

Grow Some Funk Of Your Own

Elton John

Yeah I looked at my watch and it said a quarter to five
The headlines screamed that I was still alive
I couldn't understand it
I thought I died last night

Oh I dreamed I'd been in a border town
In a little cantina that the boys had found
I was desperate to dance
Just to dig the local sounds

When along came a señorita
She looked so good that I had to meet her
I was ready to approach her with my English charm
When her brass knuckled boyfriend grabbed me by the arm

And he said grow some funk of your own amigo
Grow some funk of your own
We no like to with the gringo fight
But there might be a death in Mexico tonight
If you can't grow some funk of your own amigo
Grow some funk of your own
Take my advice, take the next flight
And grow your funk, grow your funk at home

Well I looked for support from the rest of my friends
For their vanishing trick they get ten out of ten
I knelt to pray
Just to see if he would comprehend