

Rebels

Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers

Honey don't walk out
I'm too drunk to follow
You know you won't feel this way tomorrow
Well, maybe a little rough around the edges
 Inside a little hollow
I get faced with some things, sometimes
 That are so hard to swallow
Hey, hey, heyI 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
I was born a rebelWell, she picked me up in the morning
 And she paid all my tickets
 And she screamed in the car
 Left me out in the ticket
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, heyI 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
I was born a rebelEven before my father's fathers
 They called us all rebels
 Burned our cornfields
 And left our cities leveled
 I can still see the eyes
 Of those blue bellied devils
When I'm walkin' 'round tonight
 Through the concrete and metal
Hey, hey, heyI was born a rebel
Down in Dixie on a Sunday morning
 Yeah with one foot in the grave
 And one foot on the pedal
 And I was born a rebel
Yes, born a rebelHey, 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
Born a rebelHey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey

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