

Elton John "Tartan Coloured Lady"

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The grass in Ashfield Park is dying
Where everybody dreams of deeds of crime
And the Tartan Coloured Lady walks
Behind the water colours of my mind
And the Tartan Coloured Lady she is mine

People speak of willow trees in autumn
And my _____ doesn't fit her anymore
And the Tartan Coloured Lady that I wanted
Talked of this place an hour or so before
And the Tartan Coloured Lady lost her _____

So if your crystal window isn't broken
And they've taken all the dust bins from your door

Take yourself the Tartan Coloured Lady
And smell the grass in Ashfield Park once more
See the trees in Ashfield Park once more

So I guess I'll read the comic books you've left me
And play marbles on the floor
And if the Tartan Coloured Lady calls me
Just tell her I won't be home till four
Or just tell her I won't be home no more

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