

# Youngblood

Green Day

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She's my little youngblood  
Youngblood  
Youngblood  
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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