Oscar Wilde Gets Out

Elton John

Freedom for the scapegoat leaving Reading Jail
Rheumy eyes just pierced his heart like crucifixion nails
Shaking fists and razors gleamed, you never stood a chance
When the ink ran red on Fleet Street
You turned your eyes to FranceHumbled far from Dublin, chased across the waves
Your biting wit still sharp enough
To tear through every page
Destitute and beaten by the system of the crown
The bitter pill you swallowed
Tasted sweeter going downAnd looking back on the great indifference
Looking back at the limestone wall
Thinking how beauty deceives you
Knowing how love fools us allA golden boy in velveteen landed in New York
The past was so seductive
When they paid to hear you talk
Baccarat and champagne flutes
Tobacco from Virginia
Long before the lords and law
Branded Oscar Wilde a sinnerAnd looking back on the cold bleak winter
Looking back on those long dark days
Felt like the head of John the Baptist
In the arms of SalomeDon't turn around it's a white gull screaming
Don't cry out loud you never know who's listening
You've seen it all the exiled Unforgiven
From the stately homes of England to her prisonsAnd looking back at the hardened lifers
Looking back on the wretched poor
Thinking maybe they were my saviors
Strange to think I'll miss them all
Strange to think I'll miss them allAnd looking back on the great indifference
Looking back at the limestone wall
Thinking how beauty deceives you
Knowing how love fools us all

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