

# Bitter Fingers

[Elton John](#)

I'm going on the circuit, I'm doing all the clubs  
And I really need a song boys to stir those workers up  
And get their wives to sing it with me just like in the pubs  
When I worked the good old pubs in Stepney Oh could you knock a line or two together for a friend  
Sentimental tear inducing with a happy end  
And we need a tune to open our season at Southend  
Can you help us It's hard to write a song with bitter fingers  
So much to prove, so few to tell you why  
Those old die-hards in Denmark Street start laughing  
At the keyboard player's hollow haunted eyes  
It seems to me a change is really needed  
I'm sick of tra-la-las and la-de-das  
No more long days hacking hunks of garbage  
Bitter fingers never swung on swinging stars, swinging stars I like the warm blue flame, the hazy heat it brings  
It loosens up the muscles and forces you to sing  
You know it's just another hit and run from the tin pan alley twins And there's a chance that one day you might  
write a standard lads  
So churn them out quick and fast and we'll still pat your backs  
'Cause we need what we can get to launch another dozen acts  
Are you working

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