

Bernie Taupin

"Valley Nights"

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When the streets are steaming, the big slicks scream
As they burn down the quarter mile
And those lean brown boys in their sleeveless shirts
Curse the heat when it cramps their style
Only the chicano in his body shop
Say "In cherry red she looks so fine"
While his brothers burn the chops of the Catholic kids
From West Covina to the county line

Cherio my baby say don't you know me
The rich kid in the Karman Ghia
Well I bought these wheels just to make you feel
That I'm a street kid not a racketeer
Should we grab a bite where the greasers eat
Watch them choppers cruise up the strand
Or should we park where it's dark
And tune the AM into the sounds of the old Wolfman

When she's spent your candleshe learned your handle
She says honey let me see you shift
So your floor it into fifth down to the liquer store
Where a fake I'd can score a fifth
Sonny Matao say to Susie Elaina
Maybe we could steal your sister's car
And grab ourselves a six pack and head on down
To the drive-in at canoga Park

When the surfers hit Topanga once they quit the waves
And they roll back into Woodland Hills
Where the bleached blond girls in their faded jeans
Bring 'em burgers from the bar-n-grill
When they've stashed their boards and climed up on
Them wagons just to eat up the night
It's a crackerjack box with no surprise
When your lady's sinking judes and whites

I've had a hell of a week up on over the hill
And now there's a valley between
But if you won't see me Friday I might as well
Throw a monkey wrench in my machine
Cause I saddle soaped the buckets shined the chrome
Polished up the panel lights

Until you can check your makeup in the fuel gauge
And I can dazzle you

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