

Bernie Taupin

"Born On The Fourth Of July"

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Marchin, I hear marchin
Outside my window in the rain
I play checkers, I'm sick of checkers
I'm sick of pain

Marchin, I hear marchin
Outside my window in the rain
I play checkers, I'm sick of checkers
I'm sick of pain, I'm sick of pain
Mondays, every Monday
Sees my hollow eyes
I liked Hank Williams, He died Hank Williams
I'm still alive, I'm still alive

Blood red and blue your flags on view
Ticker tape rains on Fifth Avenue
Some coloured kid will shine your shoes
Some orphan screams in a chow line queue
For the whitewash and the tarbrush don't lie
Hey lucky you to be born on the 4th of July

Callin storm warnins callin'
From Calvary to Bunker Hill
Pontius Pilate turned the tarot
And the reaper killed, and the reaper killed
Glory wave old glory
Sand Creek to Gettysburgh
From Andrew Jackson to Richard Nixon
For the brave new world, for the brave new world

It's last request for protest time
Some long haired kid on the subway line
With a beaten guitar and a lot of time
We shall overcome, well we never shall
It's flags on lapels and faded decals
Max Yasga and puka shells
Dundarees and dying causes
Body bags and pregnant pauses
Dayglow poster of Joan Baez
Meditating, datind, yoga and E.S.T
Bells and flowers and beads of incense
Well none of that nuts makes any sense

For the whitewash and the tarbrush don't lie
Hey lucky you to be born on the 4th of July.

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