

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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