

Elton John, Midnight Creeper

Walk a mile in my tennis shoes
Tina Turner gave me the highway blues
But I don't love nobody but you honey
I'm true rat for the things I done
Second cousin to a son of a gun
I'm gonna wipe out your mama if she puts me on honey

'Cause I'm a midnight creeper
Ain't gonna lose no sleep over you
When there's a nightmare I'm there
Tempting you to blow a fuse

Well there's no more sleeping
When I'm midnight creeping over you
Watch out honey, watch out honey
Watch the things you do

Long haired ladies well they look so fine
Locked in my cellar full of cheap red wine
But, I don't think those ladies they really mind honey
I still don't know why you hate me so
A little bit of fun never stopped no show
Well I just want to loosen up my soul honey