

Youngblood (Let It Out)

Kids in Glass Houses

A young boy chasing
His prayers upstairs
A white lie, a red light
And her thighs on his mind(Hey)
Gotta let it
(Hey)
Gotta let it(Hey)
Gotta let it out
Let it out
Let it(Hey)
Gotta let it
(Hey)
Gotta let it(Hey)
Gotta let it out
Let it out
Let itShe was a young girl whispers
Her prayers laid bare
At midnight, an invite
It's pitch black and bride white(Hey)
Gotta let it
(Hey)
Gotta let it(Hey)
Gotta let it out
Let it out
Let it(Hey)
Gotta let it
(Hey)
Gotta let it(Hey)
Gotta let it out
Let it outTake me somewhere new
Take me somewhere new
And the shoes you've grown into
Will soon start wearing you(Hey)
Gotta let it
(Hey)
Gotta let it(Hey)
Gotta let it out
Let it out
Let it(Hey)

We gotta let it
(Hey)
Gotta let it(Hey)
We gotta let it out
Let it out
Let it Young boys and young girls
Upstairs, somewhere

Songwriters

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JenkinsPublished by

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Other patents pending.

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