

# Elton John, (Gotta Get) A Meal Ticket

I can hound you if I need to  
Sip your brandy from a crystal shoe  
In the corner, in the corner  
While the others climb reaching dizzy heights  
The world's in front of me in black and white  
I'm on the bottom line, I'm on the bottom line

I'd have a cardiac if I had such luck  
Lucky losers, lucky losers landing on skid row  
Landing on skid row  
While the Diamond Jims  
And the Kings road pimps  
Breath heavy in their brand new clothes  
I'm on the bottom line, I'm on the bottom line

And I gotta get a meal ticket  
To survive you need a meal ticket  
To stay alive you need a meal ticket  
Feel no pain, no pain  
No regret, no regret  
When the line's been signed  
You're someone else  
Do yourself a favor, the meal ticket does the rest

Shake a hand if you have to  
Trust in us and we will love you anyway, anyway  
Don't leave us stranded in the jungle  
With fifty percent that's hard to handle  
Ain't that so, ain't that so