

# Young Wicked

Chevelle

Oh my God how you've grown

Yes sir

They sit upon their hands  
Betting there's an easy answer  
Right of passages  
Someone give rise to hope

Yes sir  
Young wicked  
Yes sir

Oh my God how you've grown

Death hides holy hidden worlds  
And hello wise one, your time ain't true  
Eating up those, satires, twilights and ozone  
The animals have gone down below

Yes sir  
Young wicked  
Yes sir

(Yes sir)  
(Yes sir)  
Young wicked [x3]

(Yes sir) Yes sir  
(Yes sir) Yes sir  
Young wicked [x3]

Yes sir  
Yes sir  
Young wicked  
Yes sir  
Young wicked