

Kim Wilde - Kids In America

Tom: A

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 live for the music-go-round

Bright lights the music get 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
We're the kids in America
Everybody live for the music-go-round

(B D A G)
(B D A G A)

B
Come closer, honey that's better
Got to get a brand new experience

A
Feeling right
Oh don't try to stop baby, hold me tight

B
Outside a new day is dawning
Outside Suburbia's sprawling everywhere
I don't want to go baby

E
New York to East California
Gb
There's a new wave coming I warn you

G D
We're the kids in America
We're the kids in America
Everybody live for the music-go-round

(B D A G)
(B D A G A)
(B G E)
(B G E)

B
We're the kids
G
We're the kids
E
We're the kids in America

B
We're the kids
G
We're the kids
E
We're the kids in America

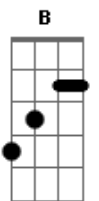
B
We're the kids
G
We're the kids
E
We're the kids in America

B
We're the kids
G
We're the kids
E
We're the kids in America

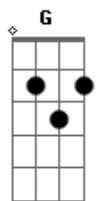
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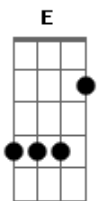
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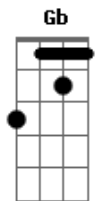
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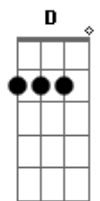
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