

Young Americans

The Cure

They pulled in just behind the fridge
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 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 can take anything But the freak and his type, all for nothing
He misses a step and cuts his hand
Showing nothing, he swoops like a song
She cries, "Where have all Papa's heroes gone?" All night
She wants the 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
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, President Clinton?
Do you remember, Bill you have to pay?
Or even yesterday Bein' the 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 a 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?
Ain't that poster love?
Well it ain't that Barbie doll
Her heart's been broken just like you All night

You want the young American
Young American, young American
You want the young AmericanAll right
You want the young AmericanYou're not a pimp and you're not a hustler
The pimp's got a Cadillac, the 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[incomprehensible]I got a suite and you got defeat
Ain't there a man who can say no more?
Ain't there a woman I can sock on the jaw?
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?
Break down and cry?All night
I want the young American
Young American, young American
I want the young AmericanAll right
I want the young American
Young American, young American
I want the young AmericanAll night
Young American, young American
I want the young AmericanAll right
Young American, young American, young American
I want the young AmericanI want the young American
I want the young American
I want the young American
I want the young AmericanYoung American, young American
I want the young American
Young American, young American
I want the young American
Young American, young American
I want the young American

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