

# Young Americans

## 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  
Young American, young American  
She wants the young American  
All night Scanning life through the picture windows  
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  
He misses a step and cuts his hand, but  
Showing nothing, he swoops like a song  
She cries, "Where have all Papa's heroes gone?" All night  
Young American, young American  
She wants the young American  
All night All the way from Washington  
Her 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  
Young American, young American  
He wants the young American  
All right Do you remember your President Nixon?  
Do you remember the bills you have to pay  
Or even yesterday? Have you been a hung American?  
Just you and your idol singing falsetto 'bout  
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 on a bus of survivors  
Blushing at all the Afro-Sheeners Ain't that close to love?  
Well, ain't that poster love?  
Well, it ain't that Barbie doll?  
Her heart's been broken just like you have All night  
Young American, young American  
He wants the young American  
All right You ain't a pimp and you ain't a hustler

A pimp's got a Cadi and a ladys got a Chrysler  
Black's got respect, and white's got his soul train  
Mama's got cramps, and look at your hands shakeI got a suite and you got defeat  
Ain't there a man you 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?  
Ain't there a pen that will write before they die?  
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  
Young American, young American  
I want the young AmericanAll night  
Young American, young American  
I want the young AmericanAll night  
Young American, young American  
I want the young AmericanAll night  
Young American, young American  
I want the young American

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