

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