

Claw Hammer

Elton John

You're holding back
You're hard to read
You're a twenty-one century kind
You're lighting fast
Built for speed
A tight lipped modern mind
An architect
Of grand romance
You're a mystery of disguise
You're holed up in your house
Just waiting for the fire
You're buttoned down
All sown up
You're an ontological soul
Cold hard truth
Only proof
What we already know
You're gonna need a claw hammer
Oh my Lord
To bust on through
And break down your walls
Loosen your lips
Slacken that jaw
It's gonna take a claw hammer
Oh my Lord
Look at us fools
Being used
We're totally dumb, surprised
Waiting for you to share with us
The myth behind the lies
Come on out
Throw us a bone
We want to know your intentions
Are you fake
For goodness sake
Or the mother of invention
You're buttoned down
All sown up
You're an ontological soul
Cold hard truth
Only proof

What we already know You're gonna need a claw hammer

Oh my Lord

To bust on through

And break down your walls

Loosen your lips

Slacken that jaw

It's gonna take a claw hammer

Oh my Lord

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