

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