

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