

# Original Sin

Elton John

Oh, it's carnival night  
And they're stringing the lights around you  
Hanging paper angels  
Painting little devils on the roof

Oh the furnace wind  
Is a flickering of wings about your face  
In a cloud of incense  
Yea, it smells like Heaven in this place

I can't eat, can't sleep  
Still I hunger for you when you look at me  
That face, those eyes  
All the sinful pleasures deep inside

Tell me how, you know now, the ways and means of getting in  
Underneath my skin,  
Oh you were always my original sin  
And tell me why, I shudder inside, every time we begin  
This dangerous game  
Oh you were always my original sin

A dream will fly  
The moment that you open up your eyes  
A dream is just a riddle  
Ghosts from every corner of your life

Up in the balcony  
All the Romeo's are bleeding for your hand  
Blowing theater kisses  
Reciting lines they don't understand

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