

## Tom Cochrane

# "Young Thing, Wild Dreams"

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Young thing, young thing  
Your blade is ripe  
Walk out with a fever  
In the night

Young thing, young thing  
(With) your fist so fat  
Forget about that  
Come on out and move me

Move me, move me  
Let your spirit ring  
Rock me  
'Til I can't think

Young thing, young thing  
Is your world so flat  
Drive out to the edges  
Drive it all back

Young thing, young thing  
When they lock you inside  
Slip out the back  
Come on and move me

Move me, move me  
Let your spirit ring  
Rock me  
'Til I can't think

Move me, move me  
With all of your might  
Rock me, rock me  
Rock me, rock me

Young thing, young thing  
With your senses sharp  
This land is your land  
It's in the heart

Young thing, young thing  
With your senses keen

This world is your world  
This world is free

Young dream, young dream  
Take it to the heights  
Roll me over  
Those cities of lights  
Young thing, wild dreams  
We'll roll it to the sea  
We won't stop until we've  
Been released

Move me, move me  
Put it to the test  
Rock me  
I can't get no rest

Move me, move me  
'Til I can't sleep  
Rock Me

Young thing, young thing  
Take me to the heights (rock me)  
Roll me over  
Those cities of lights (rock me)

Young thing, wild dreams  
We'll roll it to the sea (rock me)  
We won't stop  
Until we've been released (rock me)

Young thing, young thing  
Is your world so flat (rock me)  
Let's drive out where the edge is  
Drive it all back (rock me)

Young thing, wild dreams  
When they lock you inside  
Slip out the back (rock me)  
Come on and move me

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