

Just Like Belgium

Elton John

Remember Belgium and the Brussels Museum
Where we piled on the front steps like stray cavaliers
Our code of living meant little to others
The few francs we saved bought some cheap souvenirs

But the red lights where the catfights make it just like Belgium
See us face down on the floor of another cheap barroom
Streetwalkers sweet talk you out of your spare change
And your sweet madame makes it seem just like Belgium

Just like a hustler when they look attractive
It's nothing more than a slap on the back
The price tag of being just a little bit different
The first rule to learn is to keep your own distance