

Elton John, Medley: Yell Help / Wednesday Night

Music by Elton John and Davey Johnstone
Lyrics by Bernie Taupin

Yell help, too many cooks and a bird in the bush, yell help
Yell help, if your mirror busts and your cat gets cussed, yell help
'Cause down the road you find someone else who's looking
Down the road you find another sweet lady cooking
So I gotta yell help

Yell help, some shelter from the storm like the travel agent warned
Yell help, if you can help your superstitions they gonna keep you warm
'Cause down the road you find someone else who's looking
Down the road you seen another sweet lady cooking
So I gotta yell help

I wish tonight wasn't Wednesday night
I wish it wasn't the thirteenth of July, yell help
And you're looking at the guy whose eyes can't deny
That he wishes he were somewhere else tonight

Well I met this woman down in New Orleans
Lord she built just like a dream
Even wore stockings that had seams
And she was ugly

Now hell I don't mind women of her kind
I'll even pay sometimes for a woman that's ugly

She built like a steamroller
Just the kind to mow you over anytime
Hey the moment might arrive

On Bourbon Street
Well the ugliest woman you'll ever meet
But she's mine all mine and she's ugly
So I better yell help