

# 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?