

Elton John, Rotten Peaches

We've moved on six miles from where we were yesterday
And yesterday is but a long long ways away
So we'll camp out tonight beneath the bright starlight
And forget rotten peaches and the places we've stayed

I left from the dockland two years ago now
Made my way over on the S.S. Marie
And I've always had trouble wherever I've settled
Rotten peaches are all that I see

Rotten peaches rotting in the sun
Seems I've seen that devil fruit since the world begun
Mercy I'm a criminal, Jesus I'm the one
Rotten peaches rotting in the sun

There ain't no green grass in a U.S. state prison
There is no one to hold when you're sick for your wife
And each day out you'll pick, you'll pick rotten peaches
You'll pick rotten peaches for the rest of your life

Oh I've had me my fill of cocaine and pills
For I lie in the light of the Lord
And my home is ten thousand, ten thousand miles away
And I guess I won't see it no more