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 whoreand 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 lotCHORUSI 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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