

# Elton John - This Song Has No Title

Tom: C

( F C )

Dm C Bb F  
Tune me in to the wild side of life  
Bb F C C F C  
I'm an innocent young child sharp as a knife  
Dm C Bb F  
Take me to the garretts where the artists have died  
Bb A7 Dm  
Show me the courtrooms 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

Bb7 Eb7  
And each day I learn just a little bit more  
Ab7 Db7  
I don't know why but I do know what for  
Bb7 Eb7 Ab7  
If we're all going somewhere let's get there soon  
Db7 Gb7 G B F C F C  
Oh this 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

## Acordes