

"Goodbye Yellow Brick Road"

When are you gonna come down?  
When are you going to land?  
I should have stayed on the farm  
I should have listened to my old man  
You know you can't hold me forever  
I didn't sign up with you  
I'm not a present for your friends to open  
This boy's too young to be singing the blues

Ah, ah-ah, ah-ah Ah-ah-ah, ah

So goodbye yellow brick road  
Where the dogs of society howl  
You can't plant me in your penthouse  
I'm going back to my plough  
Back to the howling old owl in the woods  
Hunting the horny-back toad  
Oh, I've finally decided my future lies  
Beyond the yellow brick road

Ah, ah-ah, ah-ah Ah-ah-ah, ah

What do you think you'll do, then?  
I bet they'll shoot down the plane  
It'll take you a couple of vodka and tonics  
To set you on your feet again  
Maybe you'll get a replacement  
There's plenty like me to be found  
Mongrels who ain't got a penny  
Sniffing for tidbits like you on the ground

Ah, ah-ah, ah-ah Ah-ah-ah, ah

So goodbye yellow brick road  
Where the dogs of society howl  
You can't plant me in your penthouse  
I'm going back to my plough  
Back to the howling old owl in the woods  
Hunting the horny-back toad  
Oh, I've finally decided my future lies  
Beyond the yellow brick road

Ah, ah-ah, ah-ah Ah-ah-ah, ah