

# Madness

Elton John

The fuse is set and checked once more  
Then left beside a back street door  
And in the cold gray light, someone sees a shadow  
Run through the night and out of sight  
They hide inside a smoke filled room  
To hear at last the blast of doom  
And so the deed is done, they listen  
To the final countdown begun, three, two, one  
Madness, it's a kind of madness  
That turns good men bad  
And we're helpless, caught up  
In the madness of a world gone mad  
The roar of fire rings out on high  
And flames light up the black night sky  
A child screams out in fear, a hopeless cry for help  
But no one is near enough to hear  
As walls collapse and timbers flare  
The smell of death hangs in the air  
When help at last arrives they try to fight the flame  
But nothing survives of all those lives  
And it's madness, every time a victim dies  
There is madness, burning in a blind man's eyes  
And it's madness, hidden in the hate and pain  
There is madness, burning in a wild man's brain  
And it's madness, every time the bullets start  
There is madness, burning in a poor man's heart  
And it's madness, something that we can't control  
There is madness, burning in a madman's soul, madness

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