

# Elton John, Tartan Coloured Lady

Music by Elton John  
Lyrics by Bernie Taupin

The grass in Ashfield Park is dying  
Where everybody dreams of deeds of crime  
And the Tartan Coloured Lady walks  
Behind the water colours of my mind  
And the Tartan Coloured Lady she is mine

People speak of willow trees in autumn  
And my \_\_\_\_\_ doesn't fit her anymore  
And the Tartan Coloured Lady that I wanted  
Talked of this place an hour or so before  
And the Tartan Coloured Lady lost her

So if your crystal window isn't broken  
And they've taken all the dust bins from your door  
Take yourself the Tartan Coloured Lady  
And smell the grass in Ashfield Park once more  
See the trees in Ashfield Park once more

So I guess I'll read the comic books you've left me  
And play marbles on the floor  
And if the Tartan Coloured Lady calls me  
Just tell her I won't be home till four