

This Song Has No Title

[Elton John](#)

Tune me into the wild side of life,
I'm an innocent young child sharp as a knife,
Take me to the garretts where the artists have died,
Show me the court rooms where the judges have lied. Let me drink deeply from the water and
the wine,
Light coloured candles in dark dreary mines,
Look in the mirror and stare at myself,
And wonder if that's really me on the shelf. And each day I learn just a little bit more,
I don't know why but I do know what for,
If we're all going somewhere let's get there soon,
The song's got no title just words and a tune. Take me down alleys where the murders are done,
In a vast high powered rocket to the core of the sun,
Want to read books in the studies of men,
Born on the breeze and die on the wind.
If I was an artist who paints with his eyes,
I'd study my subject and silently cry.
Cry for the darkness to come down on me,
For confusion to carry on turning the wheel.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>