

Elton John, Shoulder Holster

Now it was just like Frankie and Johnny
And it was just like Stagger Lee
Dolly Summers was a simple girl
From a mid-west family
With a stucco home and her own Mustang
And a charge account at Sears
She had everything that a girl could want
To live happy for the rest of her years

But the thing that she wanted most of all
Was the thing that she had lost
To the arms of a downtown black jack hustler
By the name of Candyfloss
They'd slipped town on a late night train
Heading for the West
Dolly slipped behind the wheel of her Mustang
With a piece between her breast

If it seemed just like a movie
Or a night of bad TV
They should have had a picture of Dolly's face
As she drove across the country
With daggers drawn for her fallen man
An venom in her heart
It was nearly dawn when she caught them up
Making out in a picnic park

But the thing that shook her rigid
As she fumbled for her gun
Was the state of the man that she'd married once
And thought of as the only one
And as she looked back on the chances
That she'd passed up at home
Well she quietly dumped pistol in a ditch
And she headed home alone