

# Emm Gryner, Young Rebel

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

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

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

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

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)