

Tom Petty, Rebels

(Tom Petty)

Honey don't walk out I'm too drunk to follow
You know you won't feel this way tomorrow
Well - maybe I'm a little rough around the edges
Inside a little hollow
I get faced with somethings sometimes
That are so hard to swallow - Hey!

(Chorus)

I was born a rebel
Down in Dixie on a Sunday morning
Yeah - with one foot in the grave
And one foot on the pedal
I was born a rebel.

Well she picked me up in the morning
And she paid out my ticket
Yeah she screamed in the car
And threw me out in the thicket
Well - I never would've dreamed
That her heart was so wicked
Oh - but I keep coming back
'Cause it's so hard to kick it.
Hey, hey, hey

(Chorus)

Even before my father's fathers
They called us all rebels
Burned our cornfields
And left our cities level
I can still see the eyes
Of those blue bellied devils
When I'm walking round tonight
Through the concrete and metal.
Hey, hey, hey