

# Mexican Vacation (Kids in the Candlelight)

Elton John

I carried you in my arms  
Through the hotel to our room  
The night was filled with music  
Those old historic tunes  
Songs of revolution  
Filled our hearts and fed our souls  
As the fireworks exploded  
Like those cannons long ago

See the kids in the candlelight  
Spirits on the mend  
Every golden child tonight  
Just changes on the wind  
See the kids in the candlelight  
See 'em shining bright  
Innocence beyond the fight  
See the kids in the candlelight

Five hundred wooden saints below  
The color's cracked and dry  
You said their stories should be told  
Did they suffer when they died?  
Give us your tradition  
Give us hope and send us home  
We'll be the cracked bells tolling  
The voice of dust and bones

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See the kids in the candlelight  
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The pillow that you dream on  
Lies rolled up on the floor  
You tossed it at the TV screen  
At the drug lord and his war  
Thinking of the courtyard  
Forced a tear from your eye  
The white shirts in the moonlight  
The warm forgiving smiles

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Yea, yea, yea (2x)