

# Elton John, Screw You (Young Man's Blues)

Music by Elton John  
Lyrics by Bernie Taupin

When I was a boy I had a lot of fun  
I lived by the sea, I was a fisherman's son  
My mother she was a fisherman's wife  
She was scrubbing floors most of her life

They said screw you  
I ain't got nothing to lose  
I could paper a matchbox  
With the money I use

At the school I attended I got into fights  
I was beaten in an alley on a cold winter night  
The teachers cared less for the blood in our veins  
They got most of their thrills out of using a cane

They said screw you  
Oh you bloody young fools  
I could get more sense  
Out of the back end of a mule

So you see there's man who get paid for being slaves  
And men who get paid for being free  
And there's men behind bars who pray for the light  
And men in the suburbs who pray for the night  
And they're all trying to climb to the top of the mine  
And all of them say most of the way  
Screw you

I worked in the mill from seven till nine  
Tears in my eyes nearly drove me half-blind  
Trying to make wages that weren't even there  
Taking hell from a foreman with the build of a bear

He said screw you  
This is all you'll ever do  
It's the only existence for someone like you