

**REBEL REBEL**

D E doo doo du doo doo  
 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

**Chorus**

They put you down, they say I'm wrong	A D
You tacky thing, you put them on	Bm E
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	riff X 4 Don't ya?

**Repeat from beginning**

**ad lib over riff**

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  
 Ooo, your face is a mess      Ooo, ooo, so how could they know?  
 Eh, eh how could they know?