Rebel chords by Bryan Adams

| Rebel chords by Bryan Adams     |                               |                             |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Bb Eb Bb                        | Bb /C                         | In the morning he walks     |
| Well he made his way back       | Bb /D                         | passed the old house,       |
| to the old town,                | He's a rebel.                 | In the rain under grey      |
| Bb Eb F                         | 110 5 4 10001.                | northern skies,             |
| And everything looked just      | Don't ever look back - don't  | There's a new coat of paint |
| the same,                       | surrender,                    | on the front garden gate,   |
| Cm Gm                           |                               | But there's more there than |
|                                 | The old men say they've       |                             |
| The shops and the schools       | seen it before,               | first meets the eye.        |
| and the factories were there,   | Oh they drink their beer and  |                             |
| Ab F                            | they talk about friends,      | For a moment he stands      |
| But somehow the faces had       | Who didn't come back from     | undecided,                  |
| changed.                        | the war.                      | Looking back on the days of |
| Bb Eb Bb                        | Don't say he's too young to   | his youth,                  |
| So he went for a walk in the    | remember,                     | As two worlds collide in a  |
| high street,                    | Don't tell him what's wrong   | moment of truth.            |
| Bb Eb                           | or what's right,              |                             |
| F                               | Just give him a chance to get | CHORUS                      |
| Took his coat off and rolled    | out there and fight.          |                             |
| up his sleeves,                 |                               |                             |
| Cm Gm                           | Bb /C                         |                             |
| He thought of his father and    | Bb/D Eb                       |                             |
| his father before him,          | He's a rebel,                 |                             |
| Ab F                            | Bb /C                         |                             |
| And how he was the first        | Bb/D Eb                       |                             |
| one to leave.                   | Just a rebel,                 |                             |
| Bb Eb Bb                        | Bb /C                         |                             |
| Well he didn't come here for    | All the battles are           |                             |
| forgiveness,                    | won,                          |                             |
| Bb Eb F                         | Bb /D Eb                      |                             |
| There isn't a lot they can say, | But he's still on the         |                             |
| Gb Ab                           | run,                          |                             |
| Cause I remember the            | Bb /C                         |                             |
| reasons he first ran away.      | Bb/D Eb                       |                             |
| CHORUS:                         | He's a rebel.                 |                             |
|                                 | 110 0 0 100 011               |                             |
| Bb /C                           | BRIDGE:                       |                             |
| Bb/D Eb                         |                               |                             |
| He's a rebel,                   | F                             |                             |
| Bb /C                           | When it comes time for        |                             |
| Bb /D Eb                        | leavin',                      |                             |
| Just a rebel,                   | F                             |                             |
| Bb /C                           | Don't stand in my way,        |                             |
| Got his back to the             | Cm Eb                         |                             |
|                                 | There's nothin' left for me   |                             |
| wall,                           |                               |                             |
| Bb/D Eb Gonna fight till ha     | here, F Bb                    |                             |
| Gonna fight till he             |                               |                             |
| falls,                          | Gonna run - run away.         |                             |