

White Lady White Powder

Elton John

Dust settles on a thin cloud
Sends a fog drifting to a worn out crowd
I've had my face in the mirror for twenty-four hours
Starin' at a line of white powder
High-priced madness pays the tab
I've scraped too much of nothing from your plastic bag
I'm a catatonic son of a bitch who's had
A touch too much of white powder
And she's a habit I can't handle
For a reason I can't say
I'm in love with a wild white lady
She's as sweet as the stories say
White powder
(White powder)
White lady
(White lady)
You're one and the same
Come on down to my house, won't you?
And hit this boy again
Shock waves to a tired brain
Sends that hungry lady to my door again
She's my shelter from the storm when I feel the rain
Entertaining white powder
I feel I'm dry-docked and tongue-tied
Heaven sends a stretcher for the kids to ride
I might just escape while the others might die
Riding on a high of white powder
And she's a habit I can't handle
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