

Elton John

"Just Like Belgium"

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Remember Belgium and the Brussels museum
Where we piled on the front steps like stray cavaliers
Our code of living meant little to others
The few francs we saved, bought some cheap
souvenirs

But the red lights where the cat fights make it just like
Belgium
See us face down on the floor of another cheap
barroom
Streetwalkers sweet talk you out of your spare change
And your sweet madame makes it seem just like
Belgium
Just like Belgium

Just like a hustler when they look attractive
It's nothing more than a slap on the back
The price tag of being just a little bit different
The first rule to learn is to keep your own distance

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Just like Belgium

Oh, it's just like Belgium
Oh, it's just like Belgium
Ain't that just like Belgium
Oh, it's just like Belgium

Ain't that just like Belgium

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