

Young American by David Bowie	All night-she want s the young American	Em
	Young American, young American	In case, just in case of depression
intro: C, Dm, F, G (4x)	she wants the young American	G
	It's all right-but she wants the young American	Sit on your hands on a bus of survivors
C		A
They pulled in just behind the fridge	All the way from Washington	Blushing at all the afro-sheeners
Dm	He breadwinner begs of the bathroom floor	Ain't that close to love?
He lays her down-he frowns	"Live for just these twenty years	Well ain't that poster love?
F	Do we have to die for the fifty more?"	Well it ain't that brbie doll
"Gee my life's a funny thing		Her hearts have been broken just like you
G	All night-he want s the young American	
Am I still too young"	Young American, young American	G A
C	he wants the young American	All night-you want the young American
He kissed her then and there	It's all right-but he wants the young American...	D Em
Dm		Young American, young American
She took his ring, took his babies	interlude: Am, G, F, G	you want the young American
F		G A
It took him minutes, took her nowhere	bridge:	It's all right-you want the young American
G	Am G C	
Heaven knows she'dve taken anything	Do you remember your President Nixon?	You ain't a pimp and you ain't a hustler
		Pimps got a Caddy-lady got a Chrysler
CHORUS:	Am G F	Black's got respect-white's got his soul train
F G	So you remember the bills you have to pay	Mama's got cramps and look at your hands hey
All night-she want s the young American	E	"I heard the news today, oh boy"
C Dm	or even yesterday?	I got-suite and you got defeat
Young American, young American		Ain't there a man-who could say no more
she wants the young American	break: D, G(ii), G(iii), D(ii), A(ii)	Ain't there a woman-I can sock on the jaw
F G		Ain't there a child-I can hold without judging
It's all right-but she wants the young American	D	Ain't there a pen-that will write before they die
	Have you been the un-American	Ain't you proud-that you've still got faces
Scanning life thru the picture window	Em	and ain't there one *** song that can make me
She finds the slinky vagabond	Just you and your id singing falsetto 'bout	break down and cry...
He coughs as he passes her Ford Mustang	G	
Heaven forbid she'll take anything	leather, leather everywhere and	All night-I want the young American
But the freak and his type-all for nothing	A	Young American, young American
Misses a step and cuts his hand	not a myth left from the Ghetto	I want the young American
Showing nothing he swoops like a song	D	It's all right-I want the young American
She cries "where have all papa's heroes gone?"	Well, well, well would you carry a razor?	