

Elton John, Hell

(Elton John / Bernie Taupin) - Never released

Take a look around, there ain't no angels here
Just a big red moon all bloody and dirty
Coughing like a factory in the atmosphere

Take a happy face, stick it on the Middle East
There's a light switch broken
And a million fingers pointing at each other
For a minute's peace

Sweet talking baby Jane
She's a little golden
Looks like Cleopatra, acts like Joan Crawford
Rolling on a carpet with an ice pick in her heart

And it's all or nothing
Feel like jumping
Wear my wings, wash my empty hands
And I don't know all that is
Like the place where angels live
All I know is Hell is not below

See Joe Public hanging from a red-tipped noose
Trapped in a bottle, drowning with a genie
Waist deep in wishes you can never use

At the last resort the geishas spread like flies
It's the moody black cloud all bitchy and muddy
Sticking to the ceiling like Gods on the night

Rotting in a (place) since she was only five years old
Only took a second as the windows shatter
Falling precious metal to suck out her soul