

Elton John, Mexican Vacation (Kids In The Candlelight)

I carried you in my arms
Through the hotel to our room
The night was filled with music
Those old historic tunes

Songs of revolution
Filled our hearts and filled our souls
The fireworks exploded
Like those cannon long ago

See the kids in the candlelight
Spirits on the mend
Every golden child tonight
Feels changes on the wind
See the kids in the candlelight
See them shining bright
Innocence beyond the light
See the kids in the candlelight

Five hundred wooden saints below
Their colors scratched and dry
You say their stories should be told
But they suffer when they died

Give us your tradition
Give us hope and send us home
We'll be the cracked bell ringing
The voice of dust and bones

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