

Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers, Rebels

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 some things sometimes
That are so hard to swallow

Chorus:

(Hey, hey, hey!)
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 all my tickets
Yeah she screamed in the car
And left 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

Chorus

Even before my father's fathers
They called us all rebels
Burned our cornfields
And left our cities leveled
I can still feel the eyes
Of those blue-bellied devils
When I'm walking around tonight
Through the concrete and metal

Chorus