

Admiral Freebee, Sad Rebel

(One, two, three, four)

Once, in a full moon
I see twenty tuba players
Rehearsing
'Round the old dance hall
Waiting for the call
Of the sad rebel

I said baby, it's only fair
That every full moon
You let me slide it in, slide it in
And leave it there
Laying around, 'round, 'round
Like a sad rebel

I am high
And lonesome
Always try
Too hard to get some
Piece of the sad rebel

So the vicious heart is easily abused
And a crowd around easily amused
Do they know her world?
Do they know her kind?
It's so hard to find
Such a sad rebel

And I feel her legs under the tabel
Baby don't you know, I am unable
To live without
My solitude
Still I'm in the mood-mood-mood
For a sad rebel

I am high
And lonesome
Always try
Too hard to get some

Well it's all too much for too little
I can see it in their eyes and it's double
There's just no escape from trouble
I'm gonna live my life
With the sad rebel

Sad rebel
Sad rebel

Sad rebel

Like a sad rebel