

Elton John, All Of The Young Girls Love Alice

Raised to be a lady,
by the golden rule;
Alice was the spawn,
of a public school.
With a double-barrel'd name,
in the back of her brain;
and a simple case of "Mummy doesn't love me blues."
Reality it seemed,
was just a dream;
she couldn't get it on,
with the boys on the scene;
but what do you expect,
from a chick who's just sixteen;
but hey, hey, hey (hey, hey, hey),
you know what I mean.

Chorus:

All of the young girls love Alice,
"Tender young Alice," they say;
come over and see me,
come over and please me.

Alice, it's my turn today.

All of the young girls love Alice,
"Tender young Alice," they say;
if I give you my number,
will you promise to call me?

Wait 'till my husband's away.

Poor little darlin',
with a chip out of her heart;
it's like actin' in a movie,
when you've got the wrong part;
and getting your kicks,
in another girl's bed;
and it was only last Tuesday,
they found you in the subway dead.

And who could you call your friends down in Soho?

One or two middle aged dykes in the A-Go-Go.

But what do you expect, from a sixteen year old yo-yo;
and hey, hey, hey (hey, hey, hey)
oh, don't you know?

Chorus