

Elton John, Madness

The fuse is set and checked once more
Then left beside a back street door
And in the cold grey light
Someone sees a shadow run through the night and out of sight
They hide inside a smoke filled room
To hear at last the blast of doom
And so the deed is done
They listen to the final countdown begun, three, two, one

Madness, it's a kind of madness
That turns good men bad
And we're helpless caught up in the madness
Of a world gone mad

The roar of fire rings out on high
And flames light up the black night sky
A child screams out in fear
A hopeless cry for help but no one is near enough to hear

As walls collapse and timbers flare
The smell of death hangs in the air
When help at last arrives
They try to fight the flame but nothing survives of all those lives

And it's madness, every time a victim dies
There is madness, burning in a blind man's eyes
And it's madness, hidden in the hate and pain
There is madness, burning in a wild man's brain
And it's madness, every time the bullets start
There is madness, burning in a poor man's heart

And it's madness, something that we can't control
There is madness, burning in a madman's soul
Madness