

Elton John - White lady white powder

Tom: F

F Dm Bb7 F F Dm Bb7 F

F C / Dm Dm

Dust settles on a thin cloud

Bb Sends a fog drifting to a worn out crowd C7

Bb Bb7 C

I've had my face in a mirror for twenty four hours

Staring at a line of white pow-der C F

High-priced madness pays the tab C Dm

Bb I've scraped too much of nothing from your plastic bag F

Bb Bb7 C

I'm a catatonic son of a bitch who's had

C A touch too much of white pow-der C F

Bb And she's a habit I can't handle F C

Bb For a reason I can't say F C

Bb I'm in love with a wild white lady C

Bb She's as sweet as the stories say Dm F

White powder white lady

Bb You're one and the same

F Bb7

Come on down to my house won't you

Bb C F Dm Bb7 C

And hit this boy again

F Dm

Shock waves to a tired brain

Bb Sends that hungry lady to my door again F C7

Bb She's my shelter from the storm when I feel the rain C

C Entertaining white pow-der C F

I feel I'm dry-docked and tongue-tied Dm

Bb Heaven sends a stretcher for the kids to ride F C7

Bb I might just escape while the others might die C

C Riding on a high of white pow-der C F

(CHORUS)

(INSTRUMENTAL)

(CHORUS)

F Dm

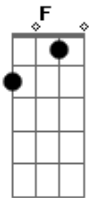
White powder, white lady,

Bb C F

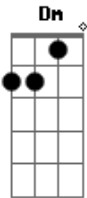
Hit this boy again

(REPEAT, FADE)

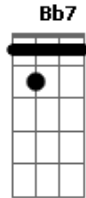
Acordes



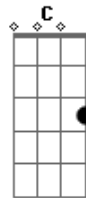
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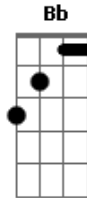
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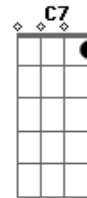
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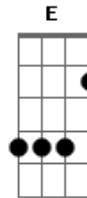
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