

# Elton John, Hell

(Elton John / Bernie Taupin) - Never released

Take a look around, there ain't no angels here  
Just a big red moon all bloody and dirty  
Coughing like a factory in the atmosphere

Take a happy face, stick it on the Middle East  
There's a light switch broken  
And a million fingers pointing at each other  
For a minute's peace

Sweet talking baby Jane  
She's a little golden  
Looks like Cleopatra, acts like Joan Crawford  
Rolling on a carpet with an ice pick in her heart

And it's all or nothing  
Feel like jumping  
Wear my wings, wash my empty hands  
And I don't know all that is  
Like the place where angels live  
All I know is Hell is not below

See Joe Public hanging from a red-tipped noose  
Trapped in a bottle, drowning with a genie  
Waist deep in wishes you can never use

At the last resort the geishas spread like flies  
It's the moody black cloud all bitchy and muddy  
Sticking to the ceiling like Gods on the night

Rotting in a (place) since she was only five years old  
Only took a second as the windows shatter  
Falling precious metal to suck out her soul