

Mansun, Rebel Without A Quilt

Got to find the rebel within
A pawn in the sea that's probably me
Tell me what you want me to be
I'll jump when you say if you know what's good
And if you scratch the surface away
The truthful ones are rebels without a quilt

You argue, supposed to correct you
You're a fool
Pull you up and set you straight
Get on the rebel's case before he calls you

I'm the king of not very much
Of nothing at all, in fact I'm appalled
Noone's got conviction no more
They hope that the pen will kill off the soul

You will find the truth that they are frightened they should say
The truthful ones are rebels without a quilt

I'll stop you, I'll face you, I'll kiss you
You're a fool
Pull you up and set you straight
Get on the rebel's case before he calls you

I know and you know
You never trust a man with a hat on
I know and you know
The truthful ones are rebels with no quilt

And if you scratch the surface away
The truthful ones are rebels without a quilt