

Rebel Rouser

Bob Welch

He had a lot to offer
A teenager born to suffer
But silence was golden in those days
And they dreamed about him
The way he combed his hair
Oh, what you wouldn't give
If you could've been there
There was grease on the street
As the war gave birth to James

Young, tough, so defiant
In the fifties he was giant
Oh, it's time
Take a look at James
Everything has changed
Nothin' stays the same

His smile came only rarely
Even then it was a smile that barely
Sacrificed the mood we found so new
'Cause he was a rebel rouser
He was hands on hips
He was lookin' back in anger
'Cause Mama used a whip
There was grease on the street
As the war gave birth to James

North and south, east of Eden
He doesn't even need no reason
Oh, it's time
Take a look at James
Everything, everything, everything has changed

He was a rebel rouser

He was a rebel rouser
He was hands on hips
He was lookin' back in anger
'Cause Mama used a whip
There was grease on the street
As the war gave birth to James

Ridin' down a two lane alley
Pedal on the metal straight to the valley
Oh, it's time
Take a look at James
Everything, everything, everything
Everything has changed