

Elton John, Wake Up Wendy

Music by Elton John
Lyrics by Bernie Taupin
From the album Chef Aid

Got this bug-eyed girl
Cold hand on my knee
Frozen teeth, chitter chatter
She's dressed up like a cemetery, like a cemetery

Snow-bound all winter
Blue lips on my cheek
Little tongue's prattlin', rattlin'
Talking 'bout them hometown geeks, them home-town geeks

Wake up Wendy, smell the coffee
Help me into your custom kitchen
Gimme a cup of that old black magic
I wanna get me some of that old home cookin'

Can you feel it
It's chilly and a-freezin'
Wake up Wendy, moods are changing
I got a reason, you got a feeling
Wake up Wendy, love's in season

Feels like a steam clean
When she washes me
Valves a-bustin', pumps a-hissin'
Just peel me off the ceiling, off the ceiling

Chill-eyed, bug-eyed girl
Zap me into cinders
Pop the thermal mumbo jumbo