

Wildhearts, Turning American

Do you remember British achievement?
Living when times were good
Watching the start of the end of an era
And would you go back if you could?
When I was younger the smell of the hunger
In all of the music you played
Kept me believing you lived for the lifestyle
And not just the cash to be made

Cos it's a place where people happen
It's the corner of success
Everybody loves you
And you're never second best
The smell of easy money
And you follow it to death
I smell the shit upon your breath

I remember you when you were an Englishman
But now you're turning American
Turning American
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But now you're turning American
Turning American

Walking away from the crumbling empire
Won't make it grow anymore
Changing your style cos the radio tells me
How can you sleep? You're a commercial whore

And you'd lick the steaming phallus
If it offered you a hit
They'll clean you of integrity
And then they'll make you fit
You'll think you'll glide to stardom
Then you show them what you've got
Your pride, your balls, they own your lot

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I want to be American, I want to be a star
You should be over there, you should go far
But I don't wanna learn cos I know it all now
You should be guaranteed to find out how

You'll always be a wanna be
You look too far away

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