

Elton John, Whitewash County

Tonight it's hot down here
I can almost smell the rain
And I can almost taste the fear
Behind your name
Fans turning on the ceiling
I feel sticky as a chili dog
White boys howling in the evening
On that hollow log

Tall tales down the river
Say we aim to bury the truth
But the right hand just delivered
The devil in a suit

And he talks big in Whitewash County
Talks sweet as sugar cane
Got a past that's filled with lightning
Got a future filled with rain

Bug buzzing in an empty glass
Fiddle scratching some lazy tune
We're just some place that history passed
New dust, new broom
And it's a high hot buttered moon
He's got a shiny new wax face
Swears the South's gonna rise again soon
All over the place

Rain down on Whitewash County
Smell the air coming up the line
Well you've changed your face so often
But you never change your mind