

# 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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