

## 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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