

Our Rebellion

Madison Cunningham

What is wrong?
Have you forgot I'm not a stranger?
You're lead footed and head strong
And the quiet turns me into a rambler

When it's all said and done
I'm not here looking for a fight
But if love is our rebellion
Put me on the front lines

We're miles away and rooms apart
Heavy metal and Mozart
I'm not trying to classify you
We're running with the cattle, drinking with the herd
Living by the written word
I'm not trying to simplify you

I'm not the only one
Putting a bruised ego on some ice
But if love is our rebellion
Put me on the front lines

Your eyes are checkers on a board
But babe, I'm not competing
Who is it we're working for?
The war or the treaty?

You walk a fine rope, I draw a clean line
You're sealed as an envelope and I give you a piece of my mind
You speak in numbers and I sing in metaphor
Long is the window and hidden is the door

I'm not your enemy
But I cannot be your sense of pride
If love is our insanity
Then I'm losing my mind
Then I'm losing my mind

Like drawing a picture with an oven mitt
Neither one of us are seeing it
Ooh