

Social Disease

Elton John

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

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 palms

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