

Elton John

Let me call you Liberace;
Cuddly, cuddly is your face;
Ah, how bubbly and non-starchy,
Putting fuddlies in their place.

Fubbly-Wubbly let me call you –
Such a lovely man you are;
I could eat you, suck you, mawl you –
Twinkly-Wobbly – like a star!

Twankling on your gold pi-anna,
Gorgeous Elton, Gorgeous John,
You sent to Heaven Saint Di-anna,
You sent her on and on and on.

Sir Elton John, we love you, love you;
Your gorgeous life we long to share -
The glitz below, around, above you –
Oh ... Elton John! Oh ... Tony Blair!

Michael Wallerstein