

# Young Americans (2002 Digital Remaster)

## 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  
She wants the young American Scanning life through the picture window  
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  
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  
She wants a young American  
Young American, young American, she wants the young American  
All right  
She wants the young American 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  
He wants the young American  
Young American, young American, he wants the young American  
All right  
He wants the young American Do you remember, your President Nixon?  
Do you remember, the bills you have to pay  
For even yesterday? Have you have been an un-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-Sheilas  
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  
All night was a young American  
Young American, young American, you want the young American  
All right  
All right you want the young American  
You ain't a pimp and you ain't a hustler  
A pimp's got a Cadi and a lady got a Chrysler  
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  
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  
I want the young American  
Young American, young American, I want the young American  
All right  
I want the young American, young American whoa  
Young American, young American  
I want what you want  
I want what you want  
You want more  
I want you  
You want I  
I want you  
I want what you want  
But you want what you want  
You want I  
I want you  
And all I want is a young American  
Young American

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