

Elton John, The Ballad Of Danny Bailey (1909-34)

Some punk with a shotgun
Killed young Danny Bailey
In cold blood, in the lobby
Of a downtown motel.

Killed him in anger,
A force he couldn't handle,
Helped pull the trigger
That cut short his life.

And there's not many knew him
The way that we did,
Sure enough he was a wild one
But then aren't most hungry kids?

Now it's all over Danny Bailey,
And the harvest is in.
Dillinger's dead
I guess the cops won again
Now it's all over Danny Bailey,
And the harvest is in.

We're running short of heroes
Back up here in the hills,
Without Danny Bailey
We're gonna have to break up our stills.

So mark his grave well
'Cause Kentucky loved him.
Born and raised proper
I guess life just bugged him.

And he found faith in danger,
A life style he lived by,
A runnin' gun youngster
In a sad restless age.