

You can't go back to Rebels.

Hendrix is standing next to a mountain
And topples it with edge of his guitar
He died for his music and with his death gave the music life
I play along, my guitar as light as air.

After a day of dealing with death
Nurse Tricia dons the war paint and embraces life.
Rosie's sequined basque
Makes me ask what trapeze she's dropped off
Bison upsets the bouncers
With a failed piece of magic
Sue's arguing with last week's boyfriend
And making eyes at the next.

What was suitable for a nightclub in nineteen seventy-five
Is not suitable for a night club in nineteen eighty-two
And I have made my last walk up the eighty two stairs.

But now it's back,
Promising loud music and live bands
A new Rebels for a new century
But an old atmosphere
For the old crowd.

I walk in and feel alone
Tricia's in the Casbah
Rosie's in the States
And Sue's at the bar arguing over the price of drinks.

Hendrix grinds out Voodoo Chile for the thousandth time
And my air guitar sits heavy in my hands.
Age and responsibility lay as weights on my empty frets.

I walk down the three stairs and flag a cab.
As I leave, I see Bison walking in and wonder if I should stay.
But the door closes and I know I can't go back.