

## 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]