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

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