

Elton John**"Bitter Fingers Elton John Bernie Taupin"**

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I'm going on the circuit
I'm doing all the clubs
And I really need a song boys
To stir those workers up
And get their wives to sing it with me
Just like in the pubs
When I worked the good old pubs in Stepney

Oh could you knock a line or two
Together for a friend
Sentimental tear inducing with a happy end
And we need a tune to open our season at Southend
Can you help us?

It's hard to write a song with bitter fingers
So much to prove so few to tell you why
Those old die-hards in Denmark Street start laughing
At the keyboard player's hollow haunted eyes
It seems to me a change is really needed
I'm sick of tra la las and la de das
No more long days hacking hunks of garbage
Bitter fingers never swung on swinging stars, swinging
stars

I like the warm blue flame
The hazy heat it brings
It loosens up the muscles
And forces you to sing
You know it's just another hit and run
From the tin pan alley twins

And There's a chance that one day
You might write a standard lads
So churn them out quick and fast
And we'll still pat your backs
'Cause we need what we can get
To launch another dozen acts
Are you working

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