

Elton John

"The Ballad Of Danny Bailey 1909 34 Elton John"

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Some punk with a shotgun
Killed young Danny Bailey
In cold blood, in the lobby
Of a downtown motel

Killed him in anger
A force he couldn't handle
Helped pull the trigger
That cut short his life

And there's not many knew him
The way that we did
Sure enough he was a wild one
But then aren't most hungry kids

Now it's all over Danny Bailey
And the harvest is in
Dillinger's dead
I guess the cops won again
Now it's all over Danny Bailey
And the harvest is in

We're running short of heroes
Back up here in the hills
Without Danny Bailey
We're gonna have to break up our stills

So mark his grave well
'Cause Kentucky loved him
Born and raised a proper
I guess life just bugged him

And he found faith in danger
A lifestyle he lived by
A running gun younster
In a sad restless age

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