

Young American – All Verse Chords 4

Intro - G, Am, C, D (4x)

G Am
They pulled in just behind the fridge, He lays her down-he frowns
C D
"Gee my life's a funny thing, Am I still too young"
G Am
He kissed her then and there, She took his ring, took his babies
C D
It took him minutes, took her nowhere, Heaven knows she'dve taken anything
C D C Am
All night-she wants the young American, Young American, young American
C D
she wants the young American, It's all right-but she wants the young American
G Am
Scanning life thru the picture window, She finds the slinky vagabond
C D
He coughs as he passes her Ford Mustang, Heaven forbid she'll take anything
G Am
But the freak and his type-all for nothing, Misses a step and cuts his hand
C D
Showing nothing he swoops like a song, She cries "where have all papa's heroes gone?"
C D C Am
All night-she wants the young American, Young American, young American
C D
she wants the young American, It's all right-but she wants the young American
G Am
All the way from Washington, Her breadwinner begs of the bathroom floor
C D
"Live for just these twenty years, Do we have to die for the fifty more?"
C D C Am
All night-she wants the young American, Young American, young American
C D
she wants the young American, It's all right-but she wants the young American

SOLO Em-4 D-4 C-4 D-4

Em-2 Bm-2 G-4
Do you remember your President Nixon?
Em2 Bm2 C-4 B-4
So you remember the bills you have to pay, or even yesterday?

Break A-4 Bm-4 C-2 D-2 Bm-2 E-2

A Bm
Have you been the un-American, Just you and your id singing falsetto 'bout
D E
leather, leather everywhere and not a myth left from the Ghetto

A Bm
Well, well, well would you carry a razor? In case, just in case of depression
D E
Sit on your hands on a bus of survivors, Blushing at all the afro-sheeners

A Bm
Ain't that close to love? Ain't that poster love?
D E
Well it ain't that barbie doll, Her hearts have been broken just like you

C D C Am
All night-she wants the young American, Young American, young American
C D
she wants the young American, It's all right-but she wants the young American

A Bm
You ain't a pimp and you ain't a hustler, Pimps got a Caddy, lady got a Chrysler
D E
Black's got respect-white's got his soul train, Mama's got cramps and look at your hands

A Bm
"I heard the news today, oh boy", I got-suite and you got defeat
D E
Ain't there a man-who could say no more, Ain't there a woman-I can sock on the jaw
A Bm
Ain't there a child-I can hold without judging, Ain't there a pen-that will write before they die
D
Ain't you proud-that you've still got faces and
[E]
ain't there one damn song that can make me break down and cry...

C D C Am
All night-she wants the young American, Young American, young American
C D
she wants the young American, It's all right-but she wants the young American

A-4 Bm-4 D-4 E-4 [A]