Young Americans

Twilight Trio

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 lady?s got a Chrysler
Black's got respect, and white's got his soul train
Mama's got cramps, and look at your hands shake
I 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 American
All night
Young American, young American
I want the young American
All night
Young American, young American
I want the young American
All night
Young American, young American
I want the young American

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