

Tom Cochrane

"Young Thing, Wild Dreams (rock Me)"

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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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