

# Turning American

## Wildhearts

do you remember British achievement, and living when times were good?  
watching the start of the end of an era, would you go back if you could?  
when I was younger, the smell of the hunger, in all of the music you played  
kept me believing you lived for the lifestyle and not just the cash to be made

'cos it's a place where people happen, it's the corner of success

everybody loves you, and you're never second best  
the smell of easy money, and you follow it to death

I smell... the shit... upon your breathCHORUS:

I remember you when you were an Englishman  
but now you're turning American, turning American  
(x2)walking away from the crumbling empire

won't make it grow anymore

changing your style 'cos the radio tells me

how can you sleep? you're a commercial whore and you'd lick the steaming phallus if it'd offered you a hit  
clean you of integrity and then they'll make you fit

you think you'll glide to stardom then you'll show them what you've got

your pride, your balls, they own your lotCHORUS I want to be American, I want to be a star  
you should be over there, you should go far  
but I don't want to learn 'cos I know it all now  
you should be guaranteed to find out how

you'll always be a wanna be, you look too far away...'cos it's a place where people happen, it's the corner of  
success

everybody loves you and you're never second best  
the smell of easy money, and you follow it to death  
I smell... the shit... upon your breathCHORUS

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