

# The Ballad Of Danny Bailey

Elton John

Some punk with a shotgun killed young Danny Bailey  
In cold blood, in the lobby of a downtown motel  
Killed him in anger, a force he couldn't handle  
Helped pull the trigger that cut short his life  
And there's not many knew him the way that we did  
Sure enough he was a wild one, but then aren't most hungry kids

Now it's all over Danny Bailey  
And the harvest is in  
Dillinger's dead  
I guess the cops won again  
Now it's all over Danny Bailey  
And the harvest is in

We're running short of heroes back up here in the hills  
Without Danny Bailey we're gonna have to break up our stills  
So mark his grave well `cause Kentucky loved him  
Born and raised a proper, I guess life just bugged him  
And he found faith in danger, a lifestyle he lived by  
A running gun youngster in a sad restless age