

Elton John - Social Disease

Tom: D

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

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

Chorus
^{Bm} And I get bombed for breakfast in the morning ^{G7}
^{Bm} I get bombed for dinner time and tea ^{G7}

^D I dress in rags, smell a lot, and have a real good time ^A ^G
^D I'm a genuine example of a social disease ^{A7} ^D ^G ^D

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

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

Chorus to End

Acordes

