

Young Americans (2007 Remastered Version)

David Bowie

They pulled in just behind the bridge
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)
But she wants the young American
Scanning life through the picture window (Whoo)
She finds a slinky vagabond (Whoo)
He coughs as he passes her Ford Mustang, but
Heaven forbid, she'll take anything
But the freak, and his type, all for nothing (Whoo)
Misses a step and cuts his hand, but (Whoo)
Showing nothing, he swoops like a song, she cries
"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)
Well, she wants the young American All the way from Washington
Her breadwinner begs off the bathroom floor
"We live for just these 20 years
Do we have to die for the 50 more?"
(All night)
He wants the young American
(Young American, young American)
(He wants the young American)
(All right) all right
He wants the young American Do you remember your President Nixon? (Whoo)
Do you remember the bills you have to pay
Or even yesterday? Have you been un-American? (Whoo)
Just you and your idol singing falsetto 'bout (Whoo)
Leather, leather everywhere, and

Not a myth left from the ghetto
 Well, well, well, would you carry a razor (Whoo)
 In case, just in case of depression? (Whoo)
 Sit on your hands on a bus of survivors
 Blushing at all the Afro-Sheeners
 Ain't that close to love? (Whoo)
 Well, ain't that poster love? (Whoo)
 Well, it ain't that Barbie doll
 Her heart's been broken just like you have (All night)
 All night you want the young American
 (Young American, young American) Young American
 (You want the young American)
 All right
 You want the young American You ain't a pimp, and you ain't a hustler
 (Young American, young American)
 A pimp's got a Caddy and a lady got a Chrysler
 (You want the young American)
 (All night)
 Black's got respect, and white's got his Soul Train
 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
 (All night)
 Ain't there a man who 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?
 (Young American, young American)
 And ain't there a pen that will write before they die?
 (All night)
 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) Young American
 (I want the young American)
 (All right) I want the young American, young American
 (Young American, young American) I want what you want, I want what you want
 (I want the young American)
 (All night)
 You want me, I want you, you want I, I want you, want
 (Young American, young American)
 I want you, do you want me?
 (I want the young American)
 (All night)
 You want I, I want you
 And all I want is the young American

(Young American, young American)

Young American

(I want the young American)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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