

# The Rebel & The Rose

Becky Buller, Goodnight Sparky Music, BMI  
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There were many  
Came to call on dark-eyed Jenny  
Underneath that blood-red lantern in New Orleans  
French Quarter, très gentille  
Make a man forget about what he don't wanna feel  
Circumstances  
Make her wonder what the chance is  
He'll still have her if he lives to see  
How his Alabama rose  
Had to close the mouth of poverty

Chorus 1:        We're all broken  
                    True love knows  
                    And it reaches out the healing hands of hope  
                    To the body, to the soul  
                    To the rebel and the rose

Abijah  
Stumbled over many miles  
Like all the southern boys he was runnin' scared  
Unsure whether he  
Should follow the letter she sent toward the first of the year  
He reached the city  
Determined to leave if pity  
Was the only thing he read in her gaze anymore  
Would she want a man  
Who couldn't hold her like he had before

Chorus 1:        We're all broken  
                    True love knows  
                    And it reaches out the healing hands of hope  
                    To the body, to the soul  
                    To the rebel and the rose

Bridge:           Her arms around him, they stand  
                    Lookin' on their promised land  
                    And thank the Lord for bringing forth  
                    From barren ground  
                    This crop of cotton and kids  
                    A whole lotta happiness  
                    They thought could never be found

Chorus 2:        We're all broken  
                    God only knows  
                    He reaches out the healing hands of hope  
                    To the body, to the soul  
                    To the rebel and the rose

Tag:              To the body, to the soul  
                    To the rebel and the rose