Mass Production

DoverSpike

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 productionYou're not nothing new
I like to drive along the freeways
See the smokestacks belching
Breasts turn brown, so warm and so brownThough 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 againAnd 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 groundBy 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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