

Rhythm To The Rebels

CSS

(Calling! Calling! Calling! Calling! Calling! Calling! Calling!
Calling!)

The rhythm to the rebels is calling me
Is takin' me higher than I'd ever be
This old shoes only walk... The dark side of the streets!
I've been around you but you never knew
Why always so cruel to this invisible fool
Wanna break some rules...? Well... I do!

(Calling! Calling! Calling! Calling! Calling! Calling! Calling!
Calling!)

My bones are stiff... My fists are tight!
What place and time to back you up in the fight
No matter what they say, I know what I am
And I know what I like

I got from the street all the wisdom to be young
Reckless with a fast metabolism... Sharp as a knife
And run in the speed, The speed of the light

Is that a woman? Is that a plane?
Is that a woman? Is that a plane?... Big-Jet plane!

Quiet neighborhood, it's late afternoon
The clock is tic-tockin' and sweat breaks off
Everyone's foreheads... Suddenly someone says
"There she goes again... She's tired of all this
Crap and she has some things to say..."
- I'm gonna fly away, you'll see
I'm gonna shine like dynamite
It's gonna blow your brain
And everyone is going to look up and say
"What the fuck is that?"

Is that a woman? Is that a plane?
Is that a woman? Is that a plane? BIG JET PLANE!

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