

# Rebel Child

## Dylan Jakobsen

Way on back, baby boy,  
Son of a preacher in corduroy,  
Grew up tall, and grew up wise,  
Until music changed his life  
Didn't care what mama think,  
He's a rebel child in a house of saints,  
Little rock 'n roll and a steel guitar,  
It don't matter where he are  
Yeah he likes to play it rough and sing it loud,  
A little rock ya baby pickin' country sound,  
He's the product of believers,  
But he was born to be wild,  
He's a damn sure, aint no good rebel child  
Found some wheels to take him round,  
Every night a different town,  
That old highways turning black,  
And no there aint no turning back  
Yeah he likes to play it rough and sing it loud,  
A little rock ya baby pickin' country sound,  
He's the product of believers,  
But he was born to be wild,  
He's a damn sure, aint no good rebel child  
Headed out, another show,  
Another crowd that feels like home,  
Singing back these songs he sings,  
I guess mom and dads to blame  
Yeah he likes to play it rough and sing it loud,  
A little rock ya baby pickin' country sound,  
He's the product of believers,  
But he was born to be wild,  
He's a damn sure, aint no good rebel child  
Yeah rebel child

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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