

# Tower Of Babel

Elton John

Snow, cement and ivory young towers  
Someone called us Babylon  
Those hungry hunters  
Tracking down the hours  
But where were all your shoulders when we cried  
Were the darlings on the sideline  
Dreaming up such cherished lies  
To whisper in your ear before you die

It's party time for the guys in the tower of Babel  
Sodom meet Gomorrah, Cain meet Abel  
Have a ball y'all  
See the latches crawl  
With the call girls under the table  
Watch them dig their graves  
'Cause Jesus don't save the guys  
In the tower of Babel

Watch them dig their graves  
'Cause Jesus don't save the guys  
In the tower of Babel, no no no

Junk, angel, this closet's always stacked  
The dealers in the basement  
Filling your prescription  
For a brand new heart attack

But where were all your shoulders when we cried  
Were the doctors in attendance  
Saying how they felt so sick inside  
Or was it just the scalpel blade that lied