

# Elton John, Suit Of Wolves

Looking back in anger  
On this dirty little town  
It stained your dress carved up my face  
Put a wedge between our state of grace  
Somethings so young and pretty  
Should never be released  
We place our bets we take our pick  
They wind up in the belly of the beast  
And when you can't get what you want  
You take anything you can  
So I wear this suit of wolves at night  
I slip it on how come it feels so right  
I get a hungry man  
When I can't get what I want  
I take anything I can  
I wear a suit of wolves  
Just across from Friday  
The weekend circus rolls  
I cross my heart turn on the charm  
I say my prayers between two hungry arms  
There's a string of dangerous flowers  
All around my bed  
There's some want rings and some just want  
And those who'd like to see me dead