



KIM WILDE – KIDS IN AMERICA

**Looking out a dirty old window
Down below the cars in the city go rushing by
I sit here alone and I wonder why
Friday night and everyone's moving
I can feel the heat but it's soothing
Heading down, I search for the beat in this dirty town**

**Down town the young ones are going
Down town the young ones are growing**

**We're the kids in America
We're the kids in America
Everybody live for the music-go-round**

**Bright lights, the music gets faster
Look boy, don't check on your watch, not another glance
I'm not leaving now, honey not a chance
Hot-shot, give me no problems
Much later baby you'll be saying never mind
You know life is cruel, life is never kind**

**Kind hearts don't make a new story
Kind hearts don't grab any glory**

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Everybody live for the music-go-round**

**Come closer, honey that's better
Got to get a brand new experience
Feeling right
Oh don't try to stop baby
Hold me tight
Outside a new day is dawning
Outside Suburbia's sprawling everywhere
I don't want to go baby**

**New York to East California
There's a new wave coming I warn you**

**We're the kids in America
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Everybody live for the music-go-round**