Kids In America

Bloodhound Gang

Originally performed by 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.
Everybody live for the music-go-round.
Bright ligths 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, 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.
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.

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