

# The Cure, Young Americans

They pulled in just behind the fridge  
He lays her down, he frowns  
&quot;Gee my life's a funny thing, am I still too young?&quot;  
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  
Chorus (he)  
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  
He misses a step and cuts his hand, but  
Showing nothing, he swoops like a song  
She cries &quot;Where have all Papa's heroes gone?&quot;

Chorus (she)  
All the way from Washington  
Her bread-winner begs off the bathroom floor  
&quot;We live for just these twenty years  
Do we have to die for the fifty more?&quot;

Chorus (he)  
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 Clinton?  
Do you remember, Bill, you have to pay  
Or 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

Chorus (you)  
All night  
You want the young American  
Young American, young American, you want the young American  
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?

Chorus (i) (repeat 3 times)  
All night  
I want the young American  
Young American, young American, I want the young American  
All right  
I want the young American