

C Dm F G 2 x

YOUNG AMERICANS - bowie

C Dm
They pulled in just behind the bridge he lays her down, he frowns
F G
Gee my life's a funny thing, am I still too young?
C Dm
He kissed her then and there she took his ring, took his babies
F G
It took him minutes, took her nowhere, Heaven knows, she'd have taken anything, but

F G
All night, she wants the young American
C Dm
Young American, young American, she wants the young American
F G
All night, she wants the young American

C Dm
Scanning life through the picture window She finds the slinky vagabond
F G
He coughs as he passes her Ford Mustang, but Heaven forbid, she'll take anything
C Dm
But the freak, and his type, all for nothing, he misses a step and cuts his hand, but
F G
Showing nothing, he swoops like a song she cries "Where have all Papa's heroes gone?"

CHORUS

C Dm
All the way from Washington her bread-winner begs off the bathroom floor
F G
We live for just these twenty years do we have to die for the fifty more?

CHORUS

Am G F G 2x
Am Em C G
Do you remember, your President Nixon?
Am Em F E
Do you remember, the bills you have to pay or even yesterday?

D Em7 Dm G7 Em7 A
D Em
Have you have been an un-American? Just you and your idol singing falsetto 'bout
G A
Leather, leather everywhere, and not a myth left from the ghetto
D Em
Well, well, well, would you carry a razor in a case, just in case of depression?
G A
Sit on your hands on a bus of survivors blushing at all the afro-Sheeners
D Em
Ain't that close to love? Well, ain't that poster love?
G A
Well, it ain't that Barbie doll her heart's been broken just like you have

CHORUS

D Em
You ain't a pimp and you ain't a hustler, a pimp's got a Cadi and a lady got a Chrysler
G A
Black's got respect, and white's got his soul train Mama's got cramps, and look at your hands ache
D Em
I heard the news today, oh boy I got a suite and you got defeat
G
Ain't there a man you can say no more?
A
And, ain't there a woman I can sock on the jaw?
D
And, ain't there a child I can hold without judging?
Em
Ain't there a pen that will write before they die?
G
Ain't you proud that you've still got faces?
A Ain't there one damn song that can make me break down and cry?

CHORUS