

The Ballad of Danny Bailey (1909-1934)

Elton John

Some punk with a shotgun killed young Danny Bailey
In cold blood, in the lobby of a downtown motel
Killed him in anger, a force he couldn't handle
Helped pull the trigger that cut short his life
And there's not many knew him the way that we did
Sure enough he was a wild one, but then aren't most hungry kids, oh, oh? Now it's all over Danny Bailey
And the harvest is in
Dillinger's dead, oh
I guess the cops won again
Now it's all over Danny Bailey
And the harvest is in We're running short of heroes back up here in the hills
Without Danny Bailey we're gonna have to break up our stills
So mark his grave well 'cause Kentucky loved him
Born and raised a proper, I guess life just bugged him, and he
Found faith in danger, a lifestyle he lived by
A running-gun youngster in a sad, restless age, oh, oh Now it's all over Danny Bailey
And the harvest is in
Dillinger's dead
I guess the cops won again, oh
Now it's all over Danny Bailey
And the harvest is in

Songwriters

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