

Youngblood

Green Day

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She's my little youngblood
Youngblood
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Youngblood
Punch-drunken youngblood

She's a loner
Not a stoner
Bleeding heart
With the soul of Miss Teresa
Supernova
Cherry Cola
She's the cedar in the trees in Minnesota
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh

I'm a rough boy 'round the edges
Getting drunk, and fallen in the hedges
She's my weakness, f**king genius
Swear to god and I'm not even superstitious

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I want to hold you like a gun
We'll shoot the moon into the sun
Alright, alright

Are you stranded?
Like I'm stranded
Do you want to watch the world fall to pieces?
Are you broken?
Like I'm broken
Are you restless?
She said: "f**k you, I'm from Oakland!"

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