

## Hymn 2000

Elton John

She chose the soft centre  
And took it to bed with her mother  
And the ideal confusion  
Was just an illusion  
To gain further news of her brother

And the comfort of mother  
Was just an appeal for protection  
For the cat from next door  
Was found later at four  
In surgical dissection

And I don't want to be  
The son of any freak  
Who for a chocolate centre  
Can take you off the street

For soon they'll plough the desert  
And God knows where I'll be  
Collecting submarine numbers  
On the main street of the sea

The Vicar is thicker  
And I just can't see through to him  
For his cardinal sings  
A collection of hymns  
And a collection of coins is made after

And who wrote the Bible  
Was it Judas or Pilate  
Well one cleans his hands  
While the other one hangs  
But still I continue to stand