

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

All night
She wants a young American
Young American, young American, she wants the young American
All night
But she wants the young American

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

All night
She wants the young American
Young American, young American, she wants the young American
All right
Well she wants the young American

All the way from Washington
Her bread-winner begs off the bathroom floor
We live for just these twenty years
Do we have to die for the fifty more?

All night
He wants the young American
Young American, young American
He wants the young American
All right (all right)
Well, he wants the young American

Do you remember, your President Nixon? (ooh)
Do you remember, the bills you have to pay?
Or even yesterday?

Have been the un-American? (ooh)
Just you and your idol sing falsetto (ooh)
'Bout Leather, leather everywhere, and
Not a myth left from the ghetto

Well, well, well, would you carry a razor (ooh)
In case, just in case of depression? (ooh)
Sit on your hands on a bus of survivors
Blushing at all the Afro-Sheeners
Ain't that close to love?
Well, ain't that poster love?
Well, it ain't that Barbie doll
Her hearts have been broken just like you and

All night
All night you want the young American
Young American, young American, you want the young American
All right
You want the young American

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

All night
I want the young American
Young American, young American, I want the young American
All right
I want the young American, young American
Young American, young American, I want the young American (I want what you want, I want what you want)
All night
You and I
I want you, I
Young American, young American, I want the young American
All right
And all I want is the young American
Young American, young American, I want the young American