

Elton John - Social Disease

Tom: **D**

D **G** **D**
My bulldog is barking in the backyard

D7 **G** **E7**
Enough to raise a dead man from his grave

D **B**
And I can't concentrate on what I'm doing

B7 **E7** **A**
Disturbance going to crucify my days

D **D7**
And the days they get longer and longer

D7 **G7** **E7-** **E7**
And the nighttime is a time of little use

D **B7**
For I just get ugly and older

E7 **A7** **A7** **D**
I get juiced on Mateus and just hang loose

Chorus

Bm **G7**
And I get bombed for breakfast in the morning

Bm **G7**
I get bombed for dinner time and tea

D **A** **G**
I dress in rags, smell a lot, and have a real good time

D **A7** **D** **G** **D**
I'm a genuine example of a social disease

D **D7**
My landlady lives in a caravan

D7 **G7** **E7-** **E7**
Well that is when she isn't in my arms

D **B7**
And it seems I pay the rent in human kindness

E7 **E7** **A** **G** **D**
But my liquor also helps to grease her palm

D **D7**
And the ladies are all getting wrinkles

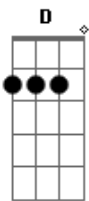
D7 **G7** **E7-** **E7**
And they're falling apart at the seams

D **B7**
Well I just get high on tequila

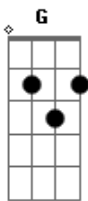
E7 **A7** **A7** **D**
And see visions of vineyards in my dreams

Chorus to End

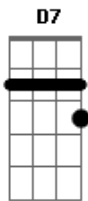
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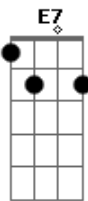
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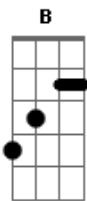
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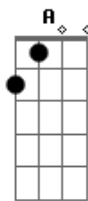
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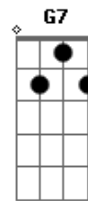
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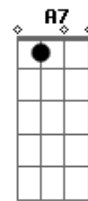
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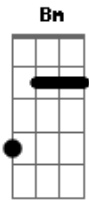
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