

Gang Bloodhound

"Kids In America"

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looking out a dirty old window
down below the cars in the city go rushing by
i sit here alone and I wonder why
friday night and everyone's moving
i can feel the heat but it's seuthing heading down
i search for the meaning in this dirty town (downtown)
the young ones are going (downtown)
the young ones are growing
we're the kids in america (whoa oh)
we're the kids in america (whoa oh)
everybody live with the music go round (round round
round round)
bright lights the music gets faster
look girl don't checkin' your watch not another glance
I'm not leaving now honey no not a chance
hot shots give me no problems
much little baby you'll be saying never mind
you know life is creul life is never kind
we'll make a new story
we'll wrap it in glory
we're the kids in america (whoa oh)

we're the kids in america (whoa oh)

everybody live with the music go round

la la la la la

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