

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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