

## **Tom Petty** **"Rebels"**

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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

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

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Hey hey hey  
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...

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