

Johnny came home in '67 to a little bit less than a hero's welcome
Guns of war ringing in his head I wonder what he must have thought
About the things some people said
Johnny was a rebel alright it was in his blood like fire in his eyes
Believin' that freedom was well worth keeping alive
Johnny was a rebel alright he knew where to stand and where to fight
Believin' that freedom was well worth keeping alive
Johnny was a rebel alright

He used to ride that Harley through the hollows and the hills
Blow through town standing on one wheel
Long hair flyin' like a sheet in the wind I knew he never would fit in
In the old hometown again
Yeah Johnny was a rebel alright...

That night out on the courthouse yard behind the civil defense and the national guard
I saw an angry mob get out of hand I saw Johnny take a bullet for another man
[guitar]
Johnny died young like the good often do fightin' for right in the struggle of truth
It seems like a waste when I look back today but I guess it's like he used to say
Our freedom's only worth as much as we're all willing to pay
Johnny was a rebel alright Johnny was a rebel alright yes he was
Johnny was a rebel alright yes he was Johnny was a rebel alright yes he was