

# 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 F C7  
Sends a fog drifting to a worn out crowd

Bb Bb7 C  
I've had my face in a mirror for twenty four hours

C F  
Staring at a line of white pow-der

F C Dm  
High-priced madness pays the tab

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

Bb Bb7 C  
I'm a catatonic son of a bitch who's had

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

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

Bb F F C  
For a reason I can't say

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

Bb C  
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 F C7  
Sends that hungry lady to my door again

Bb Bb7 C  
She's my shelter from the storm when I feel the rain

C C F  
Entertaining white pow-der

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

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

Bb Bb7 C  
I might just escape while the others might die

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

(CHORUS)

(INSTRUMENTAL)

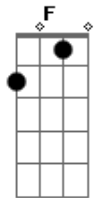
(CHORUS)

F Dm  
White powder, white lady,

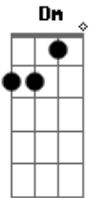
Bb C F  
Hit this boy again

(REPEAT, FADE )

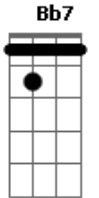
## Acordes



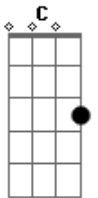
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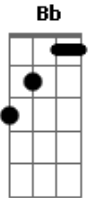
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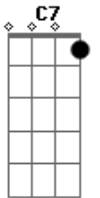
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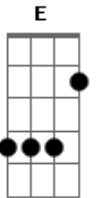
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