

# Elton John, This Song Has No Title

Tune me in to the wild side of life  
I'm an innocent young child sharp as a knife  
Take me to the garrets where the artists have died  
Show me the courtrooms where the judges have lied

Let me drink deeply from the water and the wine  
Light coloured candles in dark dreary mines  
Look in the mirror and stare at myself  
And wonder if that's really me on the shelf

And each day I learn just a little bit more  
I don't know why but I do know what for  
If we're all going somewhere let's get there soon  
Oh this song's got no title just words and a tune

Take me down alleys where the murders are done  
In a vast high powered rocket to the core of the sun  
Want to read books in the studies of men  
Born on the breeze and die on the wind

If I was an artist who paints with his eyes  
I'd study my subject and silently cry  
Cry for my darkness to come down on me  
For confusion to carry on turning the wheel