

Rebel Rebel

Rickie Lee Jones

Got your mother in a whirl
'Cause she's not sure if you're a boy or a girl
Hey, babe, your hair's alright
Hey, babe, let's stay out tonight

You like me and I like it all
We like dancing and we look divine
You know fans when they play it hard
They want more and you want it first

Put you down and say I'm wrong
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

Doo doo doo

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You've torn your dress, your face is a mess
You can't get enough but enough ain't the test
You've got a transmission and a live wire
Got your few lines and a handful of dues

You gonna be there when they count up the blues
I love your dress, I love your dress
You're a juvenile success
Because your face is a mess

How could they know?
How could they know?

But what you wanna do
Or where you wanna go?
Wish I could do for you
Wish I'd been there too

Because you've torn your dress
Torn your dress
(Rebel, rebel)
And your face is a mess
(Rebel, rebel)

Your face is a mess
(Rebel, rebel)
Your face is a mess
(Rebel, rebel)

So how could they know?
How could they know?
Torn your dress, torn your dress
And how can they know?