

Teen Idols, Rebel Souls

Jenny knew which boy she liked
The only one with a motorbike
With a gleam in his eye
He was always combin' back his hair

She never saw him at school
He was too busy being cool
In his black leather jacket
He was king of anywhere

Rebel souls with their shadows of mystery
Tough to the last
Are becoming just a part of our history
Memories from the past
What happened to the heroes of yesterday
Where have they gone
Their vision's too important to fade away
We'll have to carry it on

Johnny was a teenage punk
Starting fights and getting drunk
He was ready for a rumble
With a switchblade at his side

Jenny hid and cried that day
She wanted to run away
When she overheard them say
That Johnny died