

# Elton John, White Lady White Powder

Dust settles on a thin cloud  
Sends a fog drifting to a worn out crowd  
I've had my face in a mirror for twenty four hours  
Staring at a line of white powder

High-priced madness pays the tab  
I've scraped too much of nothing from your plastic bag  
I'm a catatonic son of a bitch who's had  
A touch too much of white powder

And she's a habit I can't handle  
For a reason I can't say  
I'm in love with a wild white lady  
She's as sweet as the stories say  
White powder white lady  
You're one and the same  
Come on down to my house won't you  
And hit this boy again

Shock waves to a tired brain  
Sends that hungry lady to my door again  
She's my shelter from the storm when I feel the rain  
Entertaining white powder

I feel I'm dry-docked and tongue-tied  
Heaven sends a stretcher for the kids to ride  
I might just escape while the others might die  
Riding on a high of white powder