You've got your mother in a whirl
She's not sure if you're a boy or a girl
Hey babe your hairs 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 play it hard
You want more and you want it fast

They put you down they say I'm wrong You tacky thing you put them on

Rebel Rebel you've torn your dress
Rebel Rebel you're face is a mess
Rebel Rebel how could they know?

Hot tramp I love you so

You torn your dress, your face is a mess
you can't get enough, but enough ain't the test
you get the transmission and a LIVE wire
you gotcha blue line and and handful of lose
you wanna BE there when they count up the dues
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 watcha wanna know
two live and its jive
j-j-jive a wherejda wanna go
can I do for you attract a finger two
cause you've torn your dress
and your face is a mess
Oh your face is a mess
Oh-oh so how could they know
ah-ah how could they know

THEN DRUM THINGY, THEN END (on D)