

White lady white powder  
Elton John

F Dm Bb7+ F/C F Dm Bb7+ F/C

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/E F

Staring at a line of white powder

F C Dm

High-priced madness pays the tab

Bb F C7

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/E F

A touch too much of white powder

Bb F F C/F

And she s a habit I can t handle

Bb F F C/F

For a reason I can t say

Bb F F C/F

I m in love with a wild white lady

Bb C

She s as sweet as the stories say

Dm F/C

White powder white lady

Bb

You re one and the same

F/A 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/E 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/E 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)