Young Americans

The Braids

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 him 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
But the freak, and his type, all for nothing
Misses a step and cuts his hand, but
Showing nothing, he swoops like a song
"Where have all Papa's heroes gone?"

All night
She wants the young American
Young American, young American, she wants the young American
All right
She wants the young American

All the way from Washington
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, the bills you have to pay
Or even yesterday?

Have you been an un-American?
You were no idol singing falsetto
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 in a bus of survivors
Blushing at all the afro-sheeners
Ain't that close to love?
Well, ain't that poster love?
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
Well, you ain't a pimp and you ain't a hustler
Mama's got cramps, and look at your hands ache
I got a suite and you got defeat
Ain't there a man you can say no more?
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 just one song that will make you break down and cry?

All night
Young American, young American, you want the young American
All right
Young American, young American, you want the young American

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