

# David Bowie - Young Americans

Tom: C  
Intro: 4x: C Dm F G

C  
They pulled in just behind the fridge  
Dm  
He lays her down-he frowns  
F  
"Gee my life's a funny thing  
G  
Am I still too young"  
C  
He kissed her then and there  
Dm  
She took his ring, took his babies  
F  
It took him minutes, took her nowhere  
G  
Heaven knows she'dve taken anything

F G  
All night-she want s the young American  
C Dm  
Young American, young American

she wants the young American  
F G  
It's all right-but she wants the young American

Scanning life thru the picture window

She finds the slinky vagabond

He coughs as he passes her Ford Mustang

Heaven forbid she'll take anything

But the freak and his type-all for nothing

Misses a step and cuts his hand

Showing nothing he swoops like a song

She cries "where have all papa's heroes gone?"

All night-she want s the young American  
Young American, young American

she wants the young American

It's all right-but she wants the young American

All the way from Washington

He breadwinner begs of the bathroom floor

"Live for just these twenty years  
Do we have to die for the fifty more?"

All night-he want s the young American  
Young American, young American

he wants the young American

It's all right-but he wants the young American...

( Am G F G )

Am G C  
Do you remember your President Nixon?

Am G F  
So you remember the bills you have to pay  
E  
or even yesterday?

( D G G D A )  
D  
Have you been the un-American  
Em  
Just you and your id singing falsetto 'bout  
G  
leather, leather everywhere and  
A  
not a myth left from the Ghetto  
D  
Well, well, well would you carry a razor?  
Em  
In case, just in case of depression  
G  
Sit on your hands on a bus of survivors  
A  
Blushing at all the afro-sheeners

Ain't that close to love?

Well ain't that poster love?

Well it ain't that brbie doll

Her hearts have been broken just like you

G A  
All night-you want the young American  
D Em  
Young American, young American

you want the young American  
G A  
It's all right-you want the young American

You ain't a pimp and you ain't a hustler

Pimps got a Caddy-lady got a Chrysler

Black's got respect-white's got his soul train

Mama's got cramps and look at your hands hey  
"I heard the news today, oh boy"

I got-suite and you got defeat

Ain't there a man-who could say no more

Ain't there a woman-I can sock on the jaw

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  
and ain't there one song that can make me  
break down and cry...

All night-I want the young American  
Young American, young American

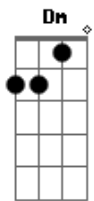
I want the young American

It's all right-I want the young American

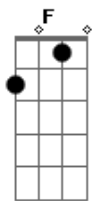
## Acordes



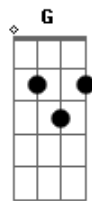
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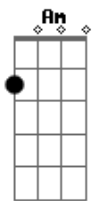
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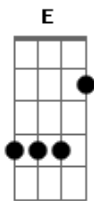
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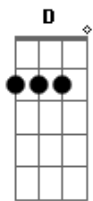
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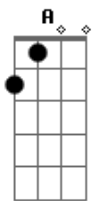
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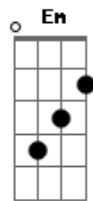
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