

# Elton John, The Emperor's New Cloth

Music by Elton John  
Lyrics by Bernie Taupin

We bet on our lives and we bet on the horses  
In that upstairs apartment  
On Orlando and 4th  
And the rent was due and the rent man was knocking  
Like a Chinese proverb  
We were always searching

Nightlife's a no-win but nobody noticed  
How we killed off the bottles  
Looking good on the surface  
The dog days barked and the house cat got old  
We were Bonnie and Clyde  
In the emperor's new clothes

And the tears never came  
They just stayed in our eyes  
We refused to admit that we wore this disguise  
Every inch of us growing  
Like Pinocchio's nose  
As we walked around in the emperor's new clothes

We flew by our wits and by the seat of our pants  
In the state of illusion  
In the nation of chance  
And the repo was hauling the wreck we'd been driving  
As the dashboard Madonna  
Smiled back at us kindly

We cheated the system never batting an eyelid  
Seeing only the good  
Through the holes in our shoes  
And our halos were rusty but we wore them proudly  
We were two little gods  
In the emperor's new clothes