noise Conspiracy

Won't you forget about me when I'm gone?
The reproduction of death drags us all along
Close your eyes and pretend that nothing's wrong
Won't you forget about me
Won't you forget about me when I'm gone?
Stomp your feet, nod your head and we all move on
Close your eyes and pretend

Hey, won't you sell me like cheap bubble-gum?
I'm going out of my head

Won't you forget about me when I'm gone?
The reproduction of death forces us all in line
Need an installment plan of suicide
Won't you forget about me

Hey, won't you sell me like cheap bubble-gum?
I'm going out of my head

Won't you forget about me when I'm gone?
Lost all hope and dreams in this killing zone
Won't you forget about me when I'm gone?
Let's pretend that we all get along

Won't you forget about me when I'm gone?
Hey, won't you sell?