

# Elton John, Shoulder Holster

Now it was just like Frankie and Johnny  
And it was just like Stagger Lee  
Dolly Summers was a simple girl  
From a mid-west family  
With a stucco home and her own Mustang  
And a charge account at Sears  
She had everything that a girl could want  
To live happy for the rest of her years

But the thing that she wanted most of all  
Was the thing that she had lost  
To the arms of a downtown black jack hustler  
By the name of Candyfloss  
They'd slipped town on a late night train  
Heading for the West  
Dolly slipped behind the wheel of her Mustang  
With a piece between her breast

If it seemed just like a movie  
Or a night of bad TV  
They should have had a picture of Dolly's face  
As she drove across the country  
With daggers drawn for her fallen man  
An venom in her heart  
It was nearly dawn when she caught them up  
Making out in a picnic park

But the thing that shook her rigid  
As she fumbled for her gun  
Was the state of the man that she'd married once  
And thought of as the only one  
And as she looked back on the chances  
That she'd passed up at home  
Well she quietly dumped pistol in a ditch  
And she headed home alone