

Bitter Fingers

Elton John

I'm going on the circuit, I'm doing all the clubs
And I really need a song boys to stir those workers up
And get their wives to sing it with me just like in the pubs
When I worked the good old pubs in Stepney

Oh could you knock a line or two together for a friend
Sentimental tear inducing with a happy end
And we need a tune to open our season at Southend
Can you help us

It's hard to write a song with bitter fingers
So much to prove, so few to tell you why
Those old die-hards in Denmark Street start laughing
At the keyboard player's hollow haunted eyes
It seems to me a change is really needed
I'm sick of tra-la-las and la-de-das
No more long days hacking hunks of garbage
Bitter fingers never swung on swinging stars, swinging stars

I like the warm blue flame, the hazy heat it brings
It loosens up the muscles and forces you to sing
You know it's just another hit and run from the tin pan alley t
wins

And there's a chance that one day you might write a standard la
ds
So churn them out quick and fast and we'll still pat your backs
'Cause we need what we can get to launch another dozen acts
Are you working