

Elton John, The Scaffold

In Orient where wise I was
To please the way I live
Come give the beggar chance at hand
His life is on his lip

Three score a thousand times
Where once in Amazon
Where Eldorado holds the key
No keeper holds my hand

Unchain the gate of solitude
The ruler says you run
Run hard unto the scaffold high
Your chance to jump the gun

Oh how high the scaffold grows
The plant life of your widow
In black lace curtains brought you near
From out the plate glass window

The Minotaur with bloody hands
Is enraged by the sun
Caged he by the corpses
Brought forth by the dawn

In Orient is as I told
The buckshee hangman swears
For open crypts to silence
Nylon knots to sway by prayer

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