

Elton John

"Screw You"

Visit "[Screw You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When I was a boy I had a lot of fun
I lived by the sea, I was a fisherman's son
My mother she was a fisherman's wife
She was scrubbing floors most of her life

They said screw you
I ain't got nothing to lose
I could paper a matchbox
With the money I use

Screw you
I ain't got nothing to lose
I could paper a matchbox
With the money I use

At the school I attended, I got into fights
I was beaten in an alley on a cold winter night
The teachers cared less for the blood in our veins
They got most of their thrills out of using a cane

They said screw you
Oh, you bloody young fools
I could get more sense
Out of the back end of a mule

Screw you
Oh, you bloody young fools
I could get more sense
Out of the back end of a mule

So you see there's men who get paid for being slaves
And men who get paid for being free
And there's men behind bars who pray for the light
And men in the suburbs who pray for the night
And they're all trying to climb to the top of the mine
And all of them say most of the way screw you

I worked in the mill from seven till nine
Tears in my eyes nearly drove me blind
Trying to make wages that weren't even there
Taking hell from a foreman with the build of a bear

He said screw you
This is all you'll ever do
It's the only existence
For someone like you

Screw you
This is all you'll ever do
It's the only existence
For someone like you

Screw you
Screw you

Screw you
Screw you

Screw you
Screw you

...

Visit [Elton John](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.