

# Elton John - Social Disease

Tom: D

<sup>D</sup> My bulldog is barking in the backyard <sup>D</sup>  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup> Enough to raise a dead man from his grave <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> And I can't concentrate on what I'm doing <sup>B</sup>  
<sup>B7</sup> <sup>E7</sup> Disturbance going to crucify my days <sup>A</sup>

<sup>D</sup> And the days they get longer and longer <sup>D7</sup>  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> And the nighttime is a time of little use <sup>E7-</sup> <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> For I just get ugly and older <sup>B7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> I get juiced on Mateus and just hang loose <sup>A7</sup> <sup>A7</sup> <sup>D</sup>

Chorus  
<sup>Bm</sup> And I get bombed for breakfast in the morning <sup>G7</sup>  
<sup>Bm</sup> I get bombed for dinner time and tea <sup>G7</sup>

<sup>D</sup> I dress in rags, smell a lot, and have a real good time <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> I'm a genuine example of a social disease <sup>A7</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> My landlady lives in a caravan <sup>D7</sup>  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> Well that is when she isn't in my arms <sup>E7-</sup> <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> And it seems I pay the rent in human kindness <sup>B7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> But my liquor also helps to grease her palm <sup>E7</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> And the ladies are all getting wrinkles <sup>D7</sup>  
<sup>D7</sup> <sup>G7</sup> And they're falling apart at the seams <sup>E7-</sup> <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>D</sup> Well I just get high on tequila <sup>B7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> And see visions of vineyards in my dreams <sup>A7</sup> <sup>A7</sup> <sup>D</sup>

Chorus to End

## Acordes

