

Elton John

"Sick City"

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Ooh she said, "The crowd just loved you
My name's Angel and I'm sixteen
I really love your band and your funny accent
Sure would like a cruise in your limousine"

Then she said, "How about a rubdown
You're so cute, I'm so mean
The way you hold your guitar, really gets me
I can show you tricks, that you ain't never seen"

Sick City, nobody to love you
Oh but sometimes, I can taste you when I'm feeling
weak
Sick City, isn't it a pity?
That you can't float above it when the bottom leaks
Oh, Sick City

Hey man, how's about a handout?
All you dude just loaded down
Just a little sugar man, makes me sweeter
I like to sit at home and watch the world go round

Stage door monkey's on my back
Begging me to save his life
Can't he understand, we're not a healing show
We're just here to play some music for the kids tonight

Sick City, nobody to love you
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weak
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