

Rebels

Tom Petty

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

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, I was born a rebel, yeah

Well she picked me up in the morning
And she paid all my tickets
And 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

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, born a rebel

Even 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 walking round tonight
Through the concrete and metal

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