

Ticking

Elton John

F# B/F F# B/F
An extremely quiet child they called you in your school reports
F# Bsus/F B/F F# B/F
He s always taken interest in the subjects that he s taught
Bbm G#m

So what was it that brought the squad car screaming up your drive
C# B F# B/F
To notify your parents of the manner in which you died

F# B/F F# B/F
At St. Patricks every Sunday, Father Fletcher heard your sins
F# Bsus/F B/F F# B/F
Oh, he s unconcerned with competition he never cares to win
Bbm G#m

But blood stained a young hand that never held a gun
C# B F# B/F
And his parents never thought of him as their troubled son

F# Bbm/E Ebm
Now you ll never get to Heaven
G#m C# F# Bb7
Mama said Remember Mama said Ticking, ticking
Ebm G#m
Grow up straight and true blue, Run along to bed
C# C#/Bb Bbm G#m F#
Hear it, hear it, ticking, ticking

F# B/F F# B/F
They had you holed up in a downtown bar screaming for a priest
F# Bsus/F B/F F# B/F
Some gook said His brain s just snapped then someone called the police
Bbm G#m
You d knifed a Negro waiter who had tried to calm you down
C# B F# B/F
Oh you d pulled a gun and told them all to lay still on the ground

F# B/F F#
Promising to hurt no one, providing they were still
F# Bsus/F B/F F#
A young man tried to make a break, with tear-filled eyes you killed
Bbm G#m
That gun butt felt so smooth and warm cradled in your palm
C# B F#
Oh your childhood cried out in your head they mean to do you harm

F# Bbm/E Ebm G#m

Don't ever ride on the devil's knee Mama said

C# F# Bb7

Remember mama said Ticking, ticking

Ebm G#m

Pay your penance well, my child Fear where angels tread

C# C#/Bb Bbm G#m F#

Hear it, hear it, ticking, ticking

F# B/F F#

Within an hour the news had reached the media machine

F# Bsus/F B/F

A male caucasian with a gun had gone berserk in Queens

Bbm G#m

The area had been sealed off, the kids sent home from school

C# B F#

Fourteen people lying dead in a bar they called the Kicking Mule

F# B/F F#

Oh they pleaded to your sanity for the sake of those inside

F# Bsus/F B/F F#

Throw out your gun, walk out slow just keep your hands held high

Bbm G#m

But they pumped you full of rifle shells as you stepped out the door

C# B F#

Oh you danced in death like a marionette on the vengeance of the law

F# Bbm/E Ebm G#m

You've slept too long in silence Mama said

C# F# Bb7

Remember Mama said Ticking, ticking

Ebm G#m

Crazy boy, you'll only wind up with strange notions in your head

C# C#/Bb Bbm G#m F#

Hear it, hear it, ticking, ticking

Outro: **F# - C#/F - B/F**