

# Kids in America

Foo Fighters

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

Downtown the young ones are going  
Downtown the young ones are growing  
We're the kids in America (Whoa)  
We're the kids in America (Whoa)  
Everybody live for the music-go-round

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 nevermind  
You know life is cruel, life is never kind

Downtown the young ones are going  
Downtown the young ones are growing  
We're the kids in America (Whoa)  
We're the kids in America (Whoa)  
Everybody live for the music-go-round

La la la la-la la-a  
La la la la-la la  
La la la la-la la-a  
La la la la-la la

Come closer, honey, that's better  
Got to get a brand new experience, feeling right  
Oh, don't try to stop, baby, hold me tight

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

New York to east California  
There's a new wave coming, I warn ya  
We're the kids in America (Whoa)  
We're the kids in America (Whoa)  
Everybody lives for the music-go-round

La la la la-la la-a  
La la la la-la la  
La la la la-la la-a  
La la la la-la la

We're the kids  
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We're the kids in America  
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