

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

Songwriters

IGGY POPPublished by

Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>