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

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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...