

The Rebel

Buck 65

Mavericks and renegades. Belt buckle. Brandishes Baseball bats and we dealt knuckle sandwiches. Motor-psycho. Organized deadly doctrine. Around back. Soundtrack - steady rockin' Eddie Cochran. Gene Vincent. Supreme instant acceleration. Contradictory. Bowling alley victory celebration. With broken bones, outspoken. Condone smoking winstons. Backseat bingo and pink flamingo, for instance.

Ripped in half. The joker and the devil. The slower and the several. I'm lowering my level. (repeat) I'm running from the law, breaking the law...

Solitary alignment. Jack of diamonds. Cuts glass. Remain solid. Chain wallet, switch blade and duck's ass Deluxe class top model. Toiled alone. Court order. Spoiled. Motor oil cologne. The wild one. On top of it. The opposite of wholesome. Isn't innocent. Fair trial. Hairstyle: folsom prison. Square mile iconoclast. Outclassed. Concerned mother - I learned from her - how to take a hit and burn rubber.

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Johnny Guitar. Scarred quicker. Part time card flicker. Bootlegger. Roustabout. Douse the flames with hard liquor. Hair pins and wide turns. Do things on my terms. Cuffs in my jeans, leather jacket and sideburns - That's class. At last, slowpokes I blast past. Cold war brewing? I don't give a rat's ass. Miserable fights for civil rights. Bag faces, Pinball, pretty girl in bondage and drag races.

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