

David Bowie "Young Americans"

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They pulled in just behind the fridge
He lays her down, he frowns
Gee my lifes a funny thing, am I still too young?
He kissed her then and there
She took his ring, took his babies
It took him minutes, took her nowhere
Heaven knows, she'd have taken anything, but

All night
She wants the young american
Young american, young american, she wants the
young american
All right
She wants the young american

Scanning life through the picture windows
She finds the slinky vagabond
He coughs as he passes her ford mustang, but
Heaven forbid, shell take anything
But the freak, and his type, all for nothing
He misses a step and cuts his hand, but
Showing nothing, he swoops like a song
She cries where have all papas heroes gone?

All night
She wants the young american
Young american, young american, she wants the
young american
All right
She wants the young american

All the way from washington
Her bread-winner begs off the bathroom floor
We live for just these twenty years
Do we have to die for the fifty more?

All night
He wants the young american
Young american, young american, he wants the young
american
All right
He wants the young american

Do you remember, your president nixon?
Do you remember, the bills you have to pay
Or even yesterday

Have you been an un-american?
Just you and your idol singing falsetto bout
Leather, leather everywhere, and
Not a myth left from the ghetto
Well, well, well, would you carry a razor
In case, just in case of depression
Sit on your hands on a bus of survivors
Blushing at all the afro-sheilas
Aint that close to love?
Well, aint that poster love?
Well, it aint that barbie doll
Her hearts been broken just like you have

And
All night
You want the young american
Young american, young american, you want the young
american
All right
You want the young american

You aint a pimp and you aint a hustler
A pimps got a cadillac and a lady got a chrysler
Blacks got respect, and whites got his soul train
Mamas got cramps, and look at your hands ache
I heard the news today, oh boy
I got a suite and you got defeat
Aint there a man you can say no more?
And, aint there a woman I can sock on the jaw?
And, aint there a child I can hold without judging?
Aint there a pen that will write before they die?
Aint you proud that youve still got faces?
Aint there one damn song that can make me
Break down and cry?

All night
I want the young american
Young american, young american, I want the young
american
All right
I want the young american
Young american
Young american, young american, I want the young
american
(I want with you, I want with you want)
All right

(you want it, I want you you, you want i, I want you want)
Young american, young american, I want the young
american (I want to want, to want, to want , to want i, I
want you)
All right
(lord I wanted the young american)
(young american)
Young american, young american
I want the young american
Mmmmmm mmm

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