

Funeral For A Friend

Elton John

The roses in the window box
Have tilted to one side,
Everything about this house
Was born to grow and die.

It doesn't seem a year ago
To this very day
You said I'm sorry honey,
If I don't change the pace,
I can't face another day.

And love lies bleeding in my hand,
It kills me to think of you with another man.
I was playing rock-n-roll and you were just a fan,
But my guitar couldn't hold you
So I split the band.
Love lies bleeding in my hands.

I wonder if those changes
Have left a scar on you,
Like all the burning hoops of fire
That you and I passed through.

You're a bluebird on a telegraph line
I hope you're happy now,
Well if the wind of change comes down your way girl
You'll make it back somehow.