Iggy Pop, Miss Argentina

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 was 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