

Elton John

"Wake Up Wendy"

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Got this bug-eyed girl
Cold hand on my knee
Frozen teeth, chitter chatter
She's dressed up like a cemetery
Like a cemetery

Snow-bound all winter
Blue lips on my cheek
Little tongue's prattlin', rattlin'
Talkin' 'bout them hometown geeks
Them hometown geeks

Wake up, Wendy, smell the coffee
Help me into your custom kitchen
Gimme a cup of that old black magic
I wanna get me some of that old home cookin'

Can you feel it? It's chilly and a-freezin'
Wake up, Wendy, moods are changin'
I got a reason and you got a feelin'
Wake up, Wendy, love's in season

Feels like a steam clean
When she washes me
Valves are bustin', pumps are hissinn'
Just peel me off the ceilin'
Off the ceilin', ooh

Chill-eyed, bug-eyed girl
Zap me into cinders
Pop the thermal mumbo jumbo
Melt me with your little fingers
With your little fingers

Wake up, Wendy, smell the coffee
Help me into your custom kitchen
Gimme a cup of that old black magic
I wanna get me some of that old home cookin'

Can you feel it? Oh, it's chilly and a-freezin'
Wake up, Wendy, moods are changin'
I got a reason, ooh, and you got a feelin'

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