

Cure, The "Young Americans"

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They pulled in just behind the fridge
He lays her 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 her 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 window
She finds the slinky vagabond
He coughs as he passes her
Ford Mustang, but
Heaven forbid, she'll take anything
Hut, 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 Papa's heroes gone?"
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
You're President Clinton?
Do you remember, Bill, you have to pay
Or even yesterday?

Have you have 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
Ain't that close to love?
Well, ain't that poster love?
Well, it ain't that Barbie doll
Her heart's been broken
Just like you have
All night
You want the young American
Young American, young American
You want the young American
All right
You want the young American
Yen ain't a pimp
And you ain't a hustler
A pimp's got a Cadi
And a lady got a Chrysler
Black's got respect
And white's got his soul trained
Mama's 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?
All night
I want the young American
Young American, young American
I want the young American

All right
I want the young American

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