

Elton John, Hymn 2000

She chose the soft center
And took it to bed with her mother
And the ideal confusion
Was just an illusion
To gain further news of her brother

And the comfort of mother
Was just an appeal for protection
For the cat from next door
Was found later at four
In surgical dissection

And I don't want to be
The son of any freak
Who for a chocolate center
Can take you off the street

For soon they'll plough the desert
And God knows where I'll be
Collecting submarine numbers
On the main street of the sea

The Vicar is thicker
And I just can't see through to him
For his cardinal sings
A collection of hymns
And a collection of coins is made after

And who wrote the Bible
Was it Judas or Pilate
Well one cleans his hands
While the other one hangs
But still I continue to stand