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