

Iggy Pop, Wild America

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 corners
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

(LIVE INTERVIEW)

ROLLINS: Yeah

IGGY: Yeah

ROLLINS: Yeah

IGGY: Yeah

IGGY: Well I mean I like it here.

IGGY: Do you have anything
you'd like to say to America?

ROLLINS: I'd just like to say at this point
that I'm a 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
Woa