

Matthew Wilder

"The Kids America"

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Rocket with the top down
barrelling down highway 9

Pickin' up the same crowd by the pepsi sign.

Baby

gun your gas

paint your lipstick on

'till it shines like glass - midnight riders

lovers

rock and roll.

Oh yea

yea

yea.

Got it in the blood

the kids american.

Underneath the hood

you know the kid's american.

'cause he looks so good

the kid's american.

Cruisin' faster than he should

the kid's american.

Out behind the high-school smokin' that cigarette.

Deep into the blue jean

gonna get deeper yet.

On the night cool grass

Something's in the wind

And it's comin' fast. -

Hold in baby

try to take it slow.

Oh no

yea

yea.

Got it in the blood

The kids american. . . .

Drag it out all night

till

There's nothing leff by morning light.

Drive until your chassis

Bottoms out. Oh yea
yea
yea.
Got it in the blood

The kids american. . . .

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