

Kids in America 94

Kim 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

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We're the kids in america
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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

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