

# Elton John, Social Disease

My bulldog is barking in the backyard  
Enough to raise a dead man from his grave  
And I can't concentrate on what I'm doing  
Disturbance going to crucify my days

And the days they get longer and longer  
And the nighttime is a time of little use  
For I just get ugly and older  
I get juiced on Mateus and just hang loose

And I get bombed for breakfast in the morning  
I get bombed for dinner time and tea  
I dress in rags, smell a lot, and have a real good time  
I'm a genuine example of a social disease

My landlady lives in a caravan  
Well that is when she isn't in my arms  
And it seems I pay the rent in human kindness  
But my liquor also helps to grease her palms

And the ladies are all getting wrinkles  
And they're falling apart at the seams  
Well I just get high on tequila  
And see visions of vineyards in my dreams