

Elton John - Social Disease

Tom: D

My bulldog is barking in the backyard

Enough to raise a dead man from his grave

And I can't concentrate on what I'm doing

Disturbance going to crucify my days

And the days they get longer and longer

And the nighttime is a time of little use

For I just get ugly and older

I get juiced on Mateus and just hang loose

Chorus

And I get bombed for breakfast in the morning

I get bombed for dinner time and tea

I dress in rags, smell a lot, and have a real good time

I'm a genuine example of a social disease

My landlady lives in a caravan

Well that is when she isn't in my arms

And it seems I pay the rent in human kindness

But my liquor also helps to grease her palm

And the ladies are all getting wrinkles

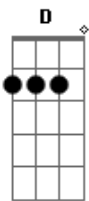
And they're falling apart at the seams

Well I just get high on tequila

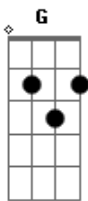
And see visions of vineyards in my dreams

Chorus to End

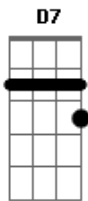
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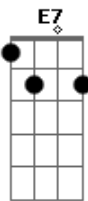
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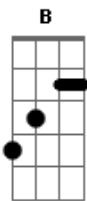
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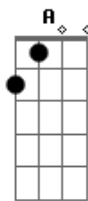
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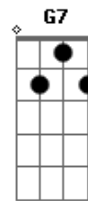
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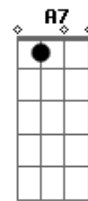
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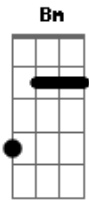
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