This Song Has No Title Elton John

(F C/E)

C Вb DmTune me in to the wild side of life C F Csus4 C F C/E I m an innocent young child sharp as a knife Dm C Bb Take me to the garretts where the artists have died **A**7 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/C F/C C F C/E

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