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Looking out a dirty old window
Outside the cars in the city go rushing by
I sit here alone and I wonder why
Friday night and everyone's moving
I can feel the heat but it's soothing, heading down
I search for the beat in this dirty town
Downtown the young ones are going
Downtown the young ones are growing
We're the kids in America (Whoa!)
We're the kids in America (Whoa!)
Everybody live for the music-go-round
Bright lights, the music gets faster
Look boy don't check on your watch, not another glance
I'm not leaving now honey, not a chance
Hot-shot, give me no problems
Much later baby, you'll be saying nevermind
You know life is cruel, life is never kind
Kind hearts don't make a new story
Kind hearts don't grab any glory
We're the kids in America (Whoa!)
We're the kids in America (Whoa!)
Everybody live for the music-go-round
La la la-la la-a
                       La la la-la la
                      La la la la-la la
La la la-la la-a
Come closer honey, that's better
Got to get a brand new experience, feeling right
Oh don't try to stop baby, hold me tight
Outside a new day is dawning
Outside suburbia's sprawling everywhere
I don't want to go, baby
New York to east California
There's a new age coming, I warn ya
We're the kids in America (Whoa!)
We're the kids in America (Whoa!)
Everybody lives for the music-go-round
We're the kids in America (Whoa!)
We're the kids in America (Whoa!)
Everybody lives for the music-go-round
                                        La la la la-la la
[Guitar mimics] La la la la-la la-a
                La la la-la la-a
                                        La la la-la la
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