

# Whitewash Country

Elton John

Tonight it's hot down here  
I can almost smell the rain  
And I can almost taste the fear  
Behind your name  
Fans turning on the ceiling  
I feel sticky as a chili dog  
White boys howling in the evening  
On that hollow log

Tall tales down the river  
Say we aim to bury the truth  
But the right hand just delivered  
The devil in a suit

And he talks big in Whitewash County  
Talks sweet as sugar cane  
Got a past that's filled with lightning  
Got a future filled with rain

Bug buzzing in an empty glass  
Fiddle scratching some lazy tune  
We're just some place that history passed  
New dust, new broom  
And it's a high hot buttered moon  
He's got a shiny new wax face  
Swears the South's gonna rise again soon  
All over the place

Rain down on Whitewash County  
Smell the air coming up the line  
Well you've changed your face so often  
But you never change your mind