

Hymn 2000

[Elton John](#)

She chose the soft center
And took it to bed with her mother
And the ideal confusion was just an illusion
To gain further news of her brother And the comfort of mother
Was just an appeal for protection
For the cat from next door
Was found later at four in surgical dissection And I don't want to be the son of any freak
Who for a chocolate center
Can take you off the street For soon, they'll plough the desert
And God knows where I'll be
Collecting submarine numbers
On the main street of the sea The Vicar is thicker
And I just can't see through to him
For his cardinal sings a collection of hymns
And a collection of coins is made after And who wrote the Bible, was it Judas or Pilate?
Well, one cleans his hands
While the other one hangs
But still I continue to stand

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>