

Kim Wilde, Love Blonde

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 lives 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.
We're the kids in America

. . .
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 suburbias sprawling everywhere.
I don't want to go
baby
New York to east California
There's a newwave coming
I warn you.
We're the kids in America

. . .
We're the kids
we're the kids
We're the kids in America . . .