

Young Rebel

Emm Gryner

1: 45 and I feel barely alive
I think of you in these times
Soundcheck handstands in an icicle land
Carbon monoxide hymns in your hands

Young rebel with your head in the sky
You're never coming down, you're never gonna die
Young rebel with your head in the sky
You're never coming down, you're never gonna die

And then you trace your face with some late-summer grace
Gun down all the suits in this place
If the sun comes back like a sniper in black
You know how to medicate the sadness attack

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Turning the page with your mischief and rage
Silent like a spy backstage
Forget the cocaine and wine because you're much smarter live
I think of you just to save me some time

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Young rebel with your head in the sky
You're never coming down, you're never gonna die

Young rebel with your head in the sky
You're never coming down you're never gonna die
(Sing till the end of the world comes by, give us all a number
while we're wondering why)