

Elton John, Western Ford Gateway

It's hard to feel what's in your head
Where the gas lamps grow
And the garbage blows
Around the paper stands

And a baby cried
And I saw a light
And I wondered where
And I wondered why
There'd be a loss of life
Down here tonight

Down on Western Ford Gateway
That's a place where the dead say
That a man lives no more
That his fair share of days
Down on Western Ford Gateway

It flowed upon the cobbled floor
For the bottle's dead
And they're drunk again
By the tavern door