

Elton John, (Gotta Get) A Meal Ticket

I can hound you if I need to
Sip your brandy from a crystal shoe
In the corner, in the corner
While the others climb reaching dizzy heights
The world's in front of me in black and white
I'm on the bottom line, I'm on the bottom line

I'd have a cardiac if I had such luck
Lucky losers, lucky losers landing on skid row
Landing on skid row
While the Diamond Jims
And the Kings road pimps
Breath heavy in their brand new clothes
I'm on the bottom line, I'm on the bottom line

And I gotta get a meal ticket
To survive you need a meal ticket
To stay alive you need a meal ticket
Feel no pain, no pain
No regret, no regret
When the line's been signed
You're someone else
Do yourself a favor, the meal ticket does the rest

Shake a hand if you have to
Trust in us and we will love you anyway, anyway
Don't leave us stranded in the jungle
With fifty percent that's hard to handle
Ain't that so, ain't that so