

Elton John, Screw You

Music by Elton John

Lyrics by Bernie Taupin

Released as a UK B-side in September, 1973

When I was a boy I had a lot of fun

I lived by the sea, I was a fisherman's son

My mother she was a fisherman's wife

She was scrubbing floors most of her life

They said screw you

I ain't got nothing to lose

I could paper a matchbox

With the money I use

At the school I attended I got into fights

I was beaten in an alley on a cold winter night

The teachers cared less for the blood in our veins

They got most of their thrills out of using a cane

They said screw you

Oh you bloody young fools

I could get more sense

Out of the back end of a mule

So you see there's man who get paid for being slaves

And men who get paid for being free

And there's men behind bars who pray for the light

And men in the suburbs who pray for the night

And they're all trying to climb to the top of the mine

And all of them say most of the way

Screw you

I worked in the mill from seven till nine

Tears in my eyes nearly drove me half-blind

Trying to make wages that weren't even there

Taking hell from a foreman with the build of a bear

He said screw you

This is all you'll ever do

It's the only existence for someone like you