

Social Disease
Elton John

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

D D7
And the days they get longer and longer
D7 G7 E7/9- E7
And the nighttime is a time of little use
D B7
For I just get ugly and older
E7 A7 A7+ D
I get juiced on Mateus and just hang loose

Chorus
Bm G7
And I get bombed for breakfast in the morning
Bm G7
I get bombed for dinner time and tea
D A G
I dress in rags, smell a lot, and have a real good time
D A7 D G D
I'm a genuine example of a social disease

D D7
My landlady lives in a caravan
D7 G7 E7/9- E7
Well that is when she isn't in my arms
D B7
And it seems I pay the rent in human kindness
E7 E7+ A G D
But my liquor also helps to grease her palm

D D7
And the ladies are all getting wrinkles
D7 G7 E7/9- E7
And they're falling apart at the seams
D B7
Well I just get high on tequila
E7 A7 A7+ D
And see visions of vineyards in my dreams

Chorus to End