

# Elton John, Grow Some Funk Of Your Own

Yeah I looked at my watch and it said a quarter to five  
The headlines screamed that I was still alive  
I couldn't understand it  
I thought I died last night

Oh I dreamed I'd been in a border town  
In a little cantina that the boys had found  
I was desperate to dance  
Just to dig the local sounds

When along came a seorita  
She looked so good that I had to meet her  
I was ready to approach her with my English charm  
When her brass knuckled boyfriend grabbed me my the arm

And he said grow some funk of your own amigo  
Grow some funk of your own  
We no like to with the gringo fight  
But there might be a death in Mexico tonight  
If you can't grow some funk of your own amigo  
Grow some funk of your own  
Take my advice, take the next flight  
And grow your funk, grow your funk at home

Well I looked for support from the rest of my friends  
For their vanishing trick they get ten out of ten  
I knelt to pray  
Just to see if he would comprehend