The Rebels

The Cranberries

Seems like yesterday, we were sixteen We were the rebels of the rebel scene We wore Doc Martens in the sun Drinking vintage cider, having fun We were drinking vintage cider, having fun

It wasn't often that we'd fight at all
It wasn't often...
It wasn't often that we'd fight at all
It wasn't often...

We wore Doc Martens in the snow Paint our toe nails black and let our hair grow What I am now is what I was then I am not more acceptable than them I am not more acceptable than them

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