

Drive-By Truckers "Rebels"

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Honey don't you walk out, I'm too drunk to follow
I know you won't feel this way tomorrow
A little rough around the edges
Insides a little hollow,
I feel so beat down and
It's so hard to swallow
Hey, hey, hey
(Hey, hey, hey)
I was born a rebel,
Down in Dixie
On a Sunday mornin'
With one foot in the ground
And one foot on the pedal, I was born a rebel
You picked me up in the mornin', and you paid all my
tickets
Then she screamed in the car
And left me out in the thicket
Well I never would'a dreamed
That her heart was so wicked
But I keep comin' back
'Cause it's so hard to kick it,
Hey, hey, hey
(Hey, hey, hey)
I was born a rebel,
Down in Dixie
On a Sunday mornin'
With one foot in the ground
And one foot on the pedal, I was born a rebel
I was born a rebel
Even before my father's fathers
They called us all rebels
As they burned our cornfields
And left our cities leveled
Well I still feel the eyes of them blue-bellied devils
While I'm walking around through the concrete and
metal
Hey, hey, hey
(Hey, hey, hey)
I was born a rebel,
Down in Dixie
On a Sunday mornin'
With one foot in the ground

And one foot on the pedal, I was born a rebel
I was born a rebel.
Hey, hey, hey
(Hey, hey, hey)
Hey, hey, hey
(Hey, hey, hey)

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