

# 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