

Bowie David

"Young Americans"

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They pulled in just behind the fridge,
he lays he down, he frowns
"Gee my life's 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 no-where
Heaven knows, she'd've taken anything, but
{Chorus, *she* version}
[All night]
She wants the young American
[Young American, young American, *she* wants the
young American]
[All right]
but *she* wants the young American
Scanning life through the picture window,
[Doo-doo-doo-woo] she finds the slinky vagabond
[Doo-doo-doo-woo] He coughs as he passes up her red
Mustang, but
Heaven forbid, she take anything
But the freak, and his type, all for nothing,
[Doo-doo-doo-woo] misses a step and cuts his hand.
But
[Doo-doo-doo-woo] showing nothing, he swoops like a
song
She cries "Where have all Papas' heroes gone?"
{chorus, *she* version}
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?", had
{chorus, *he* version}
Do you remember
your President Nixon?
[Doo-doo-doo-woo] Do you remember
the bills you have to pay,
or even yesterday?
Have you have been an un-American?
[Doo-doo-doo-woo] Just you and your idol singing
falsetto
[Doo-doo-doo-woo] 'bout leather, leather everywhere,
and

not a myth left from the ghetto
Well, well, well, would you carry a razor
[Doo-doo-doo-woo] in case, just in case of depression?
[Doo-doo-doo-woo] Sit on your hands on a bus of
survivors,
blushing at all the afro-Sheila's
Ain't that close to love?
[Doo-doo-doo-woo] Well, ain't that poster love?
[Doo-doo-doo-woo] Well, it ain't that Barbie doll,
her heart's been broken just like you have
{chorus, *you* version}
You ain't a pimp and you ain't a hustler
A pimps' got a Cadi and a lady got a Chrysler
Blacks got respect, uhh, 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
Ain't there a man you can say no more?, and
Ain't there a woman I can sock on the jaw?, and
Ain't there a child I can hold without judging?
Ain't there a pen that will write before they die?
Ain't you proud that you've still got faces?
Ain't there one damn song that can make me
break down and cry?
{chorus, *I* version}
{chorus, *I* version}
{chorus, *I* version}

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