

Young Americans

Colt Ford

Where freedom ain't free and gas ain't cheap
But we burn main streets in trucks and jeeps
With the radio up and the windows down
Trying to live big in a small town

Hanging like a pair of power-line sneakers
We were tongue-tied underneath the bleaches
With a hometown honey, a little bit of money
And a hand me down ID

Singing "Free Bird" and "Free Fallin'"
Senior class and backwoods bowling
Minimum wage burning holes in our pockets
Cups half full with a hole in the bottom
Singing "Sweet Home" and "Don't Stop Believin'"
No plans that we can't start dreaming
Short term lovers and life long friends
Young Americans

Mom and pop, bought 'em shelf top problem
We were flying high on a zig-zag rocket
We all knew it all but we didn't know nothing
Living off loving and laid back buzzing

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[?] life
Full speed with the hammer down
All we need is right here, right now

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