

Elton John - White lady white powder

Tom: F

F Dm Bb7 F F Dm Bb7 F

F C / Dm Dm
Dust settles on a thin cloud
Bb F C7
Sends a fog drifting to a worn out crowd
Bb Bb7 C
I've had my face in a mirror for twenty four hours
C F
Staring at a line of white powder

F C Dm
High-priced madness pays the tab
Bb F
I've scraped too much of nothing from your plastic bag
Bb Bb7 C
I'm a catatonic son of a bitch who's had
C C F
A touch too much of white powder

Bb F F C
And she's a habit I can't handle
Bb F F C
For a reason I can't say
Bb F F C
I'm in love with a wild white lady
Bb C
She's as sweet as the stories say
Dm F
White powder white lady
Bb
You're one and the same

F Bb7
Come on down to my house won't you
Bb C F Dm Bb7 C
And hit this boy again

F Dm
Shock waves to a tired brain
Bb F C7
Sends that hungry lady to my door again
Bb Bb7 C
She's my shelter from the storm when I feel the rain
C C F
Entertaining white powder

F Dm
I feel I'm dry-docked and tongue-tied
Bb F C7
Heaven sends a stretcher for the kids to ride
Bb Bb7 C
I might just escape while the others might die
C C F
Riding on a high of white powder

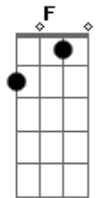
(CHORUS)

(INSTRUMENTAL)

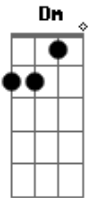
(CHORUS)

F Dm
White powder, white lady,
Bb C F
Hit this boy again
(REPEAT, FADE)

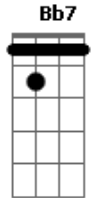
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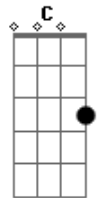
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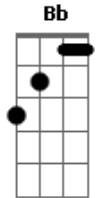
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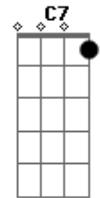
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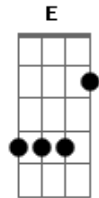
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