

## Ligabue "Rebel Rebel"

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(David Bowie)

You've got your mother in a whirl  
She's not sure if you're a boy or a girl  
Hey babe, your hair's alright  
Hey babe, let's go out tonight  
You like me, and I like it all  
We like dancing and we look divine  
You love bands when they're playing hard  
You want more and you want it fast  
They put you down, they say I'm wrong  
You tacky thing, you put them on

Rebel Rebel, you've torn your dress  
Rebel Rebel, your face is a mess  
Rebel Rebel, how could they know?  
Hot tramp, I love you so!

You've torn your dress, your face is a mess  
You can't get enough, but enough ain't the test  
You've got your transmission and your live wire  
You got your cue line and a handful of ludes  
You wanna be there when they count up the dudes  
And I love your dress  
You're a juvenile success  
Because your face is a mess  
So how could they know?  
I said, how could they know?

So what you wanna know  
Calamity's child, chi-chile, chi-chile  
Where'd you wanna go?  
What can I do for you? Looks like you've been there too  
'Cause you've torn your dress  
And your face is a mess  
Your face is a mess  
So how could they know?

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