

# Lady Samantha

Elton John

When the shrill winds are screaming  
And the evening is still  
Lady Samantha glides over the hill  
In a long satin dress that she wears every day  
Her home is the hillside, her bed is the grave

Lady Samantha glides like a tiger  
Over the hills with no one beside her  
No one comes near  
They all live in fear  
But Lady Samantha, she sheds only tears

The tales that I told round the fire every night  
Are out of proportion and none of them right  
She is harmless and empty of anything bad  
For she once had something that most of you have