

Elton John, Stinker

Say what you will but I'm a stinker
I come crawling up out of my hole
Dirt in my toes, dirt up my nose
I'm a perfect curse to pest control

Seeds and weeds and muddy meals
Crawling around the earth
Down in the ground where the sun don't pound
I hibernate in English turf

Better believe it, I'm a stinker
Burning vermin stink
Watch me get as high as a heat wave honey
Tell me what you hound dogs think

Set in my styles with a beady eye
I got connections with the underground
Call me a common rodent boy
Sitting here safe and sound

Some mole hill mother sauntered by
Acting like the ace of spades
Don't give that cutey no reason to shoot me
When I'm living on the eggs she laid