

Sex Appeal, 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 everyones moving
I can fell the heat but its shooting
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

Were the kids in america
Were the kids in america
Everybody lives for the music-go-round

Bright lights the music gets faster
Look boy, dont check on yout watch - not another glance
Im not leaving now honey not a chance

Hot-shot, give me no problems
Much later baby youll be saying - never mind
You know life is cruel, life is never kind
Kind hearts dont make a new story
Kind hearts dont grab any glory

Come closer, honey thats better
Got to get a brand new experience -
Feeling right
Oh dont try to stop baby - hold me tight
Outside a new day is dawning
Outside suburbias sprawling everywhere
I dont want to go baby

New York to East California
Theres a new wave coming I warn you

Were the kids, were the kids, were the kids in America