

Kim Wilde, Kids In America 94

Written by Ricky & Marty Wilde
Everybody live for the music-go-round
Everybody live for the music-go-round
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 shooting
Heading down
I search for the beat in this dirty town
Everybody live for the music-go-round
Everybody live for the music-go-round
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
Everybody live for the music-go-round
We're the kids in America
We're the kids in America
Everybody live for the music-go-round