

# Tom Petty, 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 somethings sometimes  
That are so hard to swallow - Hey!

(Chorus)

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.

Well she picked me up in the morning  
And she paid out my ticket  
Yeah she screamed in the car  
And threw 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

(Chorus)

Even before my father's fathers  
They called us all rebels  
Burned our cornfields  
And left our cities level  
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