

# Kids in America

Kim Wilde

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 soothing.  
Heading down, I search for the beat in this dirty town. Down town the young ones are going.  
Down town the young ones are growing! We're the kids in America!  
Whoa - oh!  
We're the kids in America!  
Whoa - oh!  
Everybody live for the music-go-round. Bright lights the music get faster.  
Look boy, don't check on your watch, not another glance.  
I'm not leaving now, honey not a chance. Hot-shot (shot), give me no problems.  
Much later baby you'll be saying never mind.  
You know life is cruel, life is never kind. Kind hearts don't make a new story..  
Kind hearts don't grab any glory! We're the kids in America!  
Whoa - oh!  
We're the kids in America!  
Whoa - oh!  
Everybody live for the music-go-round. La la la la la la  
La la la la la la  
SING!  
La la la la la la  
La la la la la la Come closer, honey that's better.  
Got to get a brand new experience.  
Feeling right.  
Oh don't try to stop baby.  
Hold me tight. Outside a new day is dawning.  
Outside Suburbia's sprawling everywhere.  
I don't want to go baby.  
New York to East California.  
There's a new wave coming I warn you. We're the kids in America!  
Whoa - oh!  
We're the kids in America!  
Whoa - oh!  
Everybody live for the music-go-round. La la la la la la  
La la la la la la  
SING!  
La la la la la la  
La la la la la la We're the kids

We're the kids  
We're the kids in AmericaWe're the kids  
We're the kids  
We're the kids in AmericaWe're the kids  
We're the kids  
We're the kids in America...

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