

Łukasz Samburski, Rebel Yell | Przesłuchania w c

Last night, a little dancer a-came dancin' to my door
Last night, a little angel came pumpin' on my floor
She said, "A-come, baby, you got a license for love
And if it expires, pray help from above"
Because

In the midnight hour, she cried more, more, more
With a rebel yell, she cried more, more, more, wow
In the midnight hour, babe, more, more, more
With a rebel yell, more, more, more
More, more, more

She don't like slavery, she won't sit and beg
But when I'm tired and lonely, she sees me to bed
A-what set you free and brought you to me, babe?
What set you free? I need you here by me
Because

In the midnight hour, she cried more, more, more
With a rebel yell, she cried more, more, more, wow
In the midnight hour, babe, more, more, more
With a rebel yell, more, more, more

A-he lives in a-his own heaven
Collects it to go from the 7-Eleven
Well, he's out all night to collect a fare
A-just so long, just so long it don't mess up his hair
Whoa, ah

I walked the world for you, babe
A thousand miles with you
I dried your tears of pain, babe
A million times for you
I'd sell my soul for you, babe
For money to burn for you
I'd give you all and have none, babe
Just to, just to, just to, a-just to, to have you here by me
Because

In the midnight hour, she cried more, more, more
With a rebel yell, she cried more, more, more, wow
In the midnight hour, babe, more, more, more
With a rebel yell, she cried more, more, more
More, more, more

Ooh yeah, little baby
She want more
More, more, more, more, more
Ooh yeah, little angel
She want more
More, more, more, more, more