

My Quicksand

Elton John

I put my life on hold and took you home
Good sense shot down I placed you on a throne
Where was the wheel that kept me on the road
The force of nature preventing overload

So don't you know I've been dressed to kill
If you got the tools be careful what you build
When the arrow's in the bull's-eye every time
It's hard assuming that the archer's blind

My quicksand
Let me introduce you
To my final stand
I went to Paris once
I thought I had a plan
I woke up with an accent
I wound up in quicksand
My quicksand

I was full of foreign notions at the start
There was never once
When I was off my guard
For any ghost of every poet in the ground
There's one like me
To buy the guys a round

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I'm going down
You and me together going down
It's not what I'd been told about this town
That when you least expect it you can drown
In quicksand
My quicksand

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