

Rickie Lee Jones, Rebel Rebel

Got your mother in a whirl
'Cause she's not sure if you're a boy or a girl
Hey, babe, your hairs alright
Hey, babe, let's stay out tonight
You like me, and I like it all
We like dancing, and we look divine
You know fans when they play it hard
They want more, and you want it fast
Put you down, say I'm wrong
You tacky thing, you put them on

Rebel Rebel, you've torn your dress
Rebel Rebel, your face is a mess
Rebel Rebel, how could they know?
Hot tramp, I love you so!
Doo doo doo-doo doo doo doo doo

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You've torn your dress, your face is a mess
You can't get enough, but enough ain't the test
You've got transmission and a live wire
Got your cue lines and a handful of ludes
You could be there when they count up the dues
And I love your dress
I love your dress
You're a juvenile success
Because your face is a mess
How could they know?
How could they know?
What you wanna know
Where'd you wanna go?
'Cause you've torn your dress
And your face is a mess
Ooo, ooo, your face is a mess
Ooo, ooo, so how could they know?
How could they know?
Etc...