

# Mass Production

## Infinity Frequencies

Before you go do me a favor  
Give me a number of a girl almost like you  
With legs almost like you  
I'm buried deep in mass production You're not nothing new  
I like to drive along the freeways  
See the smokestacks belching  
Breasts turn brown, so warm and so brown Though I try to die, you put me back on the line  
Oh damn it to hell, back on the line, hell  
Back on the line, again and again  
I'm back on the line, again and again And I see my face here  
And it's there in the mirror  
And it's up in the air  
And I'm down on the ground By the way I'm going for cigarettes  
And since you've gotta go  
Won't you do me that favor?  
Won't you give me that number?  
Won't you get me that girl? Yeah, she's almost like you  
Yes, she's almost like you  
And I'm almost like him  
Yes, I'm almost like him  
Yes, I'm almost like him  
Yeah, I'm almost like him

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