

The Reproduction Of Death

The (International) Noise Conspiracy

Won't you forget about me when I'm gone
The reproduction of death drags us all along
Close your eyes and pretend that nothing's wrong
Won't you forget about me when I'm gone
Stomp your feet, nod your head and we all move on
Close your eyes and pretend
Hey won't you sell me like cheap bubble-gum
I'm going out of my head
Won't you forget about me when I'm gone
The reproduction of death forces us all in line
An installment plan on a slow suicide
Won't you forget about me
Hey won't you sell me like cheap bubble-gum
I'm going out of my head
Won't you forget about me when I'm gone
Lost all hope and dreams in this killing zone
Won't you forget about me when I'm gone
Let's pretend that we all get along

Songwriters

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