

Jenny knew which boy she liked  
The only one with a motorbike  
With a gleam in his eye  
He was always combin' back his hair

She never saw him at school  
He was too busy being cool  
In his black leather jacket  
He was king of anywhere

Rebel souls with their shadows of mystery  
Tough to the last  
Are becoming just a part of our history  
Memories from the past  
What happened to the heroes of yesterday  
Where have they gone  
Their vision's too important to fade away  
We'll have to carry it on

Johnny was a teenage punk  
Starting fights and getting drunk  
He was ready for a rumble  
With a switchblade at his side

Jenny hid and cried that day  
She wanted to run away  
When she overheard them say  
That Johnny died