

# Elton John, Madness

The fuse is set and checked once more  
Then left beside a back street door  
And in the cold grey light  
Someone sees a shadow run through the night and out of sight  
They hide inside a smoke filled room  
To hear at last the blast of doom  
And so the deed is done  
They listen to the final countdown begun, three, two, one

Madness, it's a kind of madness  
That turns good men bad  
And we're helpless caught up in the madness  
Of a world gone mad

The roar of fire rings out on high  
And flames light up the black night sky  
A child screams out in fear  
A hopeless cry for help but no one is near enough to hear

As walls collapse and timbers flare  
The smell of death hangs in the air  
When help at last arrives  
They try to fight the flame but nothing survives of all those lives

And it's madness, every time a victim dies  
There is madness, burning in a blind man's eyes  
And it's madness, hidden in the hate and pain  
There is madness, burning in a wild man's brain  
And it's madness, every time the bullets start  
There is madness, burning in a poor man's heart

And it's madness, something that we can't control  
There is madness, burning in a madman's soul  
Madness